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Historic Spots in England

THE CRYPT, BATTLE ABBEY.

Of all the great monastic houses that were at one time dotted over England, when the church and state strove for the mastery and mitred abbots vied with the king himself in their powers and privileges, the Abbey of Battle stood preeminent; for its own erection was the result of a vow made by one of England's most noted warrior kings, and it stands to this day a memorial of one of the most important events in the history of the nation. After the battle of Hastings, where the men of London, the chosen bodyguard of Harold, fought on and on against the better trained and better armed Normans, their breath coming in weary gasps with the exertion of repelling oft repeated attacks, until their lines grew thinner and thinner, each man falling where he stood, and where Harold himself, dizzy and faint with pain from the Norman arrow that pierced his eye, still defended himself with savage energy, until despatched by four Norman knights, Duke William knelt down upon the ground and offered up thanks to God for his great victory, vowing to erect a great church upon the Hill of Senlac that it might mark the scene of battle, and to dedicate it to the patron saint of soldiers' whence sprang the name of the "Abbey of St. Martin of the Place of Battle."

To La Battaile, as the church was termed in the Domesday, the Conqueror presented his sword, his coronation robe, hung with more than 300 amulets of gold and silver, enclosing relics of the saints, and a jewelled feretory in the shape of an altar, also containing relics; but with the lapse of time some of these valuables became lost, whilst others were sold by the monks and the proceeds invested in land in the district.

SAN FRANCISCO GRAFT IN BUSINESS AND SOCIETY

The death by drowning of Chief Biggy of the San Francisco police, who once kept untiring guard over boss Abe Reuf after that slippery head of the graft combination had tried to hide himself and had failed, is one of the incidents in San Francisco's bitter struggle over municipal corruption that has not been "suppressed," says a writer in the New York Sun. The recent remarkable attempt to assassinate Francis J. Heney, the prosecutor of the men under indictment for extortion, was another incident that could not be "suppressed." Nobody in the east knew how many earthquakes there were following the big quake of April 18, 1906.

San Francisco much prefers that its troubles should not be published. The recurrence of earthquakes and some of the most sensational features of the graft prosecution out there might tend to hurt business should the facts obtain undue prominence. Through the random San Franciscan visiting here people of east of Sacramento learn a little more than comes by telegraph of the true conditions that exist in the rebuilding city.

The shooting of Heney brought to a focus all of the conflicting forces that have torn San Francisco into two great hostile camps. Interest in the prosecution, which has been necessarily long-drawn-out and only partially successful because of the tremendous influence behind some of the big men who are resting under indictment, was instantly revived.

One incident in connection with the attempt to kill Heney, significant in itself of the dissension that has torn the city, was the necessity forced upon the Examiner, Mr. Hearst's paper, of protecting its offices against the expected attack of a mob. One hundred and fifty special policemen guarded the Examiner's editorial offices and press rooms on the night that Heney was shot, and for several days following that event the guard maintained its position on Hearst's property.

It appears that for many months the Examiner had been baiting Heney editorially and in its news columns. The paper had taken up the defense of those whom Heney was attempting to land in prison unreservedly, being followed in its enthusiasm by M. H. De Young's Chronicle as a close second. By cartoon and editorial Hearst's organ had sought to belittle the special prosecutor and to put obstacles in his path.

Before election when Hearst and Hisgen toured California Hearst addressed a mass meeting one night and in answer to a question from the audience as to why it was that he opposed Heney in San Francisco Hearst launched into a tirade against the prosecutor. He had not gone far when he was hissed. The hisses grew into yells of disapproval and Hearst was unable to finish his speech.

The morning after Heney was shot the Call, owned by members of the Spreckles family and supporting Rudolph Spreckles and Heney, printed a half page cartoon, drawn after the style of the Hearst political cartoons, which depicted Haas, as a creature of Hearst, shooting Heney in the back while the graft trust, personified by the usual Hearst humorous giant, laughed inordinately. The Call directly charged Hearst with being the instigator of such violence as that done by Haas.

The night that a mass meeting was held, a few days after Heney had been shot, a more sullen crowd than had gathered in San Francisco since the days of the Vigilantes listened to speeches and after the meeting started to walk down to the Examiner office to wreck it and to catch the editors of the paper. Cooler heads prevented an attack upon the guarded newspaper office.

The newspapers represent the division that extends throughout the entire business and social life of the city. The Call, the Spreckles paper, and the evening Bulletin, edited by Fremont Older, one of the stanchest supporters of Heney and Rudolph Spreckles, are the two organs behind the prosecution. The Examiner, the Chronicle and the Argonaut, the latter a weekly paper of more than local fame, are bitter against all attempts to probe further into the system over which Ruef and ex-Mayor Schmitz once presided. Reporters of the contending papers have done detective work for their respective editors for and against the prosecution. One paper sent a reporter half way across the continent not long ago on the track of the man who was suspected of having blown up the house of ex-Supervisor Gallagher, who "peached" on Ruef. Reporters have had fist fights with detectives hired by the prosecution and with the counter array of sleuths hired by the united railroads and at the disposal of the defense.

The town is flooded with detectives. Burns, the head of Heney's ferreting gang, has over a hundred men under him. Not a talesman is examined as to his qualifications for serving as a juryman but that one of Burns' men has dug into his past as far as the limit of possibility and no matter where the trial may lead. Very often it happens that one of Burn's men finds himself followed by a detective from the other camp, and this individual in turn is the subject of espionage on the part of another Burns man. A newspaper man from out of town took a job on one of the San Francisco papers not long ago and was put on the story of the graft prosecution. He was followed for two days by two detectives, they wanted to know what he was doing.

So careful has the prosecution been in the selection of jurors in the trial of Ruef that the longest list of talesmen in the history of American jurisprudence, over 1,400, was gone over before twelve men who could be trusted were found. Haas, the attempted slayer of Heney, had got his seat on this jury when Heney discovered that he had once been sent to prison for embezzlement. Another juror told the judge in open court that an attempt had been made to bribe him; he named the attorneys who did it and Burns' men traced down the bribe, a check signed with Ruef's name.

Far beyond the court room the bitter struggle extends. In the clubs men are blackballed because they are known to have marked sentiments for or against the prosecution. Men have resigned from other clubs because they knew the president or members of the house committee to be favorable to the defense.

So far has the strife of which Heney is the center gone that society is feeling its effects. Leaders in the various social sets about the city have been scratching names off their invitation lists because of the known affiliation of those women's husbands with one or the other party. Women's clubs have forgotten child labor and the uplifting of the heathen in internecine warfare. One or two dictators in the social whirl have been deposed because of their partisanship in this or that camp.

Forgetful Bear Hunter

Afton correspondence Denver Republican.

Forgetfulness of that vitally important action when hunting bear—to reload your gun after you have fired—almost cost Ben Welch his life while hunting near here. Welch and Farnham Call were together and Welch wounded a large grizzly. The bear turned and fled and the hunters pursued until the bear stopped, turned about and charged Welch. Welch waited until the bear was within ten feet of him, then took careful aim and pulled the trigger. No explosion followed—he had forgotten to reload his gun. In another instant the bear would have been on Welch had not a well aimed shot from Call's gun struck the animal in the brain and ended its life. The bear fell so close to Welch that its paw struck his boots.

Seedless Apple Discovered.

Topeka Dispatch to Chicago Inter Ocean.

A seedless apple tree, bearing a sweet apple that looks something like the sheepnose, has been found on the farm of C. E. Bell, at Eskridge.

Samples of the apple were received by the State Horticultural society, and next spring an effort is to be made to propagate them by grafting the buds from this tree, the same as grafting is done in other trees.

It is believed a variety of seedless apples will be developed. The tree on Mr. Bell's farm has been bearing three years. There is no sign of a seed, but there is a small core, which apple men think can be entirely removed by careful propagation.

Vanished Armies.

Somewhere, afar off, there's a region
Whence comes, faintly borne to my ear,
The tramp of the Wooden Sword Legion,
But, oh, such a distance from here!
And out of the years and their dreaming,
With music so stirringly played,
With helmets and banners all gleaming,
The tread of the old Lath Brigade!

Somewhere sounds a trumpet's shrill warning,
Somewhere sounds a clatter and din,
A babel of cries through the morning,
With officers shouting, "Fall in!"
And bare-legged soldiers go thrilling
To drums that are strummingly played.
The Wooden Sword Legion is filling,
Hurrah for the old Lath Brigade!

Then down through the stable went stepping
The finest Grand Army of all,
With corporals "Hep," "Hep" and "Hepping,"
With drum-beat and shrill bugle call;
With lads marching sturdy as yeomen,
With banners so proudly unfurled,
An army that had not a foeman
In all the merry-day world!

I know, if the dust is not scattered
By passing of years and of feet,
The paths that their bare feet have pattered
Are there in the old village street.
And in some weed clump in that region
I might find an unrusted blade
Once borne by the Wooden Sword Legion,
Once swung by the old Lath Brigade!

What banners we marched proudly under!
What laurels we won us and how!
And sometimes I sit here and wonder
What battles those soldiers fight now.
The drums that we marched to are battered,
Our weapons with rubbish are laid.
The Wooden Sword Legion is scattered,
And where is the old Lath Brigade?

—J. W. Foley, in Saturday Evening Post.

Ball of Fire With Ears

New York Times.

Mrs. Carolina L. Pierce, who lives with her son on a farm in Mullica township, N. J., has just written a long letter, offering her deep thanks to whoever can tell what she saw outside her window, flying over her turnip field on the night of November 14. It was Mrs. Pierce who saw it, not her son.

She says in her letter that she is 75 years old, hoping that she is "of sound mind," and believing the same. Being a Christian, she continues, every word that she writes is of the purest truth.

Her son left her alone in the house that night, going to Egg Harbor. At 9 o'clock she started to retire. She found her bedroom lighted, though there was no lamp in it. She saw through her window a bright light. This she thought was made by the burning of her neighbor's house.

This was not the case. Presently she saw a ball of fire rise out of the distance and float toward her window. It wandered about over her turnip field, coming so close to her window that she cried aloud. The ball of fire finally arose and disappeared.

Mrs. Pierce noticed that the ball of fire was in the shape of a face, round like the moon's. The ears were long, and lay close to the face. The eyes were sunken and the nose and mouth were dark in color.

It should not be forgotten that it was Mrs. Pierce who saw this, not her son, he being in Egg Harbor at the time.

Watch Charm Made by Aaron Burr.

Denver Post.

The price of pork soared away up this morning, higher than ever before known, being boosted by W. W. Obert, who lives at 1435 Champs street, and who sells meats for a local market. He offers $100 for a pig lost by him last night. The pig is made of ivory, weighs less than one ounce, and was whittled out by Aaron Burr while that statesman was in jail awaiting trial on a charge of treason.

The ivory pig was worn as a watch charm by Obert, who received it as an heirloom from his father. The pig has been owned by the Obert family ever since one of the Oberts made the acquaintance of Aaron Burr when he was visiting Blennerhasset on his island in the Ohio river. Before his trial Burr amused himself by whittling and filing on a piece of ivory, and one of these pieces was fashioned into the shape of a pig and given Obert's ancestor. It has been carried as a watch charm until it became smooth as a piece of glass, and is now yellow with age.

Farmer Growing Cobless Corn

Bloomington (Ill.) Dispatch to New York Herald.

And now it is the cobless corn. A year ago H. J. Sconce and Taylor Garlough, of Vermilion county, purchased a quantity of seed corn in Indiana. In the shipment was a freak ear, which, instead of the ordinary cob, had a core of husk, the grains being neatly wrapped on the soft foundation like peas in a pod. Mr. Sconce was impressed with the novelty of the find, and decided to plant all the kernels found on the freak ear. To his surprise the ears produced this fall were found to be exact reproductions of the single ear. He has decided to plant more of the corn next year, and will endeavor to improve it.

The ears produced this year yielded as much corn as those provided with cobs, while the kernels were large and solid. The ears were well filled, kernels even growing among the silk. The freak ears were placed on exhibition at a county fair at Sidell last week, and attracted much attention.

Amending the Declaration.

"Has your order been taken?" asked one of the waiters.

"Yes,' 'said Mr. Walbroke, "fifteen minutes ago. If it isn't too late, though, I'd like to change it."

"To change your order, sir?"

"Yes; if you don't mind I'll change it to an entreaty."

Seeing New York of Old Times

THE OLD SOMERINDYKE HOUSE.

For many years one of the most interesting landmarks in New York was a quaint old homestead, which stood on the Bloomingdale road, at the corner of Seventy-fifth street. This was the old Somerindyke house, and stood on the once extensive Somerindyke farm.

The building was of the Dutch style of construction, wide and low, and measured 50 by 80 feet. It had a steep shingle roof, with projecting attic windows and a big comfortable porch. In the quiet old farmhouse some stirring events took place. During the revolution a party of Hessian soldiers quartered themselves here, terrifying the family so that they took refuge in the attic of the house. When the unwelcome visitors had departed, the house was found to be in a deplorably filthy condition and the interior woodwork entirely demolished to supply the fires of the marauders.

In later days, may royalist exiles, driven from their country by the French revolution, took refuge in New York. Amonk them was Louis Philippe, "the "citizen king" of France, who, after much wandering, spent three years in New York and lived in the old house with several other princes.

They were in such desperate circumstances that Louis Philippe taught school in the old Somerindyke house. Doubtless it was here that he imbibed those democratic principles which afterwards led the French royalists to describe him as a bourgeois king. Talleyrand, club-footed and sacrastic, was frequently in this old house, where also lived the Duc de Montpensier and the Prince de Beaujolais.

In 1868 the famous old house was destroyed to make room for the boulevard.

The SLAVE of SILENCE

BY F. M. WHITE

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CHAPTER XIII.

Berrington's exclamation of surprise was not lost upon Inspector Field. He stood obviously waiting for the gallant officer to say something. As there was a somewhat long pause, the inspector took up the parable for himself.

"In a great many cases that come under our hands, so many give us a chance," he said. "We allow something for luck. More than once in looking up one business I have come across a burning clue of another."

"What is the meaning of all this philosophy, Mr. Field?" Berrington asked.

"Well, I think it is pretty obvious, if you care to see it. We are engaged, just for the present, on looking for a private hansom, painted black, in which is seated a lame gentleman. The rest of our investigation does not matter just now, because we have beyond doubt actually traced the parties who conveyed the body of Sir Charles from the hotel. When the lame gentleman is spoken of you say something about No. 100 Audley Place. It is quite obvious that you know something of the man, or at any rate you think you do. May I point out that it is your duty to help us if you can."

Berrington looked uncomfortable. As a matter of fact he had made up his mind to say nothing as to Audley Place.

"There are several Audley Places in the directory," Field went on. "I am sure you would not put us to the trouble of looking them all up, sir. Tell me all you know. Anything that you may say will be treated as confidential."

"I quite see your reasoning," Berrington replied. "Let me tell you that I should have said nothing—for the present, at any rate—had I not betrayed myself. Look here, Field, I might just as well inform you that we are treading on very delicate ground here. As soon as I begin to speak, Sir Charles' daughter comes into the business."

"You mean Miss Darryll—Mrs. Richford, I should say. How, Colonel?"

"Because I am quite sure that she knows something of the matter. In the first place you must understand that the marriage was the reverse of a love match. Sir Charles' affairs were in anything but a prosperous condition at the time of his death."

"In fact he was on the point of being arrested in connection with a certain company," Field said coolly. "I got that information from the city police. It was a mere piece of gossip, but I did not identify it as in any way connected with the subsequent tragedy."

"Well, I should not be surprised to hear that it had an important bearing on the mystery. As far as I could judge after the wedding there was a quarrel between Mr. and Mrs. Richford——"

"Ah!" Field exclaimed. His face was shrewd and eager. "Can you tell me what about?"

"Indeed, I cannot. I cannot even guess. But I can't see what that has to do with it."

"Can't you indeed, sir?" Field asked drily. "Mrs. Richford shall tell me herself, presently. But we are getting no nearer to the lame gentleman in Audley Place."

"Oh, yes we are. Let us admit that quarrel. I am certain of it because yesterday Mr. Richford had luncheon at the same table as myself. He ordered a steak and potatoes. When it came, he asked the waiter who had been putting salt on his plate. Sure enough there was salt on the plate and in the shape of a bullet. Directly Richford saw that, his whole aspect changed. He was like one beside himself with terror. He did not know that I was watching him, he knew nothing beyond the horror of the moment."

"You mean that shaped salt had some hidden meaning, sir?" Field asked.

"I am certain of it. Now don't run your head up against the idea that you are on the track of some political society, or that anarchism has anything to do with it. It so happens that I have seen that salt sign before in India under strange circumstances that we need not go into at the present moment. The man who pointed it out to me disappeared and was never heard of again. The sign was on his own plate at dinner. A little later I was enabled to get to the bottom of the whole thing; the story shall be told in due course.

"Well, I wanted to see what Mr. Richford would do next. Was the sign an imperative one or not? Evidently it was, for he got up, finished his brandy, and left the table without having had a single mouthful of food. Under ordinary conditions I should have taken no action, but you see Mrs. Richford is a great friend of mine, and I was anxious to see how far her husband was in with these people. To make a long story short, I followed Richford's cab and traced him to No. 100 Audley Place, which is somewhat at the back of Wandsworth Common. There I was so fortunate as to find a policeman who had been in my regiment, and he gave me all the information he could as to the inhabitants of the house. The gist of that information was that the owner of the house was a lame gentleman who sometimes went out in a bath chair. Now you do see why I cried out when the cabman finished his story today?"

Field nodded thoughtfully. He saw perfectly well. For a little time he was silent, piecing the puzzle together. On the whole he was more than satisfied with the morning's work.

"I see," he said at length. "The lame gentleman, of course, sent the message to Mr. Richford. Within a few hours the body of Sir Charles disappears. Why, then, was this message sent? So that the lame man could get posted in all his facts with a view to stealing the body. In other words, Mrs. Richford's husband was a party to that daring crime. Why that body was fetched away we cannot inquire into, at present. What I want to know, and what I must know, is what Mrs. Richford and her husband quarrelled about."

Berrington winced. He had no pleasant vision of Beatrice being cross-examined by this sharp, shrewd policeman. And yet the thing was inevitable. Field's eyes asked a question.

"All right, Inspector," Berrington said, not without some irritation. "I'll go and see the lady, and let her know what you have already found out. I suppose it is fatal to try and conceal anything. This comes of a lady marrying such a sweep as that."

Beatrice listened calmly enough to what Berrington had to say. It was not nice to have to tell her story over again, but she decided to conceal nothing. She had done a foolish thing, a wrong thing to save her father, and the world was going to know the whole sordid truth. But so long as Mark stood by her, what did the opinion of the world matter?

"Ask Inspector Filed in here," she said. "No, I do not blame you, my dear old friend. Is it not far better that everything should come out? A dreadful crime has been committed and the guilty should be punished, whoever they are."

Inspector Field came in, very sorry and very apologetic for the trouble he was causing. He was quite different from the hard man who had been cross-examining Berrington outside.

"I fancy you can give me certain information," he said. "I have some little hesitation in saying anything personal as to the character of Mr. Richford——"

"You need not hesitate," Beatrice said bitterly, "on my account. I am going to speak freely, and all the more so because I see the possibility of having to repeat it all in the witness box. I married my husband with the sole idea of saving my father from dis——"

"Unpleasantness," Field sdia swiftly. "There is no occasion for anything of that kind to come out in the witness box. For family reasons you became Mrs. Richford. There is no reason why your sacrifice should have been altogether in vain."

"That is very good of you," Beatrice said gracefully. "Let me say that I am not in love with the man whose name I am supposed to bear. Had anything happened to my father before yesterday, my marriage would never have taken place. My quarrel with my husband was that he knew my father was dead two hours before the ceremony was fixed to take place."

Hardened as he was, Field started. This information was unexpected as it was dramatic.

"I am not speaking idly," Beatrice went on. "I came back here, directly my father's death came to my ears. In his room I found a telegram. It was dated yesterday, the hour was clearly marked upon it—about ten o'clock yesterday morning. That telegram was addressed to my husband; it was found by me close to my father's body. The doctor said that Sir Charles had been dead some hours before he was discovered. Therefore I had conclusive proof in my hands that my husband had seen my father's corpse and that he had stolen out of the room and said nothing, knowing that I should never be his wife if he spoke the truth."

"It seems almost incredible," Field muttered. "What did Mr. Richford says?"

"What could he do or say beyond admitting the truth of my accusation? Even his cunning failed before the production of that fateful telegram. He had to admit everything, he had to admit that the telegram belonged to him, that he had occasion to see my father very early on pressing business, and that he had not raised the alarm because he knew if he did so he would lose me. At one time the suite of rooms in which we stand was rented by Mr. Richford; indeed his term ha snot expired yet, and that is why my father came here. I can tell you little if any more. What I said to m yhusband does not matter in the least. I told him plainly that I had done with him, and I hope that I may never see him again."

Field had few questions to ask further. A hundred theories were flying through his nimble brain. Beatrice seemed to divine something of this.

"In common fairness I am bound to say that Mr. Richford could have had nothing to do with my father's death," she said. "In the first place he had everything to gain by Sir Charles keeping his health. I know the doctors are suspicious that there is foul play somewhere, but recollect that they are prepared to swear to my father's death some hours before the body was found. A little before ten, Mr. Richford must have been at home or he could never have had that telegram. Therefore it was after ten before he sought out my father, who, according to the medical view of the cause, had passed away hours before."

"That is very cleverly and logically reasoned," Field said, not without admiration. "And in any case Mr. Richford would be able to give a really convincing account of the reason why he remained silent—especially after a jury had seen you in the witness box."

It was a pretty compliment and a tribute to Field's sound judgment as to human nature, but Beatrice did not appear to heed his words.

"I had better finish and tell you everything," she said. "I have said everything I can, in common fairness to my husband. I feel convinced that if there was foul play he had no hand in it, no actual hand, that is. But there is another side to the question. I have already told you all about the Countess and the General. I told you how my suspicions were aroused, and when I came up to my room as quickly as possible—the door was shut and two people were talking inside. You asked me just now, Inspector Field, if I could recognize the man again—the man who was in the room when the Countess was actually taking impressions of the seals on the door, and I said I could. Can you guess who that man was?"

The inspector looked puzzled for a moment, then the light of illumination came over his face. He glanced up eagerly; his dark eyes were dancing.

"You don't mean to say it was Mr. Richford?" he asked.

"Indeed I do," Beatrice said quietly. "I had intended to keep that piece of information to myself, but you have forced my hand. Of actual crime, of actual murder, I am quite sure that Stephen Richford is innocent. But as to the rest I cannot say. At any rate I have concealed nothing that is likely to injure the course of justice."

CHAPTER XIV.

Inspector Field took up his hat and gloves from the chair where he had deposited them. He was satisfied, and more than satisfied with the interview. In a short time he had achieved excellent results.

"We will not trouble Mrs. Richford any more at present," he said. "It may be some consolation to her to know that I agree with all her reasonings. But there is plenty of work to do."

Field bowed himself out, followed by Berrington. The latter asked what the inspector was going to do.

"In the first place I am going down to the Yard," Field explained. "I am then going to get rid of my correspondence and have my dinner. After that till it gets dark I propose to pursue what Lord Beaconsfield called a policy of masterly inactivity for a time. Once it is really dark, I intend to go as far as Wandsworth Common, and learn something of the gentleman who is lame and has a private hansom painted black. You see, sir, the scene of the story is changed. The next act must be played out at Wandsworth."

"You have some settled plan in your mind?" Berrington asked.

"Indeed I have not, sir. I may make no more than a few simple inquiries and come home again. On the other hand, before morning I may find myself inside the house. I may even return with the lame gentleman as my prisoner. It is all in the air."

"By Jove," Berrington cried. "I should like to go with you. As an old campaigner, and one with some little knowledge of strategy, I may be useful. Anything is better than sitting here doing nothing. Would you very much mind, Inspector?"

Field regarded the brown, eager, clever face and steadfast eyes of the questioner shrewdly.

"I shall be delighted, sir," he said heartily, "with one proviso—that you regard me as your senior officer and commander in this business. Military strategy is one thing, the hunting of criminals quite a different thing. I shall start from the Yard before ten o'clock, and even then I shall not make my way to Wandsworth direct. We are dealing with an exceedingly clever lot, and it is just possible that I may be watched. Therefore I shall disguise myself, and you had better do the same. Then you can meet me at eleven o'clock where you like."

"That's a bargain," Berrington said eagerly. "I'll go over to Wandsworth pretty early and try to see my police friend, Macklin. At eleven o'clock I shall be under the trees opposite Audley Place, waiting for you. Probably I shall assume the disguise of a sailor."

"Um, not a bad idea," Field remarked. "We will both be sailors just paid off from a ship and with money in our pockets. Sailors, in that condition who have assimilated a fair amoutn of liquid refreshments do strange things. Oh, we shall be all right. Merchant seamen let us be, from the ship Severn, just home from South America. Good afternoon, sir."

It was nearly ten before Berrington reached the rendezvous. He was perfectly disguised as a sailor fresh from a tramp steamer, his clothes were dirty and grimy, and the cap on his head had a decided naval cock. So far as he could judge there were no lights visible at No. 100, opposite. He waited for Macklin to come along, which presently he did. The police officer looked suspiciously at the figure in a slumbering attitude on the seat, and passed before him.

"Now, then," he said sharply. "What are you doing here? Come out of that."

Berrington came unsteadily to his feet and blinked into the lane of light made by the policeman's lantern. He was rather proud of his disguise and the way in which it was passing scrutiny.

"All right, Macklin," he said in his natural voice. "It's Colonel Berrington. Not quite the same sort of disguise that I tried to pass into the Madi Halfa camp with when you were on guard that night. Still it took you in, didn't it?"

"It did indeed, sir," Macklin said, not without admiration. "And might I beg to ask what manner of game the Colonel of my old regiment is up to in London at this hour?"

"We need not go into details, Macklin," Berirngton said. "Regard me as your senior officer for a moment, and answer my questions without comment. As I told you yesterday, I am interested in that house opposite. Have you found out anything?"

"Nothing worth speaking about, sir," Macklin replied. "They seem to be just respectable people who have plenty of money and very few visitors. Last night about half past eleven the old gentleman went out in a cab, and came back about half past two with a friend who had a big box on the top of the cab. That is all I can tell you."

"Ah, perhaps that is more important than it seems," Berrington muttered. "Anything today?"

"Nothing today, sir. Oh, yes, there is. The parlor maid reported to the man who is doing day duty here this week that the house would be closed till Saturday, and that the police were to keep an eye on the place at night. Looks as if they've gone, sir."

Berrington swore quietly and under his breath. It seemed to him as if he and Field were going to have their trouble for their pains. No. 100 was not the kind of house where people are unduly economical on the score of lights, and there was not one to be seen.

"I should like to go and have a prowl around," Berrington said, after a pause. "I suppose if I did, I shouldn't have any officious policeman to reckon with."

"Well, sir, I'm not quite sure," Macklin said dubiously. "Of course I know you to be a gentleman as wouldn't do anything in the least wrong, but there's my sergeant to consider. Still, as this is on my beat, no other officer is likely to see you."

"Good," Berrington exclaimed. "What time will you be back here again?"

Macklin calculated that he would reach the same spot an hour or so later—about eleven o'clock, to be exact. The hour tallied precisely with the coming of Field, and in the meantime Berrington was free to make what he could of the house opposite.

But there was precious little to be gained in that respect. The house was all fastened up, there were shutters to the windows on the ground floor; the garden was tried next, but there was no litter anywhere such as might have been caused by a hasty removal. Clearly if the house was closed up it was only for a day or two, as the parlor maid had told the policeman.

At the end of an hour Berrington was not a whit wiser than before.

He crossed over the road and there on a seat under the tree was a sailor like himself. Field did not assume to be asleep but was pulling at a short clay pipe.

"Come and sit down, sir," he said. "I've just come. As I anticipated, I am being watched. But I managed to give my shadowers quite a wrong impression and I passed from the house, where I keep a few stock disguises, under their very noses. They imagine that they are following me up west by this time."

"I am afraid all the trouble has been wasted," Berrington said irritably. "The birds have flown."

"Indeed, sir. And who did you get that valuable piece of information from?"

"From my friend the policeman that I told you about. The house is shut up for a few days and the authorities have been informed of the fact. I have been all around the house and it is as silent as the grave."

"Well, that might be merely a blind, after all," Field said cheerfully. "When did they go?"

"So far as I can gather from Macklin, they departed this morning."

Field chuckled, but said nothing. A little while later there was a thud of heavy boots on the pavement, and Macklin and his sergeant came, together. The latter was about to say something but Field produced his card, and the effect was instantaneous.

"No, we don't want any assistance at all," the Scotland Yard official said. "All you can do is to go about your work as if nothing was taking place. You may notice something suspicious presently at No. 100, across the road, but you are to ignore it. You understand?"

The sergeant nodded and touched his helmet; he understood perfectly well. The two passed on together and the sham sailors crossed the road. Very quietly Field proceeded to the back of the house. It was a little dark here, and he guided himself by pressing his fingers to the walls. Presently he stopped, and a low chuckle came from his lips.

"Discovery the first, sir," he said. "Press your hand on the wall here. What do you notice?"

But Berrington noticed nothing beyond the fact that the wall was quite warm. He said so, and the inspector chuckled once more. He seemed to be pleased about something.

"That should tell you a story, sir," he said. "That house is supposed to be empty; nobody has been here since early this morning. If you will look up, you will see that the blank wall terminates in a high chimney—obviously the kitchen fireplace—so obviously, if those people went early today there would be very little fire, in fact the range would have been out long ago. And what do we find? A hot wall that tells of a good fire all day, a good fire at this moment, or these bricks would have cooled down before now. If you listen you will hear the boiler gently simmering."

It was all exactly as Field had said. Perhaps the servants had been sent away for a day or two, indeed, it was very probable that they had. But there was the big fire testifying to the fact that somebody was in the house at that very moment.

"We are going to take risks," Field whispered. "If we are discovered we shall be given into custody as two drunken sailors, given into the custody of your friend Macklin and his sergeant, from whom we shall probably escape. You may be very sure that we shall not be charged, for the simple reason that the people here don't want their names or anything about them to get into the papers; in fact, the less they see of the police the better they will be pleased. Come along."

Field strode around to the kitchen window. The shutters were up, but not so in the larder, which had no bars, and was only protected by a square of perforated zinc. The inspector took a tool from his pocket and with great care and dexterity, and without making the least noise, removed the zinc from its place. Then a lantern flamed out.

"Come along," said Field, "we can easily get through here. We shall be safe in the kitchen, for we know that the maids are not in the house."

For the present everything was absolutely plain sailing. And as Field had anticipated there was nobody in the kitchen and nobody in the corridor leading to the better part of the house. All the same, a big fire, recently made up, was roaring in the range, showing that the place was not quite deserted. And yet it was as silent as the grave."

It was the same in the hall, and the same in the living rooms, where no lights gleamed. From somewhere upstairs came a sound as if somebody was gently filing some soft metal. The noise ceased presently, to the followed by the rattle of a typewriter, or so it seemed. The two adventurers stood in the darkness of the dining room listening; it seemed to them as if that rattle was getting closer. Field flashed a light into the room, but it was quite empty; the polished mahogany of the table reflected the flowers on it.

Then suddenly the rattle grew louder, and Field flashed his light under the slide. As suddenly as his light had faded out, the dining room glowed in a perfect bank of shaded yellow light, as if by magic the table stood with a perfect meal, a dainty cold supper with glass and silver and crystal and gold-topped bottles upon it; the whole thing seemed a most wonderful piece of conjuring. At the same instant there was the rattle of a latch-key in the front door. Field pulled his companion into the darkness of the drawing room doorway. A man came in, peeled off his coat, and entered the dining room. Field gasped.

"What is the matter?" Berrington asked. "Do you know who it is?"

"Rather," Field replied. "I should say that I do. Why! that's no other than the Rajah of Ahbad! Well, if this doesn't beat all!"

(To Be Continued.)

COST OF BAD ROADS AND NEED OF IMPROVEMENT

Lack of a proper perception of the advantages of good roads is a costly ignorance on the part of the public. The postoffice department has made an estimate of what it could save if it had good roads for its mail routes throughout the United States. It figures that if every post road in the United States were made a good road, it could reduce its operating expenses $6,702,000 a year. When it is considered that less than one-half of the roads of the United States are post roads, and that the travel of the mail carriers does not amount to over 2 per cent of the traffic on the majority of our highways, one will begin to see how much the lack of information on the good roads question is costing the people. If the mud tax of the postoffice department amounts to nearly $7,000,000 a year, it is fair to assume that of all the people amounts to more nearly $700,000,000 a year, enough in a few years to macadamize every important road in the United States.

Every dollar spent in proper improvement of the highways is returned in a comparatively short time with good interest. Increased travel over the roads means increased amounts of city money spent in the smaller towns and villages. Decrease in cost of conveying produce to market or shipping point means increased profit to the producer. Ability to reach a market at any period of the year means a better selling price for the producer as this selling price is governed by the natural law of supply and demand and by the same law and conditions the cost to the consumer will be reduced as the opportunity for middle men to buy up and hold large quantities of produce will be done away with.

The Good Roads Association of Ohio, with offices in Cleveland, is advocating a large state appropriation for road construction. They desire an expression of opinion from our readers as to what the state appropriation should be and what changes in the present law would work to the best advantage in our locality.

M. M. MAXWELL, Secretary.

A MILLIONAIRE OF YESTERDAY

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

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CHAPTER XXX.

"My Dear Aunt Ernie: At last I have a chance of sending you a letter—and, this time time at any rate, you won't have to complain about my sending you no news. I'll promise you that, before I begin, and you needn't get scared either, because it's all good. I've been awfully lucky, and all because that fellow Cathcart turned out such a funk and a bounder. It's the oddest thing in the world too, that old Cis should have written me to pick up all the news I could about Scarlett Trent and send it to you. Why, he's within a few feet of me at this moment, and I've been seeing him continually ever since I came here. But there, I'll try and begin at the beginning.

"You know Cathcart got the post of consulting surveyor and engineer to the Bekwando syndicate, and he was head man at our London place. Well, they sent me from Capetown to be junior to him, and a jolly good move for me too. I never did see anything in Cathcart! He's a lazy sort of chap, hates work, and I guess he's only got the job because his uncle had got a lot of shares in the business. It seems he never wanted to come, hates any place except London, which accounts for a good deal.

"All the time when we were waiting, he wasn't a bit keen and kept on rotting about the good times he might have been having in London, and what a fearful country we were stranded in, till he almost gave me the blues, and if there hadn't been some jolly good shooting and a few nice chaps up at the fort I should have been miserable. As it was, I left him to himself a good deal, and he didn't like that either. I think Attra was a jolly place, and the landing in surf boats was no end of fun. Cathcart got beastly wet, and you should have seen what a stew he was in because he'd put on a beautiful white suit and it got spoilt. Well, things weren't very lively at Attra at first, I'm bound to admit. No one seemed to know much about the Bekwando Land company, and the country that way was very rough. However, we got sent out at last, and Cathcart, he simply scoffed at the whole thing from the first. There was no proper labor, not half enough machinery, and none of the right sort—and the gradients and country between Bekwando and the sea were awful. Cathcart made a few reports and we did nothing but kick our heels about until He came. You'll see I've written that in big letters, and I tell you if ever a man deserved to have his name written in capitals Scarlett Trent does, and the oddest part of it is he knows you, and he was awfully decent to me all the time."

"Well, out he went prospecting, before he'd been in the country 24 hours, and he came back quite cheerful. Then he spoke to Cathcart about starting work and Cathcart was a perfect beast. He as good as told him that he'd come out under false pretenses, that the whole affair was a swindle, and that the road could not be made. Trent didn't hesitate, I can tell you. There were no arguments or promises with him. He chucked Cathcart on the spot, turned him out of the place, and swore he'd make the road himself. I asked if I might stop, and I think he was glad, anyhow we've been ever such pals ever since, and I never expect to have such a time again as long as I live! But do you know, Auntie, we've about made that road. When I see what we've done, sometimes I can't believe it. I only wish some of the bigwigs who've never been out of an office could see it. I know I'll hate to come away.

"You'd never believe the time we had—leaving out the fighting, which I am coming to by and by. We were beastly short of all sorts of machinery and our labor was awful. We had scarcely any at first, but Trent found 'em somehow, Kru boys and native Zulus and brokendown Europeans—any one who could hold a pick. More came every day, and we simply cut our way through the country. I think I was pretty useful, for you see I was the only chap there who knew even a bit about engineering or practical surveying, and I'd sit up all night lots of times working the thing out. We had a missionary came over the first Sunday, and wanted to preach, but Trent stopped him. 'We've got to work here,' he said, 'and Sunday or no Sunday I can't let my men stop to listen to you in the cool of the day. If you want to preach, come and take a pick now, and preach when they are resting, and he did and worked well too, and afterwards when we had to knock off, he preached, and Trent took the chair and made 'em all listen. Well, when we got a bit inland we had the natives to deal with, and if you ask me I believe that's one reason Cathcart hated the whole thing so. He's a beastly coward I think, and he told me once he'd never let off a revolver in his life. Well, they tried to surprise us one night, but Trent was up himself watching, and I tell you we did give 'em beans. Great, ugly-looking, black chaps they were. Aunt Ernie, I shall never forget how I felt when I saw them come creeping through the long, rough grass with their beastly spears all ready to throw. And now for my own special adventure. Won't you shiver when you read this! I was taken prisoner by one of those chaps, carried off to their beastly village and very nearly murdered by a chap who seemed to be a cross between an executioner and a high-priest, and who kept dancing round me, singing a lot of rot and pointing a knife at me. You see, I was right on the outside of the fighting and I got a knock on the head with the butt-end of a spear, and was a bit silly for a moment, and a great chap, who'd seen me near Trent and guessed I was somebody, picked me up as though I'd been a baby and carried me off. Of course I kicked up no end of a row as soon as I came to, but what with the firing and the screeching, no one heard me, and Trent said it was half an hour before he missed me and an hour before they started in pursuit. Anyhow, there I was, about morning-time when you were thinking of having your cup of tea, trussed up like a fowl in the middle of the village, and all the natives, beastly creatures, premenading round me and making faces and bawling out things—oh, it was beastly I can tell you! Then just as they seemed to have made up their mind to kill me, up strode Scarlett Trent alone, if you please, and he walked up to the whole lot of 'em as bold as brass. He'd got a long way ahead of the rest and thought they meant mischief, so he wouldn't wait for the others but faced a hundred of them with a revolver in his hand, and I can tell you things were lively then. I'd never be able to describe the next few minutes—one man Trent knocked down with his fist, and you could hear his skull crack, then he shot the chap who had been threatening me, and cut my bonds, and then they tried to resist us, and I thought it was all over. They were horribly afraid of Trent though, and while they were closing round us the others came up and the natives chucked it at once. They used to be a very brave race, but since

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they were able to get rum for their timber and ivory, they're a lazy and drunken lot. Well, I must tell you what Trent did then. He went to the priest's house where the gods were kept—such a beastly hole—and he burned the place before the eyes of all the natives. I believe they thought every moment that we should be struck dead, and they stood round in a ring, making an awful row, but they never dared interfere. He burnt the place to the ground, and then what do you think he did? From the king downward he made every Jack one of them come and work on his road. You'll never believe it, but it's perfectly true. They looked upon him as their conqueror, and they came like lambs when he ordered it. They think they're slaves you know, and don't understand their pay, but they get it every week and same as all the other laborers—and oh, Aunt Ernie, you should see the king work with a pickaxe! He is fat and so clumsy and so furiously angry, but he's too scared of Trent to do anything but obey orders, and there he works hour after hour, groaning, and the perspiration rolls off him as though he were in a Turkish bath. I could go on telling you odd things that happen here for hours, but I must finish soon as the chap is starting with the mail. I am enjoying it. It is something like life I can tell you, and aren't I lucky? Trent made me take Cathcart's place. I am getting £800 a year, and only fancy it, he says he'll see that the directors make me a special grant. Everything looks very different here now, and I do hope the company will be a success. There's whole heaps of mining machinery landed and waiting for the road to be finished to go up, and people seem to be streaming into the place. I wonder what Cathcart will say when he knows that the road is as good as done, and that I've got his job! . . .

"Chap called for mail. Goodbye.
"Ever your affectionate
"FRED.

"Trent is a brick."

Ernestine read the letter slowly, line by line, word by word. To tell the truth it was absorbingly interesting to her. Already there had come rumors of the daring and blunt, resistless force with which this new-made millionaire had confronted a gigantic task. His terse communications had found their way into the press, and in them and in the boy's letter she seemed to discover something Caesaric. That night it was more than usually difficult for her to settle down to her own work. She read her nephew's letter more than once and continually she found her thoughts slipping away—traveling across the ocean to a tropical strip of country, where a heterogeneous crowd of men were toiling and digging under a blazing sun. And, continually, too, she seemed to see a man's face looking steadily over the sea to her, as he stood upright for a moment and rested from his toil. She was very fond of the boy—but the face was not his!

CHAPTER XXXI.

A special train from Southampton had just steamed into Waterloo with the passengers from the Royal Mail steamer Ophir. Little groups of sunburnt men were greeting old friends upon the platform, surrounded by piles of luggage, canvas trunks and steamer chairs. The demand for hansoms was brisk, cab after cab heavily loaded was rolling out of the yard. There were grizzled men and men of fair complexion, men in white helmets and puggarees, and men in silk hats. All sorts were represented there, frfom the successful diamond digger who was spasmodically embracing a lady in black yet of distinctly Jewish proclivities, to a sporting lord who had been killing lions. For a few minutes the platforms were given over altogether to a sort of pleasurable confusion, a vivid scene, full of color and human interest. Then the people thinned away, and, very nearly last of all, a wizened-lookgray-headed man, carrying a black bag and a parcel, left the platform with hesitating footsteps and turned towards the bridge. He was followed almost immediately by Hiram Da Souza, who, curiously enough, seemed to have been on the platform when the train came in and to have been much interested in this shabby, lonely old man, who carried himself like a waif stranded in an unknown land. Da Souza was gorgeous in frock coat and silk hat, a carnation in his buttonhole, a diamond in his black satin tie, yet he was not altogether happy. This little man hobbling along in front represented fate to him. On the platform at Waterloo he had heard him timidly ask a bystander the way to the offices of the Bekwando Land and Gold Exploration company, limited. If ever he got there, what would be the price of Bekwando shares on the morrow? . . .

On the bridge Da Souza saw him accost a policeman, and, brushing close by, heard him ask the same question. The man shook his head, but pointed eastwards.

"I can't say exactly, sir, but somewhere in the city, sir, for certain," he answered. "I should make for the Bank of England, a penny 'bus along that way will take you—and ask again there."

The old man nodded his thanks and stepped along. De Souza felt that his time had come. He accosted him with an urbane smile.

"Excuse me," he said, "but I think I heard you ask for the offices of the Bekwando Land company."

The old man looked up eagerly. "If you can direct me there, sir," he said, "I shall be greatly obliged."

"I can do so," Da Souza said, falling into step, "and will with pleasure. I am going that way myself. I hope," he continued in a tone of kindly concern, "that you are not a shareholder in the company."

The old man dropped his bag with a clatter upon the pavement, and his lips moved for a moment without any speech coming from them. Da Souza picked up the bag and devoutly hoped that none of his city friends were in the way.

"I don't exactly know about being a shareholder," the old man said nervously, "but I've certainly something to do with it. I am, or should have been, joint vendor. The company is wealthy, is it not?"

Da Souza changed the bag into his other hand and thrust his arm through his companion's.

"You haven't seen the papers lately, have you?"

"No! I've just landed—today—from Africa!"

"Then I'm sorry to say there's some bad news for you," Da Souza said. "The Bekwando Land and Gold company has gone into liquidation—smashed up altogether. They say that all the directors and the vendor will be arrested. It seems to have been a gigantic swindle."

Monty had become a dead weight upon his arm. They were in the Strand now, and he pushed open the swing door of a public house, and made his way into the private bar. When Monty opened his eyes he was on a cushioned seat, and before him was a tumbler of brandy half empty. He stared round him wildly. His lips were moist and the old craving was hot upon him. What did it mean? After all he had broken his vow, then! Had he not sworn to touch nothing until he had found his little girl and his fortune? yet the fire of spirits was in his veins and the craving was tearing him to pieces. Then he remembered! There was no fortune, no little girl! His dreams were all shattered, the last effort of his life had been in vain. He caught hold of the tumbler with fingers that shook as though an ague were upon him, lifted it to his lips and drank. Then there came the old blankness, and he saw nothing but what seemed to him the face of a satyr—dark and evil—mocking him through the shadows which had surely fallen now for ever. Da Souza lifted him up and conveyed him carefully to a four-wheel cab.

* * * * * *

An hour afterwards Da Souza, with a grin of content upon his unshapely mouth, exchanged his frock coat for a gaudy smoking jacket, and, with a freshly lit cigar in his mouth, took up the letters which had arrived by the evening post. Seeing amongst them one with an African stamp he tore it open hastily, and read:— —

"My Dear Hiram—You was in luck now or never, if you really want to stop that half-witted creature from doing mischief in London. I sometimes think, my brother, that you would do better to give me even more of your confidence. You are a very clever man, but you do keep yourself so secret. If I too were not clever, how would I know to send you this news, how would I know that it will make you glad? But there, you will go your way. I know it!

"Now for the news! Monty, as I cabled (I send the bill) has gone secretly to London. Since Scarlett Trent found our Hausa friend and the rum flask, there have been no means of getting liquor to him, so I suppose he has very near regained his senses, anyhow he shipped off very cunning, not even Missionary Walsh knowing, but he made a very big mistake, the news of which I send to you knowing it will be good. Hiram, he stole the money to pay for his passage from the missionary's cash box! All one day he stood under a tree looking out to sea, and a steamer from Capetown called, and when he heard the whistle and saw the surf boats he seemed to wake up. He walked up and down restlessly for a long time, muttering to himself. Mrs. Walsh came out to him and he was still staring at the steamer. She told him to come in out of the sun, which was very hot, but he shook his head. 'She's calling me,' he kept on saying, 'calling me!' She heard him in the room where the money was and then saw no more of him. But others saw him running to the shore, and he paid to be taken out to the steamer. They wouldn't take him on at first, because he hadn't secured a passage, but he laid down and wouldn't move. So, as he had the money, they took him, and when I heard I cabled to you. But what harm can he do, for you are his master? He is a thief and you know it. Surely you can do with him what you will.

"Trent was here yesterday and heard for the first time of his flight. How he took it I cannot tell you, for I was not the one to tell him, but this I know for a fact. He cabled to Capetown offering £100 if the Star Line steamer leaving tomorrow would call for him here. Hiram, he is a great man, this Trent. I hate him, for he has spoilt much trade for me, and he treats me as though I were the dirt under his feet, but never a man before who had set foot upon the Coast could have done what he has done. Without soldiers he has beaten the Bekwando natives, and made them even work for him. He has stirred the whole place here into a state of fever. A thousand men are working upon his road and sinking shafts upon the Bekwando hills. Gold is already coming down, nuggets of it, and he is opening a depot to buy all the mahogany and ivory in the country. He spends money like water, he never rests, what he says must be done is done! The authorities are afraid of him, but day by day they become more civil! The agent here called him once an adventurer, and threatened him with arrest for his fighting with the Bekwandos. Now they go to him cap in hand, for they know that he will be a great power in this country. And Hiram, my brother, you have not given me your trust though I speak to you so openly, but here is the advice of a brother, for blood is blood, and I would have you make money. Don't you put yourself against Trent. Be on his side, for his is the winning side. I don't know what you got in your head about that poor scarecrow Monty, but I tell you, Hiram, Trent is the man to back right through. He has the knack of success, and he is a genius. My! he's a great man, and he's a king out here. You be on his side, Hiram, and you're all right.

"Now goodbye, but send me the money for the cable when you write, and remember—Monty is a thief and Trent is the man to back, which reminds me that Trent repaid to Missionary Walsh all the money which Monty took, which it seems was left with Walsh by him for Monty's keep. But Monty does not know this, so you have the string to make him dance.

"Which comes from your brother,
"SAMUEL.

"P. S.—Do not forget the small account for disbursements."

Da Souza folded up the letter, and a look of peace shone in his face. Presently he climbed the stairs to a little back room and noiselessly unlocked the door. Monty, with pale face and bloodshot eyes, was walking up and down, mumbling to himself. He addressed Da Souza eagerly.

"I think I will go away now," he said. "I am very much obliged to you for looking after me."

Da Souza gazed at him with well affected gravity.

"One moment first," he said, "didn't I understand you that you had just come from Africa?"

Monty nodded.

"The Gold Coast?"

Monty nodded again, but with less confidence.

"By any chance—were you called Monty there?"

Monty turned ghastly pale. Surely his last sin had not found him out. He was silent, but there was no need for speech. Da Souza motioned him to sit down.

"I am very sorry," he said, "of course it's true. The police have been here."

"The police!" Monty moaned.

Da Souza nodded. Benevolence was so rare a part for him to play, that he rather enjoyed it.

"Don't be scared," he said. "Yes, your description is out, and you are wanted for stealing a few pounds from a man named Walsh. Never mind. I won't give you up. You shall lie snug here for a few days!"

Monty fell on his knees. "You won't let any one know that I am here!" he pleaded.

"Not I," Da Souza answered fervently.

Monty rose to his feet, his face full of dumb misery.

"Now," he muttered. "I shall never see her—never—never—never!"

There was a bottle half full of spirits upon the table and a tumbler as yet unused. A gleam flashed in his eyes. He filled the tumbler and raised it to his lips. Da Souza watched him curiously with the benevolent smile still upon his face.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"You look very smart, Ernestine," he said, looking at her admiringly.

"One must be smart at Ascot," she answered, "or stay away."

"I've just heard some news," he continued.

"Yes?"

"Who do you think is here?"

She glanced at him sideways under her lace parasol. "Every one I should thing."

"Including," he said, "Mr. Scarlett Trent!"

She grew a shade paler, and leaned for a moment against the rail of the paddock in which they were lounging.

"I thought," she said, "that the Mazetta Castle was not due till today."

"She touched at Plymouth in the night, and he had a special train up. He has some horses running, you know."

"I suppose," she remarked, "that he is more of a celebrity than ever now!"

"Much more," he answered. "If he chooses he will be the lion of the season! By the by, you had nothing of interest from Fred?"

She shook her head impatiently.

Nothing but praises! According to Fred, he's a hero!"

"I hate him," Davenant said sulkily.

"And so," she answered softly, "do I! Do you see him coming, Cecil?"

"In good company, too," the young man laughed bitterly.

A little group of men, before whom everyone fell back respectfully, were strolling through the paddock towards the horses. Amongst them was royalty, and amongst them also was Scarlett Trent. But when he saw the girl in the white foulard smile at him from the paling he forgot etiquette and everything else. He walked straight across to her with that keen, bright light in his eyes which Fred had described so well in his letter.

"I am very fortunate," he said, taking the delicately gloved hand into his fingers, "to find you so soon. I have only been in England a few hours."

She answered him slowly, subjecting him the while to a somewhat close examination. His face was more sunburnt than ever she had seen a man's, but there was a wonderful force and strength in his features, which seemed to have become refined instead of coarsened by the privations through which he had passed. His hand, as she had felt, was as hard as iron, and it was not without reluctance that she felt compelled to take note of his correct attire and easy bearing. After all he must be possessed of a wonderful measure of adaptability.

"You have become famous," she said. "Do you know that you are going to be made a lion?"

"I suppose the papers have been talking a lot of rot," he answered bluntly. "I've had a fairly rough time, and I'm glad to tell you this, Miss Wendermott—I don't believe I'd ever have succeeded but for your nephew Fred. He's the pluckiest boy I ever knew."

"I am very pleased to hear it," she answered. "He's a dear boy!"

"He's a brick," Trent answered. "We've been in some queer scrapes together—I've lots of messages for you! By the by, are you alone?"

"For the moment," she answered; "Mr. Davenant left me as you came up. I'm with my cousin, Lady Tresham. She's on the lawn somewhere."

He looked down the paddock and back to her.

"Walk with me a little way," he said, "and I will show you Iris before she starts."

"You!" she exclaimed.

He pointed to the card. It was surely an accident that she had not noticed it before. Mr. Trent's Iris was amongst the entries for the Gold Cup.

"Why, Iris is the favorite!"

He nodded.

"So they tell me! I've been rather lucky, haven't I, for a beginner? I found a good trainer, and I had second call on Cannon, who's riding him. If you care to back him for a trifle, I think you'll be all right, although the odds are nothing to speak of."

She was walking by his side now towards the quieter end of the paddock.

"I hear you have been to Torquay," he said, looking at her critically; "it seems to have agreed with you. You are looking well!"

She returned his glance with slightly uplifted eyebrows, intending to convey by that and her silence a rebuke to his boldness. He was blandly unconscious, however, of her intent, being occupied just then in returning the greetings of passersby. She bit her lip and looked straight ahead.

"After all," he said, "unless you are very keen on seeing Iris, I think we'd better give it up. There are too many people around her already."

"Just as you like," she answered, "only it seems a shame that you shouldn't look over your own horse before the race if you want to. Would you like to try alone?"

"Certainly not," he answered. "I shall see plenty of her later. Are you fond of horses?"

"Very."

"Go to many race meetings?"

"Whenever I get the chance!—I always come here."

"It is a great sight," he said, thoughtfully, looking around him. "Are you here just for the pleasure of it, or are you going to write about it?"

She laughed.

"I'm going to write about some of the dresses," she said. "I'm afraid no one would read my racing notes."

"I hope you'll mention your own," he said coolly. "It's quite the prettiest here."

She scarcely knew whether to be amused or offended.

"You are a very downright person, Mr. Trent," she said.

"You don't expect me to have acquired manners yet, do you?" he answered drily.

"You have acquired a great many things," she said, "with surprising facility. Why not manners?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"No doubt they will come, but I shall want a lot of polishing. I wonder——"

"Well?"

"Whether anyone will ever think it worth while to undertake the task."

She raised her eyes and looked him full in the face. She had made up her mind exactly what to express—and she failed altogether to do it. There was a fire and a strength in the clear, gray eyes fixed so earnestly upon hers which disconcerted her altogether. She was desperately angry with herself and desperately uneasy.

"You have the power," she said with slight coldness, "to buy most things. By the by, I was thinking only just now, how sad it was that your partner did not live. He shared the work with you, didn't he? It seems such hard lines that he could not have shared the reward!"

He showed no sign of emotion such as she had expected, and for which she had been narrowly watching him. Only he grew at once more serious, and he led her a little further still from the crush of people. It was the luncheon interval, and though the next race was the most important of the day, the stream of promenaders had thinned off a little.

"It is strange," he said, "that you should have spoken to me of my partner. I have been thinking about him a good deal lately."

"In what way?"

"Well, first of all, I am not sure that our agreement was altogether a fair one," he said. "He had a daughter and I am very anxious to find her! I feel that she is entitled to a certain number of shares in the company, and I want her to accept them."

"Have you tried to find her?" she asked.

He looked steadily at her for moment, but her parasol had dropped a little upon his side and he could not see her face.

"Yes, I have tried," he said slowly, "and I have suffered a great disappointment. She knows quite well that I am searching for her and she prefers to remain undiscovered."

"That sounds strange," she remarked, with her eyes fixed upon the distant Surrey hills. "Do you know her reason?"

"I am afraid," he said deliberately, "that there can be only one. It's a miserable thing to believe of any woman, and I'd be glad——"

He hesitated. She kept her eyes turned away from him, but her manner denoted impatience.

"Over on this side," he continued, "it seems that Monty was a gentleman in his day, and his people were—well, of your order! There was an earl I believe in the family, and no doubt they are highly respectable. He went wrong once, and of course they never gave him another chance. It isn't their way—that sort of people! I'll admit he was pretty low down when I came across him, but I reckon that was the fault of those who sent him adrift—and, after all, there was good in him even then. I am going to tell you something now, Miss Wendermott, which I've often wanted to—that is, if you're interested enough to care to hear it!"

All the time she was asking herself how much he knew. She motioned him to proceed.

"Monty had a few things left in the world worth possessing, but there was one which he had never parted with, which he carried with him always. It was the picture of his little girl, as she had been when his trouble happened.

He stooped a little as though to see over the white rails, but she was too adroit. Her face remained hidden from him by that little cloud of white lace.

"It is on odd thing about that picture," he went on slowly, "but he showed it to me once or twice, and I too got very fond of it! It was just a little girl's face, very bright and very winsome, and over there we were lonely, and it got to mean a good deal to both of us. And one night Monty would gamble—it was one of his faults, poor chap—and he had nothing left but his picture, and I played him for it—and won!"

"Brute!" she murmured in an odd, choked tone.

"Sounds so, doesn't it? But I wanted that picture. Afterwards came our terrible journey back to the coast, when I carried the poor old chap on my back day by day, and stood over him at night potting those black beats when they crept up too close—for they were on our track all the time. I wouldn't tell you the whole story of those days, Miss Wendermott, for it would keep you awake at night, but I've a fancy for telling you this. I'd like you to believe it, for it's gospel truth. I didn't leave him until I felt absolutely and actually certain he couldn't live an hour. He was passing into unconsciousness, and a crowd of those natives were close upon our heels. So I left him and took the picture with me—and I think since then it has meant almost as much to me as ever it had been to him."

"That," she remarked, "sounds a little far-fetched—not to say impossible."

"Some day," he answered boldly, "I shall speak to you of this again, and I shall try to convince you that it is truth!"

He could not see her face, but he knew very well in some occult manner that she had parted with some at least of her usual composure. As a matter of fact she was nervous and ill-at-ease.

"You have not yet told me," she said abruptly, "what you imagine can be this girl's reasons for remaining unknown."

"I can only guess them," he said gravely; "I can only suppose she is ashamed of her father and declines to meet any one connected with him. It is very wrong and very narrow of her. If I could talk to her for ten minutes and tell her how the poor old chap used to dream about her and kiss her picture, I can't think but she'd be sorry."

"Try and think," she said, looking still away from him, "that she must have anotner reason. You say that you liked her picture! Try and be generous in your thoughts of her for its sake."

"I will try," he answered, "especially——"

"Yes?"

"Especially—because the picture makes me think—sometimes—or you!"

(To Be Continued.)

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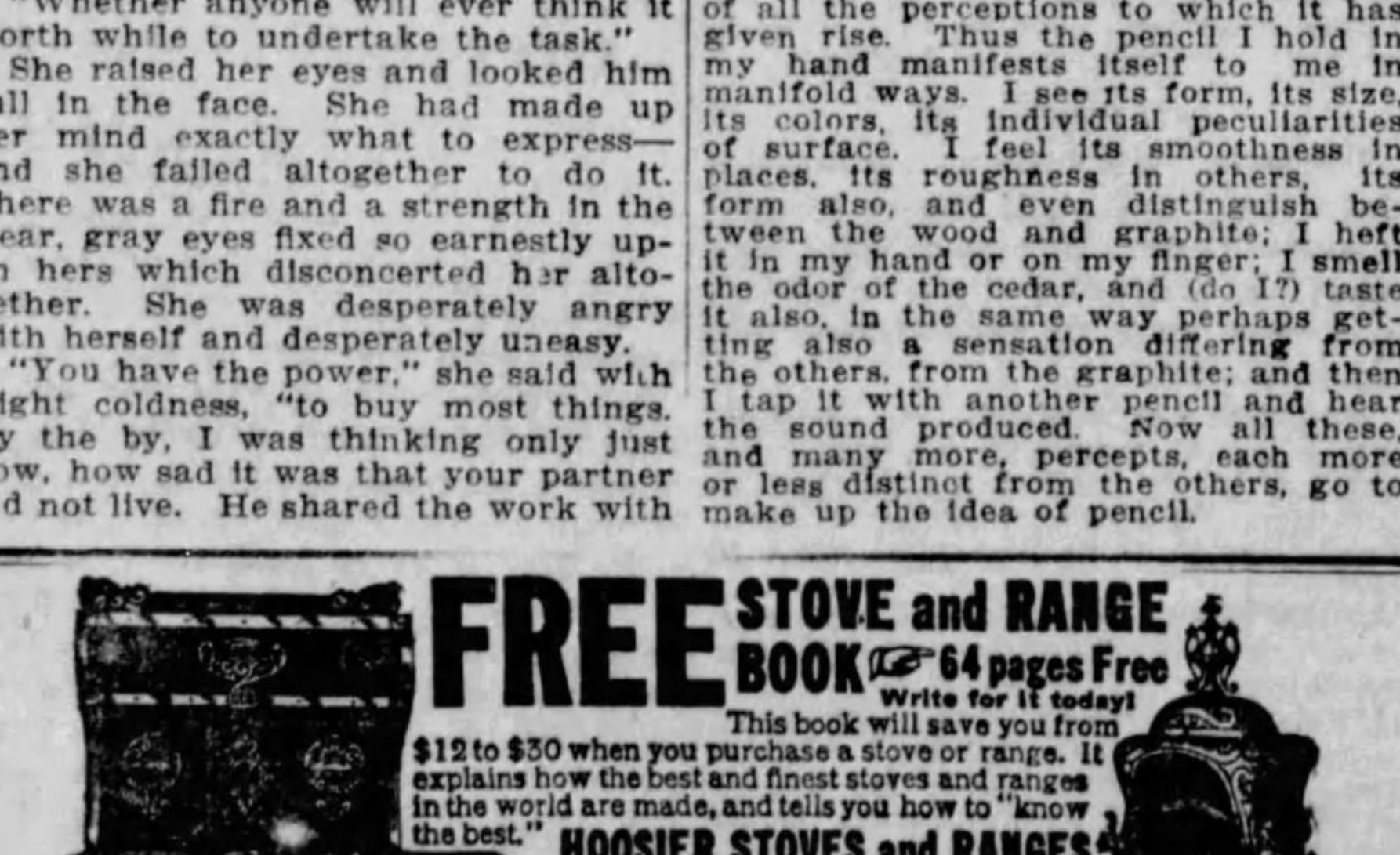
Deceiving Senses.

Many readers no doubt are familiar with Saxe's version of the Hindoo legend relating the impressions of the six blind men who went to see the elephant; but few probably read it with so much as a passing thought to the great realm of mental phenomena at which it hints. The first, it will be remembered, happening to fall against the elephant's side, pronounced him like a wall; the second, feeling of his tusk, thought him like a spear; the third, taking his squirming trunk in his hands, found him to be very like a snake; and so the fourth, fifth and sixth, judging from his leg, ear and tail, each in turn insisted that he was like a tree, a fan, and a rope.

A little reflection will show, of course, that the difficulty with the six blind men was not inaccurate perception, if there really be such a thing, but insufficient observation for a correct generalization. Most, if not all of our knowledge of the external world is gained through the sense organs; and since few subjects in that external world are of elementary simplicity, it follows that the ideas of most things are more or less logical aggregations of all the perceptions to which it has given rise. Thus the pencil I hold in my hand manifests itself to me in manifold ways. I see its form, its size, its colors, its individual peculiarities of surface. I feel its smoothness in places, its roughness in others, its form also, and even distinguish between the wood and graphite; I heft it in my hand or on my finger; I smell the odor of the cedar, and (do I?) taste it also, in the same way perhaps getting also a sensation differing from the others, from the graphite; and then I tap it with another pencil and hear the sound produced. Now all these, and many more, percepts, each more or less distinct from the others, go to make up the idea of pencil.



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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will some one please give me a recipe for packing butter for home use?—H. Sherman, W. Va.

DEHORNING CATTLE

R., West Lafayette, O.: I would secure the cow to a strong post, put a lead ring in her nose, draw her head around to her side and secure it, wash the stub of the horn clean, then, with a syringe, cleanse the cynus where it is discharging with any good antiseptic, then with your syringe inject deep down one to two drams of full strength tincture of iodine. You may have to repeat this in one week but usually one treatment is sufficient.

Hereafter, when dehorning cattle, if you will follow these directions you will save the cattle much suffering and have no bad results: Cord the pole wtih a strong binding twine, begin by passing the cord under one horn, then across the back along the pole and under the other horn, winding around two or three times and drawing tight, press down so as not to cut the cord with the instrument; this cuts off the circulation so there will be no hemorrhage. Make a cerate of tar and lard equal parts, put some on cotton batting, and after cutting off the horn cover the stub with it; this protects the nerve endings and prevents secondary infection, after 48 hours cut the string and let it come off gradually.—N., Coopersville, Mich.

SETTING TREES

The question is often asked, "When is the best time to plant trees and vines?" After many years planting in fall and spring our experience proves that fall planting of trees and vines is much the best. The fall planting gets the benefit of the early spring rains. Some years nearly double the growth is made compared with spring set trees, and a tree seldom dies in dry summer.

Of trees that should be planted in the fall we will name cherries first; next, plum, pear, apple, and most all other trees except peach, which should be planted in spring. Blackberries and red raspberries, such as are propagated from suckers and root cuttings like berries, currants, gooseberries, pie plant, all grow much better if planted in fall or during winter, when the ground is not frozen. The cap varieties of raspberries and strawberries we prefer to plant early in spring, but have planted them in fall with fairly good success by mulching with old half rotted straw that had no weed seed in it.

Fall planting should be done after there is frost enough to kill all the leaves. Trees and vines can be dug, shipped and planted, but if the ground is not ready, or if it is too dry or too wet for planting, heel in until planting. Remember the nature of roots and plants requires them to be placed in the ground just as men live on land and fish in water.

Buy your trees in fall. As soon as they arrive unpack if not ready for planting. Heel in, cutting the lower strings so the roots can be spread so the dirt can come in contact with all the roots. Keep top strings tied to keep varieties from getting mixed. It is a vexation to gather fruit if the varieties have been mixed in planting so you do not know what each variety is. With a little care every tree and vine could be known.

In case the planting has to be delayed until spring plant as early as possible. Keep the roots from freezing during the winter. Plow a deep furrow or dig a trench to place the roots in. Put so the tops come close to the ground, cover roots with dirt from ten to twelve inches. This will make a trench for the next layer of trees, and so on. Then all trash can be thrown over the tops to keep them fresh and nice, and to keep the ground from freezing. In fall planting bank dirt eight or ten inches high around the trees. In spring, as soon as the leaves are cut, level the earth from the trees. This answers for the first cultivation. For this work we use a four pronged potato digger with prongs standing like a hoe. We plant 1,000 to 2,000 trees a year and seldom does one fail to grow, and we have much the same success planting vines.—St. Louis Weekly Star.

FRUIT TREES EXHAUST SOIL

"In considering the reasons why apple and other fruit trees do not bear as many or as fine apples as they did in the early days," writes Prof. H. Garman, of the Kentucky experiment station, "I have been impressed with the importance of supplying the trees with fertilizers as the soil becomes exhausted, and am satisfied that the greater relative difficulty experienced nowadays in keeping fruit trees in good condition is, in part, due to an exhaustion of the soil."

Trees forage more widely than smaller plants and may not show the effects of starvation as suddenly or as soon, but they must show it in time if grown long on the same land without anything being returned to the soil to replace materials removed by the trees.

He says that 20 crops of apples of 15 bushels a tree, and 35 trees to the acre, equal 1,337 pounds of nitrogen, 310 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 1,806 pounds of potash. Twenty crops of wheat of 15 bushels an acre equal 660 pounds of nitrogen, 211 pounds of phosphoric acid and 324 pounds of potash.

Therefore, according to Prof. Garman, 20 crops of apples remove more than twice as much nitrogen, half as much again phosphoric acid, and nearly three times as much potash as 20 crops of wheat. A good farmer would hardly think of growing 20 successive crops of wheat on the same land, no matter how good it might be, and it would seem to be still greater folly, according to the figures given, to attempt to grow 20 successive crops of apples without returning anything to the soil.

FATIGUE AND MILK SUPPLY

In experiments made by the Vermont Experiment station to determine the effect of fatigue on the milk flow, the cows were driven 10 to 12 miles and shipped 50 to 70 miles by rail. In the first trial, with 25 cows, half gave richer milk the night of their arrival, and all gave richer milk the next morning, than they did two weeks later, the fat being the most variable constituent. The quantity was unfavorably affected. In the second trial it was found that fatigue lessened the flow temporarily, affected its quality seriously for the first one or two milkings, and raised the quality after a little while. On the third trial, six cows, 18 hours en route and not milked during the time, showed temporary enrichment of the milk for a day or two. Apparently there was no serious milk shrinkage. It seems safe to conclude as a result of the three trials that fatigue tends to lessen the flow temporarily and variously to affect the quality for one or two milkings. The folly of testing milk before a cow has become accustomed to her new surroundings is clear.

Feed troubles are a thing of the past with the man who has a silo. There is no more handling of clumsy corn bundles, no shocks to straighten up, no fodder to stack, no stalks to clean out of the gutter or drop. The field was all cleaned off and ready for plowing when the silo was filled, and the cows have good feed and feed of the same kind and in the same place every day from the time that snow comes until grass grows again.

SUMACHS IN AUTUMN

Sumachs have long been held in high esteem because of their bright scarlet autumnal foliage, and well they may be, for they are a glorious sight in the declining days of the season. There is and always has been, says the Florists' Exchange, a difference of opinion as to what causes produce the most brilliant foliage in autumn, not only with sumachs but with all trees renowned for their beauty at that season. This autumn has been one of the dryest and warmest known for many years; to accord with the general impression, this factor should have given us a meager display of scarlet foliage, instead of which very many trees and shrubs, the sumachs among them, were never more beautiful. In ordinary seasons the sour gum, Nyssa multiflora, is not over-handsome; this year it was a blaze of purplish scarlet. One of the sumachs, rhus copallina, was exceedingly handsome, its foliage being of a blood red, much more striking than it commonly is. Another one, rhus typhina, attracted great attention on account of the orange scarlet color of its leaves. A third species, R. glabra, while helping along the total display, is not as effective as the others, but then it is one of the best in summer when its cone-like heads of seeds are displayed, though typhina is handsome in the same way and copallina in a lesser degree. These sumachs together with R. aromatica belong to the nonpoisonous class, and all are more or less common in cultivation. Our native tree-like one, rhus venenata, and one of similar character, from Japan, rhus succedanea are both poisonous, but they are not in the section of handsome autumn foliage. The poison vine, R. radicans, is known for its handsome foliage at this season of the year.

Planters find use for the foliage sumachs for forming groups in their arrangement of grounds. A plant or two of typhina soon produces many more, glabra does it, but not so fast, and copallina is slower still.

DAIRY MANAGEMENT

Dairying under modern conditions has become almost a science. It is a business in itself although on every farm one or more milch cows are kept. It is therefore necessary that the thorough dairyman should understand the business from cleaning the stables to keeping accounts and testing the milk. To grow a heifer calf into a cow that will produce 400 pounds of butter a year, no matter how finely bred the calf may be, requires skill of a high order. From the time the calf is 2 or 3 weeks old, when skim milk is substituted for whole milk, extra care and regular feeding are necessary. In order to make the calf grow fast oat meal, oil meal, and a little corn meal mush may be added to the skim milk with good effect.

An important factor to be considered in caring for the cow is the process of milking. Upon the regularity, gentleness and sticktoitiveness of the milker greatly depends the quantity and quality of the milk given, and the presistency of the cow's work. Proper care and feeding go hand in hand, and it matters little how efficiently one is supplied, if the other is lacking in a large degree the results will be discouraging to the owner. To properly feed a dairy herd requires continued study on the part of the owner. Each cow has her own individuality. The food that one cow eats with relish another cow dislikes and eats with reluctance. The ration that is perfectly balanced for one cow, and by the use of which she produces greatly and economically, is entirely out of proportion for another cow, and she produces far below her ability in amount of milk, butter fat, and profit. A ration properly balanced for a cow during one period of lactation does not contain the feeding nutriments in proportion for another period of lactation. There is a wide difference in the capacity of cows to consume food and even a wider difference in their ability to convert the food into milk. Good dairy management consists of supplying good feed, pastures and soiling crops that go to make the condition of the cows and the attendants favorable.

SAVING ELM TREES

City Forester Clark, of Northampton, Mass., says that boiling water is the best remedy for the elm leaf beetle.

They can be destroyed by simply spraying them with boiling water. This kills them instantly and does not injure the trees. No scraping off of solid bark should be done, as it removes the tree's winter protection and is of no use whatever, as the beetles fly, the worms crawl and the pupae or yellow, half-formed beetles seem to have a sort of snail power also to get down to the ground in enormous numbers, and if not scalded to death are soon complete beetles, which live throughout the winter.

FRUIT AND GARDEN NOTES

The apple growers of Oregon and Washington often ship their products several thousand miles and apparently make good profits. In view of this fact it is astonishing why the average Western farmer cannot make his orchard pay. Perhaps it is the thought and care put into each package of fruit that tells the tale.

Every apple grower should be prepared for extensive spraying in 1909. Burn all trash around the orchard. The scab has been unusually prevalent throughout the country and the spores and seeds will have to be burned in 1909.

Orchardists should pay more attention to their blackcap raspberry crops. This berry is growing very scarce of late, probably from neglect. Such a plantation will steadily increase in value.

The right time to commence the pruning of a tree and the making of an orchard is when it is young. When the trees are young the discreet orchardist can train them into almost any shape he desires. He must keep his ideal ever in his mind and work toward that end. There are many horticulturists who claim that the young tree with many strong limbs is a better tree when placed alongside a forked sapling with only about two main stems. The apples should have a central stem and should be pruned so as to keep the tree open at all times. There are, on the other hand, many growers who aim to destroy the central stem effect, leaving the top entirely open. Either form of tree is all right, but the average orchardist is often a hobbyist and works toward what he things to be the best, despite the customs or recommendations.—St. Louis Weekly Star.

THE POOR MAN'S BERRY

Comparatively few people recognize the possibilities of the common elder (Sambucus canadensis), which springs up freely along roadsides and waste places, its dark-berried fruit being eagerly appropriated by birds when unmolested by man.

Since it does not blossom until June, the fruit maturing in August, it is immune from frost. Drought may impair but seldom ruins the crop. No serious insect pest has yet appeared; hence it may be said to be the surest of berries, as it is the most easily grown.

Its range in culinary use is annually widening. A few years ago it was highly prized for pies, boiled cider being added to give acidity. For other purposes it was considered valueless.

Today the housewife combines it in like manner with lemons, rhubarb, cranberries or green grapes. Flavored with lemon, it makes a superior jelly. Combined with apples or Siberian crabs, it makes an excellent marmalade. And evidently the possibilities for the elderberry are not yet fully developed.

As an ornament, in flower or fruit, it is recognized by the florist. The creamy white cymes of exquisitely cut florets are beautiful. Even in a locality where it is a weed, a large bell composed of elder blossoms, with a pond lily bud for clapper, was unanimously pronounced the most exquisite floral offering their church had ever had on Children's day.

If not indigenous in certain localities, a few bushes in the garden may be relied upon for a bounteous crop when other fruits fail.

My Bird.

Ere last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh, so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird,
Broad earth owns not a happier nest.
Oh, God, thou hast a fountain stirred
Whose waters never more shall rest.

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,
This bird with the immortal wing
To me, to me, thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue from mine;
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and eternity are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise,
Hear, oh, my God! one earnest prayer,
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there.

—Emily C. Judson.

Invented Pink Lemonade.

Boston dispatch to Chicago Tribune.

The name of the man who first introduced pink lemonade to enraptured circus audiences has become known at last.

W. H. A. Tobey is the original "pink lemonade man," and today, at 73, he at last admits this fact, although eager to have it understood that it was all due to chance and "just luck."

Tobey is an old-time showman. After having spent nearly all his life in providing amusement for young and old America, he spends his declining years in New Bedford, his native city, and it was there, on the occasion of his birthday, that he told an admiring audience the story of the birth of pink lemonade.

"I was with Forepaugh's circus in the 60's," he said, "when the show struck the great American desert. Water was scarce and the lemonade man, who occupied a space in the animal tent, could not procure any for love or money.

"He was in despair. Just then—it was after the afternoon performance—in going to the horse tent I noticed that a red blanket had fallen into a barrel of drinking water kept for the horses. The water was of a strong pink color and the horses wouldn't drink it.

"More in fun than anything else, I called over the lemonade man and told him that he could have the barrel of pink water. Neither of us suspected what a hit it would make. That night pink lemonade made its first appearance, and has been an indispensable adjunct of a circus ever since."

Crying for the Moon.

Echo de Paris.

"What does Germany want?"

"She doesn't know, but she wants it with considerable energy."

SUNDAY SCHOOL

CHRISTMAS UP TO DATE

The International Sunday School Lesson for December 20 Is a Christmas Lesson. Luke 2:8-20.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

This is the greatest Christmas for Bethlehem, and for the world, since that wondrous night when a celestial choir poured its new, mysterious strains into the ears of the startled Judean shepherds. For Bethlehem, especially the place of the Birth, has long been the scene of bloodshed, bitter strife, religious bigotry, suspicion and distrust. Now the Christmas spirit seems to have been born afresh in the storied little town, and because of the recent proclamation of liberty, equality and fraternity for all who dwell in the Sultan's realm, we find Moslem, Greek, Armenian, Catholic and Protestant keeping one joyous feast of fellowship. "Peace on earth!" has again come, even unto Bethlehem. On the world's political horizon there is no event of greater interest to civilization than the new day—a sort of permanent Christmas Day—that seems to have dawned upon the land made dear to mankind by the Saviour's earthly life. Happy above all others are those travellers who can spend this Christmas at Bethlehem.

The Newspaper and the Day.

The newspaper is this year the best commentary upon the Christmas lesson. Its pages are echoing the angelic strain of "Peace on earth." Within recent months there have been tremendous triumphs for the principle of peace in the realm of international politics. To the wonder of veteran diplomatists, the Balkans are not ablaze with war today; and it is all because the Christmas truth has found such strong lodgment in the capitals of earth. Japan and the United States were nearer to war than the public ever knew; but as the Christmas season draws on apace we find them exchanging documents reaffirming the gospel of peace; and, moreover, assuring peace for imperiled China. The war lord of Germany has been tremendously rebuked by his own people for his polemic outbreaks. All the bells that sound upon the air today echo and re-echo the Christmas music—"Peace! Peace! Peace!"

The Western Wise Men's Gifts.

Of old the Wise-men of the East brought gifts to the Christ-child; today we find the wise men of the west doing likewise. What mean these Red Cross stamps that brighten so many millions of pieces of mail these days, except that the war against preventable disease is an expression of the spirit which came to earth with Jesus? So also are the recent pure food laws, and the child-labor laws, and the abolition of the convict-lease system, and other prison reform measures, merely outworkings of the message of the Christmas angels. The old-age pensions, adopted by states abroad and by private employers here, and the legal requirement of safety devices on railroads and in workshops, the "shop early" movement among holiday purchasers, the widespread practice of special Christmas charity—all these and a hundred kindred movements are in the spirit of the Christ.

The whole trend of the times is toward the help of the humble folk, who, it must never be forgotten, were the first to hear the news from the opened heavens of a new era for the race. Even the dumb beasts, who shared the first earthly home of the new-born King, have reason to bless the "mercy child" which came to earth with the Christ-child.

The Real "Emmanuel Movement."

All unconscious of its significance the magazines and public press generally are having a great deal to say just now about the "Emmanuel Movement" in Boston, meaning the entrance of the church into the realm of healing. This interest in psychotherapy is widespread and intense. Really, though, when it is called the "Emmanuel Movement," more is meant than the name of a Boston church; this radical departure from conventional religious methods hardly signifies what is wrapped up in the name given to the Christ-child, "Immanuel—God with us." It means that in these portentous latter days people are understanding afresh the nearness of God, and the larger life and health that are in him. Only one who is blind to the deeper meanings of his own times can fail to perceive that vital religion is taking hold of the hearts of mankind as never before. The message of Christmas is more meaningful now than it was twenty centuries ago.

A Time for Telling.

That first Christmas season was a time of tellings; the angels, the shepherds, the neighbors, the Wise-men, all made proclamation of the "good tidings of great joy." To share the best news one has with the person who will be most benefited by it is the very genius of Christmas. No better gift can one friend make to another at this season than this one of good tidings. Tell your friend the best about himself and about yourself. Bear inspiration and encouragement to a world that sorely needs a word of uplift, vision and encouragement.

Tell the preacher when his sermon helps you; tell the teacher when his words go home; tell the editor what you like in his newspaper; tell the singer that her song was as wings to you; tell the public official, or the church worker, that his labors do not go unappreciated—in short, join the Christmas company of heralds of good news.

No other Christmas has seen, as this one has, so wide a diffusion throughout Christendom of the spirit of the shepherds who "came with haste" to tell the great tidings of a Saviour born. A veritable new era of missionary zeal seems to have come upon all the churches, Catholic as well as Protestant. The arising of the laymen to a concern for the world-wide propagation of the Gospel is the most striking characteristic of the religious life of our time. A new and more statesmanlike conception of missions, of their urgency, and of the methods of evangelization of the non-Christian nations, has entered the heart of the Church. Never was the Christmas message so widely, or so earnestly echoed, as today.

In a Backwater of Life.

As the thoughts of uncounted myriads, the world around, are turning to the little ancient town of Bethlehem, it is worth remembering that it was to a simple country village—to a humble khan away from the main-traveled roads—that the Revealer of God came to earth. Not to palace or metropolis did Jesus come, but to a small town in the backwater of life's currents. No home is too small for a great life's beginnings; it is not the place that makes the man, but the man that makes the place; which is a lesson some few million discontented hearts need to learn. Not without design did God thus honor obscure Bethlehem. It is the lowly folk, in the humble walks of life, who hear the heavenly voices. Simple hearts, at the commonplace post of duty, are given, like the shepherds of old, intimations of the great truths from God.

So Christmas day is the day of the plain people, and of little children, and of the trustful, open mind. It is a time to put away our sophomoric sophistication, and our worldliness and selfishness, and to gather lovingly, wonderingly and trustfully about the Babe in a rough manger; there to learn of the coming of God to man, and of the giving of man to God.

BUSINESS OF CATCHING AND SELLING REPTILES

A black box in the dooryard at No. 1245 Lawndale avenue, Kansas City, has this sign in white:

REPTILES FOR SALE

For fifteen years Walter F. Ryan, author of the sign, has made a business of catching reptiles—snakes, lizards, and other creeping things—for the market. Some of the snakes he sells to side show proprietors; others he kills for the venom, oil, hide, and other by-products.

Ryan's snake hunting territory includes Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas and Mexico. He and his family came to Kansas City recently from Fort Smith, Ark. During the winter months, while the reptiles are hibernating, Ryan turns his attention to the junk business. When a visitor called recently the black box contained only one reptile—a "spread-headed" viper that Ryan captured near Elmwood cemetery one evening when he was returning home with a wagon load of rags. He had sold the viper alive for $1, and it was to be delivered the next day. When Ryan arrived in Kansas City from Arkansas he had a small assortment of snakes that he disposed of at a local "bird" store.

When reptile hunting in the summer time Ryan and his family drive across the country in a covered wagon and inquire for snake lairs, all the time keeping a close watch along the roadside. When Ryan sees a snake cross the road he stops the team, gets out a long pole with a wire loop in the end and goes in pursuit. If the snake is especially large and difficult to handle Ryan calls for the assistance of his wife, who is an expert in handling reptiles.

Having caught a snake with the pole and wire loop, Ryan lets the reptile wiggle until it is tired out. Then he places it in a box and drives on.

Help From Farmers.

In traveling through the country districts this queer hunter makes inquiry at the farm houses and of persons he passes in the roads:

"Do you know of any snakes around here—any 'rattlesnake dens' or caves where big snakes hide? I'm a reptile catcher."

If Ryan learns of a "rattlesnake den" he proceeds to the immediate vicinity and camps and makes preparations for an invasion.

"I have to make careful preparations before I go into a snake den," Ryan said. "I draw on thick leather boots that come above my knees and long gloves that reach above my elbows. If I expect to enter a dark cave where reptiles are likely to be lying on ledges of rock along the side or hanging from crevices in the ceiling above I protect my whole body, including the head and face. When I am dressed ready to enter a snake cave I have much the appearance of a deep sea diver.

"But no one can make a business of catching snakes without being bitten occasionally; that is impossible, no matter how cautious you are. So I always go prepared to treat a snake bite. When I'm hunting reptiles I always carry salt and coal oil. I carry the salt dry in a small sack and the coal oil in a bottle. If I am bitten by a venomous snake I at once apply salt to the wound and pour on coal oil. The mixture extracts the poison. I've tried it dozens of times and it never fails."

Oil Brings High Price.

Ryan says that he sells rattlesnake venom at $5 per ounce, and that he can't supply the demand. There's not much competition in the snake catching business. Rattlesnake oil brings $3 to $5 a quart. The venom is used in small quantities in various medical preparations. The oil is of value principally as an external application for rheumatism and stiff joints. The snake hides are used for making belts, hat bands and hand bags. Live snakes sell for 25 cents a pound.

"The principal reptile market in the United States is in San Antonio, Texas," the snake hunter says. "You can sell any kind of a reptile there, dead or alive, any time of the year. The wholesale reptile houses there supply the demands of side shows and snake charmers.

"I've caught almost every kind of snake found in the United States and Old Mexico," Ryan continued, "including diamond rattlers, copperheads, water moccasins, cotton mouths, pilot snakes, American boa constrictors, and also Gila monsters and all sorts of lizards.

"The largest rattlesnake I ever caught was in the mountains of Mexico; it was fifteen feet long, as big around as a small log, and it had forty-two rattles and a button. I caught it with a pole and wire loop. It wiggled for more than an hour before it gave up and I could place it in a box. I sold it alive in San Antonio for $30. I caught 227 rattlesnakes in one den in Southern Oklahoma two years ago.

"Since I came to Kansas City I heard that there is a standing offer of a reward of $500 for the capture of a big snake near Hisaw, Okla. I'm going there next spring and win the money. If necessary I will crawl into its cave after it. The snake is said to be twenty feet long and it kills cattle."

Fortunes in Embroidery.

London Globe.

An old Parisian firm which deals in embroideries and supplied artistic needlework to the court of Louis XVI is still in possession of the accounts of former centuries, and an inspection of these books reveals some interesting facts. Napoleon I was economical as compared with the Empress Josephine, but his bills were considerable. The embroidery on his coronation robe cost 10,500 francs, and an embroidered coat 3,500. This coat became too small for him after he had worn it a year, and he ordered pieces of cloth to be inserted at the seams and covered with embroidery.

The bill for the first Napoleon's throne amounted to 53,970 francs. The outer drapery of purple velvet trimmed with gold lace cost 10,200 francs. The red velvet panels were strewn with embroidered golden bees at 5 francs apiece. The inner drapery of blue satin, with gold lace, was 9,600 francs, and the gold embroidered stripes for the inner trimming cost 8,500 francs. The embroidery on the blue velvet cushion cost 3,020 francs, and the foot cushion 1,200. In addition there were 1,050 bees embroidered on the panels of the canopy at a cost of 5,250 francs.

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Put some morning urine in a glass or bottle, let it stand 24 hours. If there is a reddish sediment in the bottom of the glass, or if the urine is cloudy or milky, or if you see particles or germs floating about in it, your kidneys are diseased and you should get a bottle of Warner's Safe Cure at once.

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FIRE LOSSES ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S GREAT DANGERS

It is evident that after many decades of irresponsible indifference the American mind may at last become sensitive to the idea of waste. The forest fires of the past few months have not exceeded in numeber or extent those of many previous years, but the accents of protest and alarm coming from all parts of the country are comparatively so unusual as to indicate a considerable crystallization of public sentiment against such unnecessary sacrifice of our natural resources.

It is singular that almost simultaneously the people of this country should be called upon to consider equally if not more startling statistics of fire waste in another direction.

Facts and comparisons recently given out by the National Fire Protective association through its president at Boston covering the destruction of buildings and other insurable property by fire are of a nature serious enough to demand immediate consideration from those having the prosperity and welfare of the nation at heart. We quote the following: "The national debt at its highest point was a little over two and three-quarter billions; the property loss in the United States by fire during the last 33 years was four and one-half billions, or an average annual loss of one hundred and thirty-six millions. This annual loss has been constantly increasing; for the first eleven years of the above period the average was eighty-two millios, for the second eleven years, one hundred and thirty millions, and for the last eleven years one hundred and ninety-five millions, with an average loss for the last five years of two hundred and fifty-two millions, or over thirty thousand dollars for each hour of the year."

One thousand two hundred and sixty millions of dollars in the products of human toil swept out of existence in the brief space of five years is such stupendous waste as almost to atrophy the imagination. This sum equals almost our customs revenues; it would more than pay the dividends of all the railroads; it exceeds the revenues of the national postoffice; it is greater than the production of gold or silver.

"It is speaking very conservatively when we say that more than 50 per cent of the fire loss is due to what we technically call 'faults of management,' or what might better be known as carelessness; that is, easily preventable causes."

The annual number of fires in American cities averages forty for each ten thousand of population, as compared to eight for each ten thousand of population in European cities. The annual per capita loss in Australia, Denmark, France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland varies from 12 cents in Italy to 49 cents in Germany, with an average of 33 cents; in the United States the average is $2.47. Berlin has a population of three million. Its annual fire loss is seldom more than $150,000. Chicago, with its population of two million, burns up annually nearly $5,000,000 of values. We destroy more property by fire than do any four nations in Europe. While Boston has suffered a fire loss of $5,000,000 in the past few months without unusual public comment, the city of Rome, almost as large as Boston, is deeply stirred by a loss of $50,000 in a single year. In all of 1907 there were but 35 fires in Great Britain that averaged over $50,000 damage, and not one that exceeded $400,000 destruction. In January alone of the current year fire destroyed $24,000,000 of property in the United States.

A fire in the congested value district of New York city, covering an area as large as that of the San Francisco conflagration, would put out of existence nearly every insurance company doing business in this country. One thousand companies, or more than three times the present number, have failed or retired since 1850. For the ten-year period of 1898 to 1907 inclusive the insurance business shows an underwriting loss of 4½ per cent, and it is a significant fact that some of the European companies writing policies in this country are seriously considering withdrawal.

The arrant individualism of the American character assumes that the underwriting interests can look out for themselves, and raise premium rates to cover their losses, absolving the public from all responsibility save the payment of the increased tax; but there is a limit beyond which honest companies will not go in such a gamble, and that limit must mean the disappearance of reliable insurance and the consequence instability of credits. Reputable companies are already steadily narrowing the limits of their risks, while the constantly increasing hazard and loss operates to discourage capital from the business of underwriting.

Until recently there was, outside of underwriters' boards and bureaus, no organized effort to combat the disgraceful fire waste of this country. In 1896, however, there was organized the National Fire Protective association, which includes in its membership such associations as the American Institute of Architects, American Institute of Electrical Engineers, American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, American Water Works association, International Association of Fire Engineers, National Electric Light Association and others, besides such individuals as are desirous of exerting their influence to secure better building and check the fire waste. Its membership today includes 63 associations, and 1,278 individuals as associate and subscribing members. The articles of association state that "the objects of the association shall be to promote the science and improve the methods of fire protection and prevention, to obtain and circulate information on these subjects and to secure the co-operation of its members in establishing proper safeguards against loss of life and property by fire."

This association has already accomplished most valuable work in the compilation of standard requirements for the construction of buildings, based upon the experience and observation of fire experts and leading architects, which requirements take the form of model building codes for adoption by municipalities. They are furnished free of expense and represent the combined experience of the very best experts to be obtained. Such public spirited efforts as these of the National Fire Protective association must remain ineffective, however, if confronted by continued public indifference. Only an aroused an active interest in our stupendous national folly will cause the public use of the valuable information referred to. The experience of the City of Chelsea makes this fact clear. The conflagration-breeding character of the "rag-district" of that city was a matter of public knowledge that made clear to the city authorities a year before the fire in a report of the mayor, which read: "When we consider that at any time with a high wind prevailing, a fire might gain such headway as to get beyond control, and would destroy property worth many thousands of dollars, we realize that the cost does not enter into the question as much as the protection of the property." Here was open acknowledgement, but it did not result in an endeavorto improve the situation, and the conflagration was largely due to inadequate and poorly enforced building restrictions and the sufferance of an unsupervised and dangerous "rag district." Such conditions as these referred to in Chelsea are to be found to a greater or less extent in every town and city of the country. The National Fire Protection association can point out the hazards, but it remains for the American municipalities themselves to say if our present disgraceful and profligate national fire waste is to continue.

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QUESTION BUREAU

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LYCEUM

Will you explain the meaning of lyceum?—J. G. P., Austin, Colo.

Lyceum was the name applied to an academy in ancient Athens in which Aristotle explained his philosophy. In modern times the name of lyceum has been given to the schools intended to prepare young men for the universities. In France the term is applied particularly to an intermediate classical school. In the United States the term is only applied to the lecture platform, and is occasionally used as a title for a public hall or assembly room.

GENERAL MANSFIELD

Please give a sketch of General Mansfield, who fought in the civil war? —I. M., Rudd, Ia.

Joseph King Fenno Mansfield, the American soldier, was born in New Haven, Conn., December 22, 1803, and died near Sharpsburg, Maryland, September 18, 1862. He graduated from West Point in 1822 and entered the engineering service under the government. At the opening of the Mexican war he was made chief engineer under General Taylor. He took an active part in some of the most important engagements, receiving promotion to the rank of colonel in recognition of his services. In 1853 he was appointed inspector general of the United States army and served in that capacity until 1861, when he was made brigadier general and given command of the department of Washington, which he fortified. Mansfield afterwards commanded several posts, finally being made major general. He was in command of a division of the Army of the Potomac at Antietam and while leading his troops fell fatally wounded.

THE BANANA

Will you give an account of the culture of bananas?—R. W. K., Millport, O.

The banana is a tropical herb, valued somewhat for its fiber, but mostly on account of its fruit, for which it is widely cultivated in warm climates. The banana is considered less nutritious than an equal weight of potatoes, but it is said to produce more food upon a given area and to be capable of sustaining a larger number of persons than wheat. From its perennial rootstocks suckers are thrown up to a height of from 8 to 40 feet or more. They bear a whorl of paddle-like leaves, from among the bases of which, in about two years, a large heart-shaped scaly bud appears. As the bud grows it becomes pendant, the scales separate, and disclose groups of upward-pointing flowers sometimes to the number of 150. The fruit is gathered while still green, the stem being cut at the same time. After being established the plants should bear a bunch of fruit every year. The plants rarely or never bear seed, therefore the suckers are usually relied upon for propagation. Propagation by means of root cuttings is a more rapid means of multiplying the number of plants, but is used only when large numbers are desired. The plants are set in the field 8 to 12 feet apart when two or three feet high; when full grown they completely shade the ground. The fruit is grown mainly in the West Indies and Central America, though California, Florida and Louisiana produce a small quantity. From the bananas flour is sometimes made. Some of the fruit is dried when there are excessively heavy crops.

RADIUM

What is radium? Who discovered it? Where was it discovered?—M. H., Wallace, W. Va.

Radium is a metal, and while it is never prepared in a metallic form, it readily could be so produced, although only at a great loss, involving, perhaps, thousands of dollars, but it would not last in this form, being very unstable and, like sodium, immediately oxidized and destroyed. In the form of a chloride or a bromide, in which forms it is usually prepared, it lasts indefinitely without any apparent physical or chemical change. We cannot give the uses of the metal as they have not all been discovered. Radium was discovered in 1898 at Paris by Professor Pierre Curie, now deceased, and Mme. Sklodowska Curie, in collaboration with M. Bemont.

AREAS OF COUNTIES

What are the areas of San Bernardino county, California, and Custer county, Montana?—W. E. H., Portland, Ind.

The area of San Bernardino county is 19,947 square miles. The area of Custer county is 20,490 square miles.

F. G. CARPENTER

Please give a sketch of Frank G. Carpenter.—S. H. W., Utica, O.

Frank George Carpenter, the American journalist, was born in Mansfield, Ohio, May 8, 1855. He has been connected with various newspapers, and has made several important newspaper tours. He has published a series of geographical readers.

VOCATIONS OF PRESIDENTS

Please give the names of the presidents who began life as teachers.—F. S., Wayne, W. Va.

The presidents who were teachers in early life were John Adams, James A. Garfield, Chester A. Arthur and Grover Cleveland.

STATEHOOD OF OKLAHOMA

There is a discussion in our school as to Oklahoma and Indian Territory being made a state. The pupils say this has been done, but the teacher says that she has never heard of it. Please give particulars.—J. E. P., Crothers, Pa.

Your teacher is very much mistaken. By chapter 3,335 of the statutes of the United States, passed at the first session of the 59th congress, and approved June 16, 1906, it was provided that the inhabitants of the Territory of Oklahoma and the Indian Territory may adopt a constitution and become the state of Oklahoma on complying with the following requirements: They shall vote for and choose delegates to a constitutional convention, at an election ordered by the governor of the territory of Oklahoma and the senior judge in service in the United States courts in the Indian Territory jointly, sixty days prior to said election and within six months after the approval of this act. The delegates so elected shall meet at Guthrie, Oklahoma, on the second Tuesday after their election and proceed to form a constitution and state government for said state. Said constitution shall be submitted to the people for ratification or rejection at a time designated by said convention. It shall be the duty of the president of the United States within twenty days after the receipt of the certificate of the result of such election, if said constitution shall have been ratified, to issue a proclamation announcing the result, "and thereupon the proposed state of Oklahoma shall be deemed admitted by congress into the union, under and by virtue of this act, on an equal footing with the original states."

The election of delegates to the constitutional convention under this act was held November 6, 1906. The constitutional convention met at Guthrie on November 20, 1906, and after a session of four months formed a state constitution which was submitted to the people September 17, 1907, and was adopted by an overwhelming majority.

JOHN BROWN'S EXECUTION

Please give a short account of John Brown's execution. How many of his accomplices were executed?—R. B., Reader, W. Va.

John Brown was executed at Charlestown, Va., December 2, 1859. Here is an account of the execution, written at the time of its occurrence.

"The military were assembled at 9 o'clock and were posted on the field leading to the execution and also at various points as laid down in the general orders. Everything was conducted under the strictest military discipline, as if the town was in a state of siege. Mounted scouts were stationed in the woods to the left of the scaffold and picket guards stationed out toward Shenandoah mountains in the rear. The military on the field formed two hollow squares; within the inner one was the scaffold, and between the inner line and outer line the citizens were admitted, no one being allowed outside the lines except the mounted guards. At 11 o'clock the prisoner was brought out of the jail, accompanied by Sheriff Campbell and assistants, and Captain Avis, the jailor. A small wagon, containing a white pine coffin, was driven up, on which he took his seat. Six companies of infantry and rifle, one company of horse, and the general's staff, numbering twenty-five officers, headed the procession and moved toward the place of execution. Brown was accompanied by no minister, desiring no religious ceremonies, either in the jail or on the scaffold. He looked calmly around on the people, fully possessed, and mounted the scaffold with firm steps. He bid farewell to Captain Avis and Sheriff Campbell, and at 11:30 the trap of the scaffold was pulled away and with a few slight struggles John Brown yielded up his spirit."

Cook, Coppic, Green and Copeland were executed at Charlestown, December 16.

LOGAN

Please give a sketch of the famous Indian chief, Logan.—E. J. G., Malta, O.

Logan was the English name of the American Indian chief, Tahgahjute. He was born about 1725 and died in 1780. He was the son of Shikellamy, a celebrated chief of the Cayugas, who lived at Shamokin on the Susquehanna, and was called Logan from James Logan, the secretary of Pennsylvania, and a firm friend of the Indians. Logan was noted throughout the frontier of Virginia and Pennsylvania for his friendship for the whites. About 1770 he removed with his family to the banks of the Ohio, where he gave way in a measure to intemperance. In the spring of 1774 his family were massacred, it was alleged, by a party of whites led by Captain Cresap, under the pretext of retaliation for Indian murders, but it is doubtful whether Cresap had any connection with the transaction. Logan at once made war against the scattered settlers of the far west, and for several months fearful barbarities were perpetrated upon men, women and children. He disdained to appear among the chiefs who subsequently sued for peace, but sent by an interpreter to Lord Dunmore, the governor of Virginia, a noted speech explaining his conduct. While intoxicated he attacked a party of friendly Indians and was killed by his relative, Todhahdohs, in self-defense.

CHARLES M. RELYEA

Will you please give a sketch of C. M. Relyea?—P. M. H., Ogema, Wis.

Charles M. Relyea, the artist and illustrator, was born in Albany, N. Y., April 23, 1863. He was the son of Thomas B. Relyea. Relyea was educated in the public schools of Rochester, N. Y. After leaving high school he studied art in the Academy of Fine Arts in Philadelphia from 1886 to 1887. His teachers were Thomas Eakins and F. V. DeMond. Relyea also studied music in New York.

PENNSYLVANIA

Please tell something of the climate and soil of Pennsylvania.—J. M. H., Pierpont, Mo.

The climate of southeastern Pennsylvania is comparatively mild; zero weather is of rare occurrence. The Alleghanies act as a wind break and protect the eastern valley from the northwestern cold waves. Navigation on the lower Delaware is never closed, though sometimes impeded by the drift ice from above. Above Philadelphia the river is frozen solid about once in four or five years. The cold spell is usually broken by one or two midwinter thaws. The summer temperature of the southeastern part of the state is often above 90 degrees in the middle of the day, and the humidity makes the heat very oppressive. The winters in the central and northern mountain regions are quite rigorous, but the summer temperature is more moderate than that of the southeastern part, owing to the elevation and comparative dryness of the atmosphere. The western part of the state has a climate common to the lower lake regions. The annual rainfall ranges from 30.28 inches to 43.88 inches.

The soil of the state, except in the mountains, is everywhere fertile, and even where least adapted to agriculture is suitable for grazing. The southeastern part is excellent for growing cereals. The total farm acreage has not increased greatly since 1850, but the number of farmers has grown over 75 per cent. and the value of farm property has doubled. The principal farm crops are cereals 40 per cent., hay and forage 29.5 per cent., vegetables 12.5 per cent., fruits and nuts 7.9 per cent. Of the 224,248 farms, 153,031 were, in 1899, cultivated by their owners.

THE CENSUS BUREAU

Please give the different departments and offices in the census bureau.—E. T. H., Huntertown, Ind.

The director of the census is appointed by the President. The office organization consists of a chief clerk, disbursing and appointment clerk, four chief statisticians, for population, manufacture, agriculture and vital statistics; a geographer and such administrative division chiefs as are required by the demands of the office.

MARRIAGE OF COUSINS

In what states are first cousins permitted to marry?—F. W. Y., Chillicothe, O.

First cousins are permitted to marry in all states and territories except Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Oklahoma, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming.

LATTER DAY SAINTS

Please give a sketch of the Reorganized Church of the Latter Day Saints.—W. F. B., Garland, Pa.

The Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints is a continuation of the church which was organized at Fayette, N. Y., April 6, 1830, with six members. It was an anti-polygamist organization and was effected by Joseph Smith, Oliver Cowdery and others. Joseph Smith was chosen president. From the time of the organization the church rapidly increased. After the death of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young became his successor. While at winter quarters near Council Bluffs, Iowa, in December, 1847, Young assumed the presidency of the church, and led his followers to Salt Lake valley where he introduced such doctrines as Adam-God, blood atonement and polygamy. None of these had been accepted by the church or taught by its authorities during the life of Joseph Smith. In 1851 a number of persons and local organizations, some of whom had stood aloof from all factions, started a movement that resulted in a conference at Beloit, Wis., in June, 1852. This conference renounced all allegiance to Young and others. The church has always been aggressive in its fight against polygamy. The organization has a membership of about 50,000. It is prosecuting missionary work throughout the United States, the Canadas, Australia, New Zealand, Society Islands, Sandwich Islands, the British Isles, Scandinavia and other countries.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. E. H., Bolivar, Tenn.: We cannot tell you anything about the so-called wild goose plum. If any of our readers can do it they have something on us.

A. S., Du Bois, Pa.: You can reach the National Association of Audubon societies by addressing the president, William Dutcher, 141 Broadway, New York.

W. T., Clay City, Ind.: The correct pronunciation of the proper name "Turgenieff" is "Toor-gan-yef."

L. T. H., Danville, Ill.: We have printed the copyright law a number of times in these columns. If you will write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., you will receive directions how to proceed.

P. B. D., Winston, Mo.: The length of the battleship Connecticut is 450 feet. The extreme breadth is 76 feet, 10 inches.

A. M. M., Nora Springs, Ia.: Charles Bertrand Lewis is the author of The Lime-Kiln club. His address is 71 3d Pl., Brooklyn.

F. H., Hornell, N. Y.: Write to the Pension Bureau, Washington, D. C., for the information you desire.

S. G. S., Halfway, Ore.: Your question should be referred to an attorney-at-law.

G. B. L., Continental, O.: The book Andersonville is out of print.

L. M., Harriettsville, O.: Write to the probate judge of your county for the information you desire.

J. E. B., Monteagle, Tenn.: The popular vote cast at the recent election cannot be given at this time.

O. G. W., Cherokee, Okla.: In 1907 the President was allowed $50,000 besides his salary. This was for the care of the White House and its stable and greenhouses.

G. B., Carpenter, O.: In parliamentary law constitutional rules cannot be suspended.

C. F. F., Corsica, O.: Write to a lawyer for the information you desire.

Victim Thanks the Burglar.

New York World.

"Mr. Burglar, this is for you:

"I offer my sincere thanks to the burglar who entered my apartments on the third floor of 1069 Boston road, the Bronx, on the night of the 18th instant, for his kind and gentlemanly manner and careful actions.

"I also appreciate the fact that, after searching through every available place where money and valuables might be found—and you found none—that you did not destroy or injure my property, and also that after going through the clothes of myself and son you carefully placed them back in their original position.

"I am glad you did not wake me up, and at the same time sorry; for I might have been tempted to repay you in another way.

"Yours, till the next visit,
"DAVID CONNOR."

That's the way they treat burglars in the Bronx these days, where the people have become so accustomed to their visits that they do not take the trouble, in many instances, to report the same to the police. In this case, Mr. Connor asks that his letter be printed; for he says the burglar was the most considerate he ever heard of.

Great Ingratitude.

The late Mrs. Clara Dewey How, of Philadelphia, whose philanthropic work among immigrants made her well known, had a trenchant wit, and one afternoon, says the Washington Star, discussing the woman suffrage movement with a clergyman, she said:

"You men are all alike. You all resemble the orphan that Mrs. Stanton and her friends brought up. They sent him through school and made a minister of him.

"This young minister, the work of their hands, preached his first sermon in their church. That was a proud Sunday morning for the good ladies. They thought they had at last firmly planted among the male sex a strong and splendid supporter. So in their best bonnets they filled the church.

"Imagine their emotion when the youth arose in the pulpit, looked calmly and even sternly over the congregation, and announced that his text would be from St. Paul:

"Let the women keep silence in the church.'"

SOPHIE'S CHILD.

BY
ELIZABETH
AYRES.

JENNINGS

Sophie, she was called by the people she worked for, none of whom ever thought to inquire if she had another name. Sophie went out by the day, as the saying goes, and fared as women usually do who wash and clean and scrub for a living. Her employers gave her their cast-off clothing and remembered her at the holidays. Some were kinder to her than others, but Sophie was not a character to arouse interest or invite attention. She never spoke unless she was asked a question, and then she said but little in her broken, halting English.

To all appearances, Sophie was a dull, stolid German woman who was known solely as a faithful worker. There was nothing attractive about her. With her heavy, expressionless face, and her square, muscular figure clad in a motley of garments, she seemed a clod of a woman, who had no thought above her washtubs and scrubbing brush.

When Sophie's husband died a violent death, which was to be expected would happen to a man of his violent habits, his removal made small difference in Sophie's order of life. She worked hard when he was alive, and she continued to work hard after he was dead; the only difference being that the money she earned was her own and there was no longer a reign of terror in her home. She felt a sense of relief in her stolid way, though she never gave it expression.

There was a beauty spot in Sophie's life which lifted it above its seeming sordidness. This beauty spot was little Mary, Sophie's only child. In marked contrast to her surroundings, little Mary was like a flower. She was alien to the conditions to which she was born. She was delicately formed, and her eyes were like a bit of heaven's own blue. Her smile had been given her by the angels, and the sunshine tinted the soft baby hair that lay in silken rings on her head.

Little Mary was Sophie's idol; her one thought; and the sole object of her life. In little Mary, none else had a share, and when she held her in her arms, the great rush of mother love that filled her heart made Sophie, the stolid toiler, divine. And yet, bound by her nature, Sophie was singularly silent, even when she was alone with the child. She gave little Mary an adoration almost devoid of spoken expression, and it was only occasionally that she interrupted her dumbness with the endearing words, "mine leetle baby, mine leetle schild."

When little Mary was nearly three years old, one of Sophie's patrons persuaded her to place the child in a day nursery while she was at work. Sophie was not easily persuaded. She was suspicious of anything she could not understand, and it was only after repeated explanations that her doubts were removed and she finally consented. It was probable that the strongest influence to shape her decision was her discovery that little Mary was sometimes roughly handled by the children of the woman who cared for her while Sophie was absent from home. It was only child's play, of which little Mary was the center, but Sophie was angered by what she saw, and took little Mary away.

It was hard for her to make the change, but she was attracted by the bright interior of the day nursery and the kind faces of those who had the little ones in charge. Little Mary had "ways" that won the hearts of everyone who saw her, and she received so much attention that Sophie was pleased and her fears were quieted. She began to enjoy her visits to the day nursery. It was necessary for her to hurry away in the mornings after she had brought little Mary, but at night, when her day's work was done, she could stay awhile and listen to the talk of the other women who had come to get their children. She never said much herself, though she was interested in hearing the conversation that went on around her, and then the other mothers were so generous with their admiration of little Mary. Sophie's dull face brightened when she heard them exclaim at her baby's prettiness, and she stood with her hands on her hips, slowly nodding her head in acknowledgment of their praises.

Little Mary had been cared for at the nursery for several months, when a woman who helped support it, returned from a trip abroad and came to visit her pet charity. She was a rich, childless widow, and it was her intention to adopt a child when she found one that appealed to her fancy. She saw little Mary and wanted her. With her, to want was to have, and, without counting Sophie as an obstacle, she decided to adopt little Mary. From a worldly point of view this was the best thing that could happen to Sophie's child. She seemed born to the smooth of life instead of its roughness, and if she were left with her mother it was the seamy side with which she would come in contact, at least, it was so decided by the childless woman and by those with whom she held counsel.

"I don't believe that Sophie will ever give Mary away," said one of the nursery attendants.

"Oh, she can be persuaded when she sees it is for the good of the child, as it certainly will be," she was answered.

In spite of this certainty, Sophie was cautiously approached with scarcely more than a hint that she should give up Mary. The full meaning of the hint did not penetrate her understanding, and she simply shook her head in reply. At length stronger pressure and plainer speech were brought to bear, and she was told of the rich woman who wanted to adopt her child. When she understood, she caught up little Mary, and covering her with her strong arms, held her close to her heart.

"No," she said, "I not gif her away. No."

She could speak no other words, but the dark flush that rose to her face and the widening of her eyes, told of her resistance. The woman who wanted Mary went frequently to see Sophie and told her how bright the child's future should be if she were placed in her care. Sophie listened without apparent show of interest.

"No," she invariably answered, "I not gif her away."

Promises of money sufficient to support her for the rest of her days were equally ineffectual.

"I haf much money," she declared, proudly displaying a bank book which recorded a savings account of less than a hundred dollars. "See?" she said, "I haf much money."

Then love for the child entered the heart of the woman who wanted Mary and her bribes changed to pleading.

"No, I not gif her away," Sophie continued to answer doggedly.

She went her plodding way, unmoved by the pleadings and arguments to which she was often made to listen. "She is my schild. You no can haf her," she told the rich woman repeatedly.

She left little Mary at the nursery during the day, having been assured that no one could take her child away without her consent, but as she approached the house at night a lurking fear quickened her steps and she arrived almost breathless, with the question on her lips: "Where my Mary?"

She always found Mary there, round and rosy and thriving under the care she was receiving.

There was nothing in the world so beautiful to Sophie as her child, and to the woman who wanted Sophie's child there was nothing in the world so beautiful and desirable as little Mary. She went to the nursery almost daily, lavishing gifts and affection upon Mary until the child welcomed her with more eagerness than she did her silent mother. Sophie was fiercely jealous of the woman who wanted Mary, and when the little girl talked in her baby way of the "pitty lady," she bade her be still in so harsh a voice that she shrank in terror from her mother. It was at such times that Sophie cried out in her distress.

"I will not gif you to her, I will not. No," she said, over and over, holding Mary so close in her arms that the child, hurt by the pressure and frightened by her mother's strange manner, struggled to be free.

It was the other woman's fancy one day to take to the nursery dainty little garments, such as she would have dressed Mary in had she been her own. She put them on her and the child looked more like a flower than ever in the soft, white frock that replaced the dark, homely gingham of her mother's making. Mary felt pleased with herself in her pretty dress, and smiling and dimpling distractingly held out her arms to the "pitty lady."

It happened this same day that Sophie came to the nursery much earlier than usual, and it happened, too, that she entered the room where the children were just as the woman who wanted little Mary had lifted her to the top of a table, where the child stood leaning contentedly against her encircling arm. The tall, slender, graceful woman, upon whom was the stamp of wealth and refinement, and the flower like little child made a beautiful picture, standing there together.

When Sophie saw them, she stopped suddenly in the middle of the room, conscious of nothing and no one save the other woman and little Mary. Both seemed so remote from her. She could not have explained her feeling, but it was as if her child had gone from her keeping, and that it was right for her to go. The fine fabric of the gown that Mary wore, the silk hose and the soft, kid shoes were things she could understand, and they brought to her a dim comprehension of the greater things they signified. The other woman, watching Sophie closely, knew something of what was passing in her mind. A look which was half pity, and half awe, came into her eyes. She made a movement as if to release little Mary from her protecting arm, but the child clung to her and nestled her head against her breast, smiling roguishly at her mother.

Sophie's hand went to her throat as if she were choking, then she flung up her arms in a gesture of supreme renunciation.

"I gif her to you," she said slowly and distinctly. "I gif you my Mary."

The suddenness of her decision was so great a surprise that she was gone before the woman who had won could think clearly enough to detain her.

"Oh, she must not go until I've done something for her, she must not!" she exclaimed, helplessly.

Out in the street Sophie was tramping heavily away. Her feet, shod in thick, clumsy shoes, made a noise like a man's tread on the sidewalk. She wore her shawl over her head, and in its folds her face was almost hidden. The door she had only a moment before closed behind her was hurriedly opened and a woman's voice called, "Sophie, Sophie!"

For an instant she wavered in her walk, and then went steadily onward. Those who met her saw only a workingwoman, clad in a motley of garments. A shawl was over her head, and in its folds her face was almost hidden.

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Obscurity.

Puck.

Not since the Renaissance, and perhaps not since the dawn of authentic history, has there been so little available obscurity in the world as there now is. The stock has been running low especially rapidly of late years in spite of the tariff on wood pulp; yet so insensibly withal that not until the difficulty of securing candidates for the vice presidency had taken on an acute phase were patriots generally made aware of the scarcity.

And obscurity is not only hard to obtain, but even harder to keep. There is no species of holding more precarious, in fact. Though a man shall be so fortunate as to surround himself with enough obscurity to make comfortable his declining years, he doesn't know what minute he may not be dragged out of it.

There is undoubtedly more obscurity abroad than with us, but the growing practice among American heiresses whereby each of them marries, successively, a number of noblemen, is not unlikely eventually to put the balance in our favor.

Australia Needs Babies.

London Globe.

Australia, as well as France, has a falling birth rate, and is striving to devise a plan whereby she may increase her population. During the last five years the population of New Zealand has increased at twice the rate of that of Australia, and, while the vastness of the latter's colonies, many of which contain huge stretches unfit for colonization, has no doubt something to do with the case, yet even where conditions are good the rate of increase is unsatisfactory. The closer settlement schemes carried out by the government are expected to do something to meet the evil by encouraging immigration; and a Sydney doctor has suggested a bonus on babies!

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Circulation Last Week 207,000

You can't lose Aunt Carrie Nation in a little country like Europe.

Boni and Helie are only cousins, yet in some respects they resemble twins.

The hen is a God-given institution; cold storage is the invention of mere man.

Speaker Cannon says he is no czar. Well, who said he was, not the President?

The President has in mind several gentlemen who have the truth beaten to a frazzle.

Champ Clark is big enough to lead what is left of the Democratic party in congress.

M. Perrin, a French critic, says America is lacking in poets. Indiana papers please copy.

There are a good many Democrats left in congress, but not enough to do any serious damage.

Abe Ruef having been convicted, it is now up to his lawyers to dig up a few technicalities.

There is always a possibility that Uncle Joe Cannon is not half so tame as he seems to be.

The man who retires from politics to resume the practice of law usually needs the practice.

It will probably take William Jennings Bryan about four years to solve "the mystery of 1908."

When Mr. Elihu Root goes to the senate from New York, Mr. Depew won't have much to do.

Castro may or may not possess $60,000,000, but it is not probable that he will have to walk home.

"A Boston woman wants a divorce because her husband is too good to live with." The poor fellow!

Inasmuch as he is from Missouri, it is likely that the House will have to show Champ Clark every day.

There is no scarcity of cows in this broad land of ours. There are other reasons for the high price of butter.

Of course you understand there are to be twenty-six snows this winter. Are you keeping count of them?

King Edward can talk only in a whisper. It was a cold, not a Von Buelow, that rendered him almost speechless.

A government deficit of $58,070,201 is not the sort of thing a man would care to take to the dear ones at home.

It is said to have cost $4,000,000 to bury the late emperor of China. They must have planted him pretty deep.

A Massachusetts minister of the gospel says the devil is a syndicate. Must be something like Standard Oil.

Mr. Bryan has been arrested in Texas as a game hog. There are Democrats who think he is piggish in another way, too.

The audience which New York suffragettes held in subjection must have been composed exclusively of married men.

The indications are that it is going to be easier for congress to catch the eye of the speaker than it was in days gone by.

The army is shy 612 officers. The service has fallen upon extremely bad times if the politicians are ignoring it like that.

Mr. Taft is beginning early to recognize the South as an important part of this great and glorious country. It is a good sign.

According to a scientist the soul is an "aggregation of psychomeres." It is rather strange that nobody ever thought of that before.

Some towns are foolish enough to think that when they get a weather bureau appropriation they're going to have perpetual sunshine.

We would like to see a group picture of all the anti-kissing advocates, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith.

A New Jersey town is talking of putting women on the police force. But would it be proper for women to go to sleep on the corner?

It will not be necessary for fourth-class postmasters to read all the postal cards passing through their hands before they can pass a civil service examination.

It is quite probable the United States senate will some day come boldly out and tell the people that postal savings banks would not be good for them.

Since being placed under civil service rules, the fourth-class postmaster who runs a country store will not have to be polite to the loafer who samples the cheese every ten minutes.

The department of agriculture has at last reached a decision on the question of what is "real whiskey," "compounded whiskey" and "compound whiskey." None of it, however, is recommended as a joy forever.

The finding of Mrs. Belle Gunness should be postponed until after the holidays. It doesn't seem right to spoil a happy season by locating a dead woman in three or four different places at a time.

NAVAL BUREAUS.

There are days of worry ahead for the naval bureaus. They hold their clutch upon the navy department like grim death in spite of opposition raised by secretaries since the administration of Garfield. But the president has strongly recommended their abolishment, saying "there is literally no excuse whatever for the bureau organization"; Secretary Newberry does not approve of the system and the president-elect may be depended upon to do everything to promote efficiency in the navy as well as elsewhere.

But the bureaus will die hard. They are looked upon as sinecures in Washington. The work performed in them wouldn't keep an ordinary business man troubled half an hour a day except when the red tape gets tangled with his feet. It is about them that the storm of magazine criticism is waging. They are held responsible for all the defects of construction, all the dangers in the handling of ammunition, and it is a notorious fact that during the Spanish war they proved themselves unable to cope with the tactical problems which arose.

The bureaus, though, have many friends. They are very handy for members of congress who are in need of little aids which will help them politically. The bureaus are of assistance quite as much in what they do not say as in their actual "boosting" of the game of patronage. The heads of the bureaus have made some exceedingly strong alliances. They have their influence and their channels of support. Suppose one were anxious to direct attention to a new invention. Reasonably, it would go through the regular ways, be considered by everyone in the department who had the interest of the navy at heart, be accepted or rejected. But now it goes to the bureau chiefs. Their inclination is to throw it out at once, since it would be new and therefore against natural policy. But if a member of congress who had an understanding in the bureaus introduced the inventor with the hope that he be given every consideration possible it is far different.

So the bureaus chiefs will give up the ghost only after a struggle. They enjoy the work and the high position they occupy in the regard of members of congress. There will be many bitter words before the system is slain.

THE CONGRESSIONAL PROSPECT.

Great things are not to be expected of the present session of congress. While it is booked to run officially for three months it will meet, in fact, scarcely two months. That time must be taken up largely with appropriation bills.

The census of 1910 must be arranged for at this session. The army and navy are in need of money and it is thought that a harbor and river bill will be passed, about $25,000,000 being the estimate for this appropriation.

At the same time certain affairs are to be given an airing which will lend something of a human touch to the winter meeting. So little love is lost between certain members of the house and senate and the White House that an attempt will undoubtedly be made to take advantage of the racket over the Panama purchase with a demand for an investigation. Then, too, there are several senators who devote much of their interest to foreign relations and are hurt when they are not asked for their advice. Following the policy adopted toward the Haytian agreement they will try to nullify the understanding with Japan. Already mutterings have been heard in the senate cloakroom over this want of consideration on the part of the President. Doubtless, there will be some noise over the country-life commission, with remarks about the seizure of legislative functions on the part of the executive. Mr. Foraker is expected to bring up the Brownsville case again. This should be the most interesting day of the session since the senator has new grounds for bitterness and will be searching his soul for words to tell what he thinks of the administration. No one in Washington on that day of explosion can afford to stay away from the capitol. We suspect the merchants will have just ground for resentment against this counter attraction.

Senator Beveridge is as determined as ever to talk on the question of child labor. He will be permitted to do so though no action will probably be taken. Tillman is back after a long, long rest. He will unburden his mind as customary. Champ Clark, the new leader of the minority, is to show the stuff of which he is made. A few new congressman may succeed in catching the speaker's eye on days that he is in good humor.

Altogether, while the products of the session will not be remarkable, the performance will be up to standard. There will be news, not so much of achievement, but still news, tending to make us respect that august body of statesmen as one respects any good entertainer who makes us forget for a little half-hour the dullness and the irritations of life.

BANK GUARANTEE AGAIN.

A disturbing phase of the state guarantee of bank deposits has appeared in the West. It consists of advertisements by banks in Oklahoma in which the declaration is made that they are "absolutely safe." Here are some samples:

"Four per cent paid on time deposits in a bank that cannot fail. The guaranty fund of Oklahoma is back of us. Write for full information."

"Bank deposits guaranteed by the Oklahoma state guaranty fund. Your money is absolutely safe. We pay four per cent on deposits subject to withdrawal at any time."

One bank in Oklahoma says it has $75,000 of the money of Kansas farmers.

This result was the inevitable outgrowth of the passage of such a law, although it was hardly foreseen. It indicates that advantage is taken early to adopt "wildcat" methods, leaning always upon that fund accumulated from the banks by a special tax. It shows that the banks are trying to make up for the loss in extraordinary assessment, so earnestly advocated for a time by the Democratic candidate for the presidency. They are seeking funds without their own state, flaunting the guarantee, which is a very doubtful guarantee, indeed. It is ridiculous to suppose that the state of Oklahoma intends to reimburse depositors living in other states, in case of failure. The taxation could not begin to cover the damage wrought by say a half dozen insolvencies in one year. Immediately such a condition occurred the point would be raised in the courts and Oklahoma might very naturally be counted upon to care for its own citizens first. The depositors of Kansas and Texas, Missouri and Colorado, might sing for their savings. The honest and conservatively conducted banks would place every barrier within their means to prevent the draining of the funds to which they have contributed. The state authorities would feel no responsibility toward these foreign depositors.

As it has been frequently pointed out since the freak bank law went into effect, the people would have to pay in the end. They have invited speculation and careless banking by assuming the burdens of the banks. A new debt faces them, a debt of honor.

GETTING BACK AT CONGRESS.

That final shot about the secret service men was the one touch thoroughly Rooseveltian in the message, otherwise so calm and studied, so suave. It made up for many slights from congress and, unless they know of some way of answering an almost unanswerable argument, the members will discover difficulty in clearing themselves of what amounts to a charge of putting barriers in the way of the pursuers of criminals.

The President protested against the amendment which forbade the detail of secret service officers or their transfer to labors outside the routine of their office. He declared that no better protection might be devised for the timber and land thieves. He planted a tack in the last paragraph, saying:

> It is true that the work of the secret service agents was partly responsible for the indictment and conviction of a senator and a congressman for land frauds in Oregon. I do not believe that it is in the public interest to protect criminals in any branch of the public service, and exactly as we have again and again during the past seven years prosecuted and convicted such criminals who were in the executive branch of the government, so in my belief we should be given ample means to prosecute them if found in the legislative branch. But if this is not considered desirable a special exception could be made in the law prohibiting the use of the secret service force in investigating members of the congress. It would be far better to do this than to do what actually was done, and strive to prevent or at least to hamper effective action against criminals by the executive branch of the government.

Many congressmen doubtless voted for the measure without a close study of its provisions. There will be scramble to get to cover and disclaim responsibility.

THE LAKE LEVEL.

One gets a realization of the immense mass of water in such a lake as Erie by a study of the levels, the figures for which have just been issued by the government. In spite of the long drouth, the period when rain did not fall for forty-two days anywhere along the southern watershed, Lake Erie is only one and three-fourths inches below the mean November level of the last ten years. It is twelve inches higher than it was in November of 1895.

The lake is eight and one-half inches lower than it was at this period last year. It is expected to fall about two inches in the month of November, but because of the dry spell it lost seven and one-half inches. When it is remembered that October was an unusually warm month, that it had few days when rain fell that was measurable, and that the sun beat upon the lake almost continuously, it seems strange that so little water was lost. An entire year of drouth might make so little difference in the level that it would be less a danger to navigation than an inconvenience.

CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT.

It is somewhat difficult to see how the house and senate will succeed in vindicating their honor by expunging offending words from the official copies of the President's message. They can shout and weep, bellow "outrage," and express indignation until the cows come home, but they still fail to make themselves right with the country. The fact is that Mr. Roosevelt holds the advantage over congress. He has caught them at pernicious legislation, and all the squirming of the members can't wipe away one stain of it.

This explanation is made: It was rumored that the secret service was being used to shadow members of congress, to look into their private lives and examine their bank accounts. Therefore, in order to halt the espionage, congress expressly forebade the detail of secret service officers for the purpose of hunting down legislative malefactors. Does it strike you as a reasonable excuse for interfering with the pursuit of criminals? And it must be remembered that it was through the detective work of the secret service that a representative and a senator were convicted of thievery of the worst sort, stealing from the government while wearing the cloak of honored servants.

Resolutions of protest, heated interviews with the newspapers, cloak room profanity, none of this will put the congressmen "square" with the public. The best thing that they can do is to grin and make the best of it. They are caught red-handed; they have interfered with the progress of justice. It is only fair to believe that many members did not know for what they were voting. Representative Tawney, who wrote the amendment, is a leader, and when he said things were all right a large number of the legislators, playing the meek part of sheep, gave their votes to the measure and straightway forgot all about it. They are paying the price today of their carelessness and for being sheep.

Somewhere in the famed play, Hamlet, there is a sentence, or part of one, which says: "Let the galled jade wince."

THE SCANDAL FACTORIES.

The rumor manufacturers concerned in the Panama scandal racket have narrowed their charges down to this: "If there was really nothing underhand in the purchase of the canal rights the whole matter was at least dubious."

And this is all the tangible support they present to back up the accusation. It turns out that many attempts have been made to start a scandal of the sort ever since the zone came under the control of the United States. The first to pour forth their innuendos were those who had set their hearts upon the government taking up with the Nicaragua project. It was a grievous disappointment to them that the other and shorter route was selected. It is history that Senator Morgan never did get over it until the day of his death. Then from time to time there were revivals of the "story." The New York World lifted it out of the pages of the past for the purpose of confounding the administration during the campaign. The Indianapolis News picked it up because it was eager to express its bitterness over the failure of the party to name Vice-President Fairbanks as the presidential candidate. It is too bad that so much fuss should be made on charges reiterated by a newspaper which had only a few days before complacently admitted it had lied in the case of the interview with the German kaiser.

William Nelson Cromwell, who arranged the transfer of the canal from the French owners, says:

> I am also positive that not a man in public life in America, in or out of congress, ever had the least pecuniary interest in the Panama canal. I do not know and never have known of any American citizen who has ever dealt in any of the shares of the new Panama Canal company or the shares or bonds of the old company. A further instance of the unwarranted attitude of the Indianapolis News and of other journals repeating the statements is furnished with respect to Mr. C. P. Taft and Mr. Douglas Robinson. The introduction of these gentlemen in the Panama affair is like the creation of a character in a work of fiction. They did not exist in the sense of having any relation to the canal matter.

The President's hint that the responsibility for the falsehoods might be fixed in the courts should be welcomed by the country with jubilation, in particular by those journals which hold to the path of decency and honesty in the face of competition the policy of which is mendacity and shamelessness.

RUEF FOUND GUILTY.

The conviction of Abraham Ruef, the master grafter of San Francisco, does more than clear the skies for that harassed city. It serves as an inspiration to all who are fighting for civic righteousness throughout the country. It is encouragement to those who find their paths strewn with obstacles in such labor, for if ever a prosecutor had barriers to mount, influences to ignore, temptation to put behind him, it was Francis J. Heney. He comes out of the battle scarred and maimed, but victorious.

It will be interesting to watch the course of events in San Francisco. Ruef, it has developed, was only the collector, the official blackmailer. It has been Heney's intention to reach those who delivered the "graft," contractors, owners of public utilities, lessees of theatres and amusement places, saloons, even real estate men, merchants and shipping agents. This will be going farther than any investigator has gone before. Heney has been cajoled with, threatened and finally shot while sitting in court. His assailant committed suicide while in jail. There have been hints that it was not suicide, but murder—that he might never tell of his employers. The chief of police a few days after took his own life. It is the tragedy of graft.

BUSBY AND THE AURORA.

John C. Busby, weather prophet, athlete, and a joy forever, again writes The Blade from Independence, Iowa. He predicts a green Christmas. "Here is my forecast for December," he says, and it is a pleasure to record the wisdom of a philosopher:

> When you see very bright auroras, no matter how cold it is, you may expect a warm wave and electric storms, either in summer or in winter. The auroras are northern lights, which we all see, but know so little about what they are. The illumination comes from electricity generated by the mixing of hot and cold air; hence we see all of the colors of the rainbow. Sometimes the lights are red and white and have a greenish tinge. I will defy the whole civilized world to prove that I am not right. The poles of the earth have all to do with our cold and warm winters. The more auroras the more warm weather; no auroras, cold weather. This is what I base my prediction on. And thus, dear reader, December will be warm, with one cold storm. This will be a severe blizzard, but will not stay cold. So, one and all, good-bye until you hear from me in my January forecast.

Great is the aurora borealis. So is Busby. He defies the whole civilized world to prove that he is not right. More power to him. Biot, a French scientist, said the aurora was of volcanic origin; Heli ascribed it to the reflection of the sun and moon by the clouds of snow and needles of ice, which are constantly floating in the atmosphere of the frigid zones; Bailly said it was magnetism; so did Ben Franklin of sainted memory. Busby goes farther and says the aurora makes the weather. It is mightier than the goosebone. The aurora is grand, sublime, and thrilling. Medicine Hat is not on the map, and the Man on the Nicholas Building is a weather piker.

We had expected to go sleighriding on Christmas day, but the aurora says no. Still, let us dream of thrilling atmospheric conditions in January, when Busby promises to come back with another prediction. He is our rainbow of hope.

ESCAPING THE DOCTOR.

Health, it has often been pointed out, is the most blessed of all possessions. Only the other day that venerable purveyor of oil and platitudes, John D. Rockefeller, said that life is truly a vale of tears to him who is afflicted with a rebellious stomach. "Reason's whole pleasure," wrote Pope, "all the joys of sense, lie in three words—health, peace and competence."

There died in Louisville the other day a dear old lady who had lived many months past the age of ninety-one, and until the last two weeks had never required the services of a physician. It was her proudest boast that she knew doctors only as acquaintances. Surely this is a fine thing to be able to say. It is encouraging to those who have come to think a doctor the one dependable friend. It is proof that aches and pains are not the necessary burdens of everyone's career, that they must be borne with all resignation. Someone, it seems, may reach the distant milestone of ninety-one and yet know naught of the terrors which lurk in grape seeds, may have no dread of draughts, and do many of the forbidden things that are on the bad books of the medical practitioners.

Think of what fashions in therapeutics this excellent woman of ninety-one lived through and never had to follow. She must have remembered the day when bleeding was the correct thing for four-fifths of all the ills of the human flesh. She passed through the awful epoch when calomel reigned. She had at least an indirect knowledge of that rule of the doctors which prohibited the giving of water to patients burning with fevers. The benefits of blue glass doubtless came up for discussion in her household, and, unless she kept her eyes discreetly upon the sidewalk when passing the shops of the apothecaries, she must have seen the fearsome liver pads exhibited in the windows.

But while she escaped the physicians for ninety-one years we yet very much suspect that she herself was interested in the merits of sage tea, knew the clearing effects of sassafras gathered in autumn woods, and had no little faith in the bark of the chokeberry. If she did not, then she was remarkable, indeed, and moreover could have been no true Kentuckian.

Ninety-one years without a doctor! What a great thing to boast!

BRYAN IN VAUDEVILLE.

Happy the man with two strings to his bow. In the case of William Jennings Bryan there are four strings. He can make the Chautauqua circuit at a comfortable price; he has that incomparable newspaper, the Commoner; he can always run for the presidency, and now the beautiful world of vaudeville has been offered to him through which he can wander and pick the very choicest and most expensive blossoms.

Mr. Bryan has been informed—indirectly—that he will be given $35,000 for six weeks in vaudeville, the only return for which would be a six-minute monologue, either of his own composition or that of a play "doctor," twice a day, Sundays excepted in communities which do not approve of the open theatre on Sabbaths.

The Bryan contribution to the party campaign fund was $10,000, it having been neatly arranged at Denver that no larger sum could be accepted inasmuch as it must necessarily be tainted. That ten thousand was a dead loss, as affairs turned out. But it can be made up and still a margin left. We hope Mr. Bryan will not overlook this opportunity to get on speaking terms with prosperity.

WATERWAYS BONDS.

Congress should hesitate a long time before it adopts the recommendation of President Roosevelt to vote $500,000,000 in bonds for the purpose of improving the inland waterways.

The need of a more scientific outlay of the river and harbor appropriations is palpable to everyone except to certain reactionary railroad managers, most of whom, fortunately, are barren of influence at Washington. Millions of dollars have been literally poured into mudholes. But the interest on $500,000,000 is a large amount. One annual payment would give Toledo all that it might ever ask, even to dredging a deep channel into Ottawa river. It ought not to be difficult to make yearly appropriations in sufficient amount to carry through the projects of greatest moment. Additions to the public debt are merely mortgages on the future. We should consider the question most earnestly before we hamper the next generation in order to solve problems that trouble us today.

TEXAS AND THE TARIFF.

The Philadelphia Record gladly announces that Andrew Carnegie has become a Democrat because he favors the removal of tariff duties from steel, oil and sugar.

By the same argument the cattle raisers of Texas, most of whom voted for Bryan, have become Republicans. They held a meeting in Dallas the other day at which they loudly protested against the efforts of the New England shoe manufacturers to have hides put on the free list. "If hides or leather," declared their orator, "are sold in the United States by foreign countries without duty it will ruin the hide market and hurt the Texas cattlemen."

Two things loom before the tariff revisionists. The question of Protection is not a party issue and all interests cannot be satisfied.

Congress insists that its dignity must be upheld. It may surprise many persons to learn that it had anything of the kind to uphold.

Found a Salamander.

Little Rock (Ark.) Cor. Memphis, Tenn.

Several years ago, during the flood water in the Mississippi river at St. Louis, a salamander was left stranded in a basement of a building on the river front and was captured after the flood had subsided.

A reptile similar to the one captured in St. Louis was caught in the Fourche, a sluggish stream south of Little Rock, a few days ago, by Phillip Bloom. The reptile captured in the Fourche is a foot long. It has a forked tongue and has teeth set back in the head, and hisses like a snake. It has gills like a fish, and has ears shaped like a plume of feathers. The reptile corresponds to that found in St. Louis.

There is no question as to its identification. It is a true amphibian, related to the frog family.

There was an ancient superstition that the salamander could live on fire without harm, and even extinguish it by the coldness of its body. Shakespeare refers to this supposed attribute by having one of his characters say: "I have maintained this salamander of yours with fire this two and twenty years."

Sir T. Brown, an exquisite scientist, evidently experimented with some unfortunate specimen with the view possibly of seeing, for he writes: "Whereas, it is commonly said a salamander extinguishes fire, we have found by experience that in hot coals it dieth immediately."

No Perpetual Motion; He Dies.

New York Press.

Disappointed because he had failed to solve the problem of perpetual motion, Rupert Potschacher, of 149 Avenue A, committed suicide by inhaling illuminating gas. For several years he had worked on a wheel which he figured would turn forever. He thought he had perfected his invention several days ago and felt that at last fortune was within his grasp. He had set up the wheel within his room and for hours at a time he watched it turn.

Potschacher went out for a walk Sunday and when he returned to his room he found the wheel had stopped. His efforts to solve the problem of perpetpau motion were a failure. The disappointment was so crushing that he did not want to live. He attached one end of a rubber pipe to the jet of a gas stove and placed the other end in his mouth. Then he turned on the gas.

Discovered by His "Soul"

She was large and frizzled. Simmons declares that is the only adjective that describes her.

She wore a picture hat and an interesting veil. Simmons says it was a lace curtain, because she was the kind of a person who believes the eye is the window to the soul. But what Simmons says, after it is sterilized and pruned, about the lady who looked him up under the impression that she was his soul—well, no family newspaper would print it.

In her right hand she carried a white kid bag, from which exuded a fringe of blue beads. She drew forth a lace handkerchief and a breath from Araby the blest pervaded the corridors of the News. She was towed into the sanctum of the Sunday editor by a languid office boy, who left her at the door with an admonitory snuffle, "That's him," pointing to a man in the far corner. She beamed and billowed and began her coy approach. The Sunday editor didn't glance up from the "out of town" society he was blue penciling. She cleared her throat delicately.

"A-he-em"——

"What can I do for you, madam?" He finally fixed a discouraging eye on her.

"Is this the literary editor?"

"My name is Catchings," glacially. "What can I do for you?"

"I am Miss Saunders," with a simple pride, "Miss Mary Alice Saunders."

"Miss Saunders," bowing gravely at her confession.

"I was drawn irresistibly," with many side glances, "to come to you. I write—oh, not for money," as she saw the pained expression move across his face. "Do not think, Mr. Catchings, I belong to that sordid class who write poetry expecting to be paid for it"——

"I see." The Sunday editor grew suddenly genial. "It is Simmons you want to see, Miss Saunders. Mr. Simmons is the gentleman who has been running that series of sonnets. Will you come with me to meet him?"

Simmons, who grinds out a column of Wit and Humor daily for the News, sat in the disordered office which he shares with the artist of the paper. Simmons has never in the memory of man spoken to any woman except Miss Schultz, his landlady, and he speaks to her only when she threatens again to put his other pair of shoes and a box of books out into the street if he doesn't pay his room rent. Miss Schultz is a hundred years old and Simmons has formed his opinions of the sex from her. The swish of a skirt terrifies him.

"Hello, Simmons; busy?" the Sunday editor called from the door.

Simmons did not look up. He can't see a dozen feet through the cigaret fog that always envelops him. "Yes, I'm busy. A certain artist friend of mine put up the last twenty I had in the world on a horse that couldn't come in anywhere but first, and I'm wondering how I'm going to face that harpy tonight when she lights on me about my rent."

This was a plain appeal for a small loan, but the Sunday editor ignored it.

"A lady who admires your work, Mr. Simmons, wishes to meet and thank you in person. Miss Sunders, may I present Mr. Simmons?"

"Eh!" came from the bewildered one. It sounded like the despairing squeak of a rat caught in a trap.

"Ah, Mr. Simmons," ecstatically, "I have read your beau-ti-ful sonnets, 'To my Soul' "—

Catchings backed away, but once outside he was unprincipled enough to listen.

Simmons cleared his throat nervously. "I have felt from the first, Mr. Simmons," she cooed on, "that mine was the soul addressed. You called, Mr. Simmons. I have come"——

The Sunday editor's 'phone rang for the sixth time and he tiptoed softly away.

St. Luke as a Reporter

New York Times.

Prof. Francis M. Burdick, of the Columbia Law School, delivered a lecture yesterday upon the subject of "St. Luke as a Law Reporter." In the course of his address Prof. Burdick reviewed the story of the trial of Paul, as St. Luke, viewing it from the legal standpoint, has reported it to us. He said:

"I submit that a careful study of St. Luke's account of the great trial of St. Paul will convince any one that he is entitled to equal praise as a law reporter. I do not know of any historian who has embodied in his narrative an account of a judicial trial so satisfactory to a lawyer as is this by Luke; one in which the various stages are accurately followed, and matters of procedure as well as of substantive law are presented with the certainty of him who spoke from personal knowledge. I think that the sacred writer preserves perfect coolness throughout his report.

"While his abstract of Paul's addresses is much fuller than that of the prosecutors, he indulges in no tirades against them, nor does he show any irritation over the timidity of Festus or the itching palm of Felix. The tone of the entire narrative is that of serene confidence in the ultimate victory of the cause impersonated by Paul. His faith is perfectly cloudless."

Passing of the Teddy Bear.

Washington Post.

The reign of the Teddy bear is over. Once occupant of the choice seat in the front parlor window, he now lies forgotten in the garret, childhood's cavern of dead dreams. During his brief reign he lorded it by divine whim, but the infant reichstag arose and now none so poor as to do him reverence.

Arrayed in varied garb of white and black and brown, beady of eye and plethoric of paunch, he was the idol of his loyal subjects. Maiden ladies and grave professors looked askance and spake fearfully of race suicide, but pudgy hands only hugged the king tighter to baby breast, the action speaking thus: "Sir, or madam, your ratiocination is weak; he's here; so are we; well, then?"

Has the Teddy bear gone to join pigs in clover and the 13-14-15 puzzle in some dark limbo? Or has he happily been transported to some Lilliputian Valhalla?—there to become, like the wild boar at the viking feasts, meat for the heroes each night and rise up in woolly reality again each morning? Poor Villon, the poet-knave of France, could ask plaintively, "Where are the snows of yesteryear?" Only such, with the mind of a man and the soul of a little child, could write to the end the sad tale of the Teddy bear.

Demand for Hair Ropes.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

"There is one thing which we export from this country that few people, in fact no one outside those in the trade, ever know anything about," said S. C. Brown. "That is hair ropes. They are shipped mainly to India, though they go any place where poisonous snakes are plentiful. Every cowboy and plainsman learned years ago that if he did not wish to wake up in the morning and find a rattler for a bedmate when he had to sleep out on the prairie he had to be careful before he lay down to see that his horsehair lariat was coiled carefully about him, so that there was no opening through which a snake might crawl.

"No snake will tackle a hair rope. It is the only sure protection against them. Somehow this idea has permeated the minds of the East Indians, and now they buy these ropes for protection against the poisonous snakes with which that country abounds. Large numbers of these ropes are shipped to India and adjoining countries each year.

"Over there they are coiled on the floor around the bed at night, and the occupant can lie down in comfort, certain that no snake will ever attempt to pass over that hair rope. It is about the only way any one can be sure of a night's sleep undisturbed by visits from snakes in that country."

Lives With Half a Brain.

Pittsburg Dispatch to Philadelphia Record.

Loyal Ralston, the young Clay township man who accidentally shot himself through the head with a shotgun while hunting Thanksgiving, is still alive, and his case continues to puzzle the medical fraternity.

There is a hole extending from under the chin to the top of the head, and half of the brain is said to be gone. The condition of the young man today is about the same as the day following the accident, and while his death is expected hourly, it is possible that he may survive for several days.

Airships.

Emporia (Kan.) Gazette.

I hold it true, with him who sings to one clear harp in divers tones, that men who'd fly, ere they have wings, are apt to break their blooming bones. The birds may think it fully worth their while to soar from tree to tree; but while I live this good old earth is plenty smooth enough for me.

A Desert Dawn.

As when of old Mohammed watched the night
Star after star before the dawn decline,
So now there runs a broad and brightening line
Along the East, while toward the zenith height
Are quenched the beacons set to guide aright
The pilgrim journeying to the Prophet's shrine;
Now vermeil streaks the skies incarnadine,
And now behold—the sun's ascendant light!

To burnished bronze the brooding desert burns;
A tropic tremor quivers through the air;
From shady dream oases, fountain fair,
To parching wastes the wanderer returns;
While ere the sand the wakened camel spurns—
Allah il Allah!—swells the morning prayer.

—Clinton Scollard.

THE EDGE OF THINGS

Harry Kellar, the retired magician, was talking in Philadelphia about stage magic.

"It is not," he said, "so good as it used to be. The younger magicians do not study and practice as we of the previous generation did. Hence nowadays stage magic appears rather tame.

"But the younger magicians don't think so. They are like an elderly fat man whom I saw at my tailor's the other day.

" 'Let me see, sir,' said the tailor, 'you haven't been in for two or three years. Perhaps I had better remeasure you.'

" 'All right,' said the fat man. 'You'll find no change in my figure, though.'

"The tailor got to work with his tape. The measurements were called out and dotted down. The fat man said at the end:

" 'Well, the measurements are about the same as they used to be, eh?'

" 'Yes, sir, about the same,' was the reply. 'Chest a trifle lower down, that's all, sir.' "

Dr. Smith E. Jelliffe, the noted alienist, was talking about campaign oratory.

"Blank," he said, of a certain senator, "is such a thoroughgoing, painstaking and withal tedious campaign orator that whenever I hear him I am reminded of an old-fashioned minister of my boyhood.

"This minister on Sunday morning spread before him on the reading desk a very thick packet of notes and launched into a long, dry, heavy sermon.

"The reading of the sermon absorbed him. He did not once lift his eyes. On toward the end, however, happening to glance up, he perceived almost the entire congregation to be sound asleep.

"The minister frowned and paused. He struck the desk a resounding blow that awakened his parishioners. Then he said:

'My good friends, this sermon cost me a great deal of labor, and I do not think you have given it the attention it deserves. I shall, therefore, repeat it from the beginning.' "

An Englishman, fond of boasting of his ancestry, took a coin from his pocket, and, pointing to the head engraved on it, said, "My great-great-grandfather was made a lord by the king whose picture you see on this shilling."

"What a coincidence!" said his Yankee companion, who at once produced another coin. "My great-great-grandfather was made an angel by the Indian whose picture you see on this cent."

"Some men are fond of work and others are not," said Wilber. "Take Dawson, for instance. He is wedded to his work."

"Not now," said Hickenlooper. "He's been divorced."

"Divorced? What do you mean?" asked Wilber.

"He was bounced last Saturday," said Hickenlooper.—Lippincott's.

Usually little Mary was not at all afraid of the dark, but one night, after being put to bed, she called her mother and insisted there was some one in the closet.

"Nonsense, Mary," said her mother; "it's only imagination."

The child was quiet for a little while, but presently called, in a frightened voice: "Mother, 'magination's in the closet again."—Harper's.

Hayti was in the midst of a revolution.

As a phase of it, two armed bodies were approaching each other so that a third was about to be caught between them.

The commander of the third party saw the predicament. On the right government troops, on the left insurgents.

"General, why do you not give the order to fire?" asked an aide, dashing up on a lame mule.

"I would like to," responded the general, "but, Great Scott I can't remember which side we're fighting for."

Several decades ago there lived in Charleston, W. Va., a judge noted for his boorish manners. A very finical lawyer whom he especially disliked was once trying a case before him, and all the while the barrister spoke the judge sat with his feet elevated on the railing in front of him hiding his face.

Exasperated by this the lawyer queried: "May I ask which end of your honor I am to address?"

"Whichever you choose," drawled the judge.

"Well," was the retort, "I suppose there is as much law in one as the other."

Charles Allen, an Arkansas planter, who enjoys the distinction of being the only white Republican in his section of the state, has in his employ an aged negro known as Uncle Reuben, who "fit fur de union endurin' de wah."

For some time the old man had been endeavoring to secure a pension from the government for this service. A few days ago, as Mr. Allen was riding by a field where he was plowing, Uncle Reuben hailed him with the words:

"Marse, I'se done got my pension, an' I wants to swear to it befoh you."

"Glad to hear that, Uncle Reuben, "but you must do your swearing before a magistrate. Squire McCabe is the man for you to see."

"Now, marse, quit tryin' to fool ole Reub. My li'le gal, who goes to school an' kin read writin', done read me frum dose papahs dat I mus' swar to dem befoh a notorious Republican, an' dem what you is, kase ever' one knows dat Squire McCabe am a Democrat."

Harper's Weekly.

The June bride frowned.

"These tomatoes," she said, "are just twice as dear as those across the street. Why is it?"

"Ah, ma'am, these"—and the grocer smiled—"these are hand-picked."

She blushed.

"Of course," she said, hastily; "I might have known. Give me a bushel, please."

A little chap in Philadelphia, whose father is a prominent merchant and, as such, never loses an opportunity to descant upon the virtues of advertising, one day asked his mother:

"May Lucy and I play at keeping store in the front room?"

"Yes," assented the mother; "but you must be very, very quiet."

"All right," said the youngster; "we'll pretend we don't advertise."

The following excuse in writing of a soldier at Fort McKinley, who was called before his company commander for missing "check" the other night, is on record:

"Sir—Being last evening in the company of associates of long standing, we became slightly inebriated by imbibing too freely of pernicious alcoholic liquors, and having become involved in argument concerning the spontaneity of the creation of the universe, we unfortunately neglected to note by our chronometers the march of time."

The Rev. Father Vaughn, well known throughout Europe as a preacher and lecturer, was one day discoursing on the subject of perfection. "Did you ever know anyone to be perfect?" he inquired of his hearers. "Did you ever read of any man or woman who was quite perfect?" Judging by the face of his audience, no one had ever known or read of a perfect man or woman. "Did you ever hear of anyone who was absolutely perfect?" was the next question. "Yes," came the immediate response from a woman in one of the back rows, "from all accounts my husband's first wife was perfect."

Varieties

The proportion of left-handed peopl is one in six.

Two thousand tons of fish are sen out of Siberia every year.

More than 5,000 tons of hides an skins are exported annually from Si beria.

New York City consumed 20,000,00 pounds of butter during the last month

In the pottery industry in German females earn $2.16 to $3 a week, an the males earn $2.88 to $7.20.

Chancellor Von Buelow declares i the reichstag that the American-Jap anese understanding is satisfactory.

Growers of the cocoa bean in Sout and Central America are planning trust to control the price of cocoa.

The French have nearly completed telephone system which covers the great possessions in Africa.

New York city has grown more in th use of telephones during the last thre years than London and Paris combined.

Mr. Kellogg, in Standard Oil inquiry brings out that profits of the Indiana com pany were $55,000,000 in seven years on capital of $1,000,000.

Charles A. Eckstromer, Swedish vic consul at St. Louis, who recently got int notice through a controversy with Pres dent Roosevelt, commits suicide.

New York city leads in the number o her newspapers and periodicals, for sh publishes the one-hundredth part of th entire output of the earth.

Theodore P. Shonts, arriving in Ne York from Paris, talks enthusiasticall about his new grandson, Duke d Chaulnes, but cannot remember all hi name.

One banker shoots at another in Spring field, Mo., as the result of a quarrel fo lowing the closing of the National Ex change bank, of that city, with deposit of $2,100,000.

Figures show that 7,418,200 speeche making about 200 tons of published mat ter, were distributed by the governmen printing office, at Washington, during th recent campaign.

After lively debate the Federal Coun cil of Churches of Christ in America meeting in Philadelphia, rejects a pla to close the public schools a half day week and teach the children religion.

Counsel for Princess de Sagan, speak ing in the trial in Paris, charges tha Count Boni de Castellane is moved b hatred and envy of de Sagan in tryin to secure possession of the children.

When President Castro's steame touches at Santander, Spain, it become known that he is going to Europe fo the double purpose of finding healt and settling all differences with foreig powers.

There are 157,000 models in the pat ent office which are about to be lodge in the national museum. Many of the are of historic interest. They will b under the care of the commissioner o patents.

A company capitalized at $50,000 ha been organized at Atlanta, Ga., for th purpose of manufacturing paper fro cotton stalks, a heretofore useless by product. It is claimed that paper ca be made from cotton stalks at a cos of about $15 a ton.

The Alaska-Yukon-Portland exposi tion will be held on the grounds of h Washington University, which will fal heir to the buildings and power plant Three of the buildings will be of rein forced brick and will be made use o permanently by the university after th exposition.

Czar Nicholas is really an Oldenburg although he is accepted as a Romanoff If his name were to be traced throug the paternal line it would be found tha the founder of his family was an Olden burg. But in accord with the generall accepted rule it is traced through the feminine line.

One of the steam shovels engaged i work on the Panama canal, in the oper ation of which more than 300 employe were engaged, recently lifted out quantity of dynamite which is describe in an official report as being "mor than a bushel." What would have hap pened if the shovel had struck the dy namite instead of the earth around i is easy to imagine.

A little more than seventy years ag there was no such thing as a brass ban in existence. The very first band entirel of brass dates no further back than 183 Prior to that time even the military mu sic was produced almost entirely from in struments of wood, and as recently a 1873 a full regimental band consisted o two oboes, two clarinets, two horns an bassoons.

Active road building in Turkey and th opening of a new field for the sale o American automobiles are expected to re sult from the imperial irade that permit ted motoring in the Ottoman empire American automobilists and motorcyclist are already showing a desire to tour b automobile through European and Asiati Turkey. On the Asiatic side of the Bos porus are long stretches of good roads.

Official reports give a good idea of th extent to which the rubber-planting in dustry has grown in the federated Mala states during 1907. Not far short of 50,0 acres were planted, an increase of 46 pe cent over the figures of the previous year and by December, 1907, practically 180,0 acres and 27,500,000 trees had been planted The output of dry rubber increased by 14 per cent, being 1,017 tons.

The council of the Royal College of Sur geons of England at a recent meeting re solved that steps should be taken at onc to admit women to the examinations o the conjoint examining board and to th examination for the diploma in publi health. It also resolved that wome should be admitted to the examination for a fellowship and to the examination for license in dental surgery on the sam footing with men applicants.

Eloquence is accounted the greatest o all possible gifts among the Arabs. Ac cording to Arab tradition, the most su perlative degree of eloquence was at tained by King David, such being th beauty of his diction, added to the poetry of his words, that when he declaimed th psalms even birds and wild beasts wer spellbound, while on some occasions a many as 400 men died from the excess o delight induced by his reading.

Edmond Thery, in his "Economic Prog ress of France," declares that the tota wealth of the nation is divided among it inhabitants more equally than is the cas in any other nation. The reports of th savings institutions show that there ar nearly 2,000,000 persons in the republi having deposits of $2,000 each, and 4,000,00 having $1,000 each. Government posta banks were established by France in 188 and have encouraged the habit of thrift.

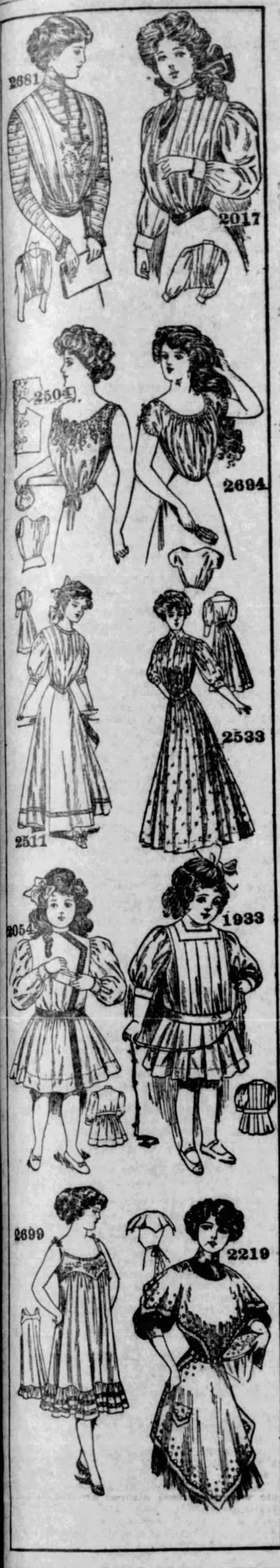
One of the most accurate marksme in the world is Lord Walsingham, wh is able to shoot wasps on the wing. Thi feat requires a marvelous eye and th steadiest of hands. To practice on wasp and other insect shooting he had a min iature rifle specially constructed. He als holds the record for an unsurpasse grouse bag, for, after shooting single handed for 15 hours, he had accounte for 1,070 grouse. On another occasion with 1,100 cartridges, he accounted fo 842 birds.

Ekokombi, calling himself a deity, ha appeared among the Congolese of th Mongo and Ngombe and created great ex citement. He has issued a command tha all charms and fetishes be destroyed o otherwise got rid of, and if in his cours any are found still in possession of thes they will be tortured or killed by som of his messengers. This has taken such a hold on the minds of the people all over the interior that strong as is their belie in the potency of their charms, they hav in most cases destroyed them.

There is nothing novel in the decre issued by the pastor of an American church against the big hats, says a writer in a Vienna paper. Toward the end of the thirteenth century great broad brimmed hats were fashionable in Aus tria. They were of such huge dimensions that a face under one of them could no be recognized. A poem written by Johannes Hadlaub expressed disgust with the style and the hope that the hats might be consigned to the Danube, "so that th pretty faces of our women might once more become visible."

Evelyn B. Baldwin, the arctic explor er, in a recent address at Harvard, tol of his latest plan for finding the pol "My scheme," he said, "is to reach th southern edge of the pack ice north o Bering Strait, reaching there in August and getting the equipment and ship arranged. In September, when the wa ter around the ship freezes, the ice flow and the ship will be one and they will move together in the floe. We are pub lic benefactors, because in this way we are saving coal, for the want of which many expeditions have previously been forced to be abandoned."

Bulgaria is sufficiently in the publi eye just now to compensate her for a total eclipse that lasted for three or four centuries. Between the oblitera tion of mediaeval Bulgaria by the con quering Turk and her very modern res urrection she disappeared more com pletely than Poland ever has. The very name of Budgaria was remembered only by the learned. Sir Charles Eliot points out that in journeying from Belgrade to Constantinople in 1834 Kinglake must have passed straight across Bul garia. Yet, when describing his trav els in Eothen, he makes no allusion to the country or its inhabitants.



TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2681—Ladies' Shirtwaist. The model here illustrated was developed in taupe broadcloth, the guimpe like portion being of all-over tucked net. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2017—Misses' Shirtwaist, tucked in box-plait effect. This is an excellent model for flannel serge or linen or Madras. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2504—Ladies' One-Piece Corset-Cover, with or without shield sleeves and peplum. Specially desirable for flouncings. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2694—Misses' Two-Piece Corset-Cover, slipped over the head. Nainsook, jaconet, batiste or silk are all adaptable to this charming undergarment. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2511—Misses' Semi-Princess Dress, in "Gibson" style, with high or Dutch neck, long or three-quarter sleeves and an attached five-gored skirt. This model may be worn as an evening dress if developed in any light material, while if developed in serge or cashmere it may be worn for every-day. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

2533—Ladies' House Dress, with waist having seamless yoke and long or three-quarter sleeves, and an attached five-gored skirt. A good model for flowered cretonne, challis or cashmere. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2054—Girls' Dress, with Russian closing and body lining. Dark red cashmere was used in the development of this neat little every-day frock. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1933—Child's One-Piece Dress, closed at back, with Dutch neck and three-quarter length sleeves. Golden brown serge was used for this little model. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2699—Ladies' Chemise. Sheer nainsook was used for this charming undergarment. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2219—Ladies' Chafing-Dish Apron, to be made of handkerchiefs or other squares. One size.

2685—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with shoulder yoke. An excellent model for any of the season's shirtings. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2526—Ladies' Tucked Shirtwaist, with plastron front. This is a very neat model for taffetas with collar, front panel and cuffs hand-embroidered. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2701—Ladies' Twelve-gored Skirt, Closing at center of back, Under and Inverted Box-plait. Serge, cheviot, broadcloth or velvet make up well in this style. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2686—Misses One-piece Skirt, with Straight Lower Edge and Inset Panels above plaits. This pretty model is adaptable to plain or bordered materials. 4 sizes—14 to 27 years.

2670—Child's Dress, with High or Low Neck and Long or Short Sleeves. The Empire style is particularly pretty and appropriate for the small girl, and is here shown developed in light-blue dotted challis. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

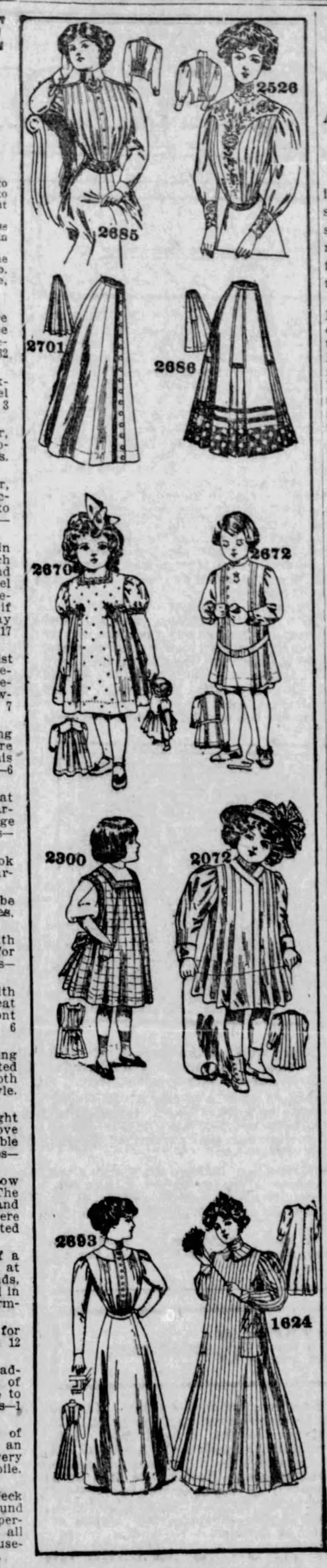
2672—Boy's Russian Suit, Consisting of a Tucked Blouse, with Sleeves plaited at Bottom or Finished with Wristbands, and Knickerbockers. Serge or flannel in any desired shade makes this a charming little suit. 5 sizes—2 to 6 years.

2300—Girls' Apron. An excellent model for lawn, linen or batiste. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2072—Childs' Tucked Coat. Taupe broadcloth was used for the development of this model, although it is adaptable to any of the season's coatings. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

2693—Ladies' House Dress, Consisting of a Waist Having Round Yoke, and an Attached Seven-gored Skirt. A very neat model for cashmere, serge or voile. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1624—Ladies' Sack Apron, with High Neck and Turn-down Collar or Dutch Round or Square Neck. Plain or figured percale, linen or checked gingham are all suited for the development of this useful garment. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.



WATCHES We offer again this season the line of Waltham and Elgin watches that proved popular last year, at prices lower than elsewhere retailed.

The cases used in our watches are the very best grades of 25-year and 20-year gold filled cases on the market. We make no extra charge for hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade.

We guarantee everything we offer you to be JUST EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED.

And you will find our prices lower than you can purchase the same quality for elsewhere.

The Waltham and Elgin watches are all stem wind and stem set.

ALL WATCHES ARE SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantages of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Nickel—Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel idex; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S WATCHES.

No. 101—18 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works	$11.50
No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$15.00
No. 103—16 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works	$12.25
No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$15.50
No. 105—18 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works	$12.50
No 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$17.00
No 107—16 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works	$14.50
No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$12.75
No. 111—16 size, 20-year open face, 7-jeweled works	$10.00
No. 113—18 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works	$10.50
No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$15.00
No. 115— 16 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works	$12.50

NICKEL SILVER CASES.

No. 116—18 size, 7-jeweled works	$5.30
No. 118—18 size, 15-jeweled works	$6.60
No. 119—16 size, 15-jeweled works	$8.75

LADIES' 6 SIZE.

No. 121—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$13.50
No. 123—20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$12.25

LADIES' 0 SIZE.

No. 124—25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$14.00
No. 125—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works	$17.50
No. 126—20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works	$13.00

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HOUSE MAKES RECORD

$31,000,000 Bill Is Passed Without Debate.

Washington, Dec. 12.—A new record in the transaction of public business was established by the house of representatives yesterday. The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, which usually excites much discussion and lasts for several days, was passed with little debate and practically in the shape in which it came from committee.

An unusual feature was that no member asked for time to indulge in general talk. The bill carries an appropriation of $31,665,320.

CERVERA RESIGNS

Madrid, Dec. 14.—Vice Admiral Cervera, who commanded the Spanish fleet in the battle of Santiago, was retired from the active list of the Spanish navy today at his own request on account of failing health.

CATARRH AND DEAFNESS TREATED FREE

I will send free, for 15 days' trial, a treatment which is curing thousands of cases of Catarrh and Deafness. I want every sufferer to try it at my expense. Address Dr. W. O. Coffee, Dept. 177, Des Moines, Ia.

TO GIVE $50,000,000

Rockefeller Is Interested in Education of Orientals.

Chicago, Dec. 12.—The Record-Herald today says that according to a professor of the University of Chicago, John D. Rockefeller will, as reported several months ago, devote $50,000,000 to the promotion of education in Oriental nations.

According to the story, Mr. Rockefeller will first await the reports of Prof. Ernest Burton and Prof. Thomas C. Chamberlin, who have been commissioned to investigate conditions in the Orient. Prof. Burton is now in India and Prof. Chamberlin and his son, Rollin, will start for China next month. President Judson, of the university, refused to confirm the report.

U. S. EARNS MILLIONS

Big Profits on Coinage of Silver and Pennies.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The government made a profit during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1908, of $10,541,371 on the coinage of silver, nickels and one-cent pieces. This represents the difference between the price paid by the government for the metals and their coinage value.

UNCLE JOE DENIES IT

Says He Is Not the "St. Peter of the House."

Washington, Dec. 10.—Speaker Cannon yesterday declared in a public address that never since 1890 had there been a time when under the rules of the house a majority of the members had not been able to register their will in legislation. He spoke to a delegation of 200 members of the Ohio Valley Improvement association, which presented him with a memorial urging the improvement of the Ohio river at a cost of $63,000,000 to be paid in bonds.

"I appreciate," said Mr. Cannon, "that you approach me because I occupy the office of speaker. I know they say I am the czar, and that I have more power to bind and to loose than had St Peter when it was said to him, 'On this rock I build my church.' But that is incorrect. The speaker's function is to preside over the house and to enforce its rules, and nothing more."

He then declared that in view of this fact it would rest with the committee on rivers and harbors to make recommendation in this as in all other matters pertaining to the improvement of the waterways.

JOB FOR CORTELYOU

Will Be Head of N. Y. Bank, Says Rumor.

New York, Dec. 12.—It is stated here, though the statement is not officially confirmed, that the presidency of the Union Trust company has been offered to George B. Cortelyou, secretary of the treasury.

The Union is the fourth largest trust company in the city. John D. Rockefeller keeps his personal account in it.

ROOSEVELT WILL WELCOME WORLD-CIRCLING ARMADA

Washington, Dec. 9.—President Roosevelt will welcome the return of the battleship fleet to Hampton Roads from its cruise around the world about noon, Feb. 22, details for which occasion are now being worked out at the navy department.

The exercises will take place as near as practicable with the President's yacht Mayflower in the same position as upon the departure of the fleet, Dec. 16, 1907. Admiral Arnold's third squadron of the Atlantic fleet is to meet the battleships in the Atlantic, possibly well on towards Gibraltar, and escort them home.

About 2,500 of the bluejackets of Admiral Sperry's fleet will be brought to Washington to participate in the inauguration ceremonies. After the review in Hampton Roads the fleet will go to New York, where the men will be given shore leave.

How to Get Rid of Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way, and it Costs Nothing to Try.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive, home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-four years, has been treating catarrh successfully.

His teatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of them. It cleans out the head, nose, throat and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased membranes and makes a radical cure, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do.

If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga., and he will send you by return mail enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all he claims for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds and all catarrhal complications. He will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write him immediately.

BILLIONS FOR FARMERS

Total Value of All Products In 1908 Estimated at $7,778,000,000.

Washington, Dec. 14.—The farm value of all farm products of 1908 reaches the most extraordinary total in the nation's history—$7,778,000,000. This statement is contained in the annual report of Secretary Wilson, of the department of agriculture, made yesterday.

Secretary Wilson says the farmer has created wealth by the billions. Production has been above the average of recent years, with few exceptions, and while some prices have fallen, others have risen.

Value of Farm Products.

The total value of farm products for 1908 is four times the value of the products of the mines, including mineral oils and precious metals. The farmer contributes 87 per cent of the raw materials used in those manufacturing industries which depend mostly or considerably upon agricultural materials, and these industries use 42 per cent of all materials used in all industries.

The gain in value of farm products in 1908 over 1907 is $290,000,000 and would have been much larger had not the prices of cotton and hay been low.

Indian Corn Greatest.

Greatest of all crops is Indian corn, whose production this year is 2,643,000,000 bushels. The value of this crop is $1,615,000,000.

For the first time in the history of this country's agriculture, the value of the cotton crop, including seed, has apparently exceeded the value of the hay crop, which has heretofore held second place.

The greatest hay crop in history has been gathered this year, 68,000,000 tons. The farm value of the crop is $621,000,000.

Wheat is 1½ per cent above the five-year average in production and 23 per cent above in total value.

Oat Crop Suffered.

Although the oat crop suffered from drouth, the value is $321,000,000 for 789,000,000 bushels.

The barley crop, 167,000,000 bushels, is 13 per cent above the five-year average, and its value, $86,000,000, is 23 per cent above. Both have been exceeded only once.

Rye remains in the notch that it has occupied in production in recent years, but its value, $22,000,000, is 17 per cent above the average.

The largest crop of rice ever raised, 23,000,000 bushels, is this year's, with a value of about $18,000,000.

All cereals aggregate 4,329,000,000 bushels a total that has been exceeded three times, but the value reaches $2,694,000,000.

The sugar beet crop has never been so large nor so valuable as it is this year.

Unfavorable weather made the potato crop only 275,000,000 bushels, or 5 per cent below the five-year average, although the value, $190,000,000, is 18 per cent above and was never equaled by any former crop.

Tobacco Production.

Tobacco production is still low in comparison with recent years, but the price is probably a little above that of 1907, when there was a decided increase above former years. The value of this crop is about the same as for 1907, and is higher than at any time before that year.

On account of the extremely low price of hops in 1907, the average production and value of 1908 are low and have been exceeded in many, former years.

For the first time, this year, the value of all farm crops equals $5,000,000,000, and of this total the value of the corn crop is about one-third; wheat, hay and cotton combined make more than another third; and the smaller crops the remainder, or nearly one-third.

Although the farmer gets hardly 20 cents a pound for his butter, between 3 and 4 cents a quart for his milk, and about 1½ cents for each egg, yet the value of the farm products of the dairy cow is getting close to $800,000,000, and the value of the eggs and poultry produced on the farm is worth as much as the cotton crop, seed included, or the hay crop, or the wheat crop.

DEFEND MARINE CORPS

Members of House Oppose Roosevelt's Order.

Washington, Dec. 12.—A movement is being considered by several members of the house looking to the overthrow of the recent order of the President withdrawing the marine corps from United States warships. Just what form the opposition to the President's order will take has not been decided upon, but one prominent member declares that, if the naval committee does not defend the marine corps, there probably would be a provision offered expressing the disapproval of that body of the President's policy.

Murder!

One gets it by highway men—Tens of thousands by Bad Bowels—No difference. Constipation and dead liver make the whole system sick—Everybody knows it—CASCARETS regulate—cure Bowel and Liver troubles by simply doing nature's work until you get well—Millions use CASCARETS, Life Saver! 882

CASCARETS 10c a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

ROOSEVELT GIVES CONGRESS SEVEN MESSAGES FIRST DAY

Washington, Dec. 9.—President Roosevelt sent seven messages to congress yesterday. The President has started the ball rolling with such a rush that congress is resigning itself to another busy session, instead of the tranquil one mapped out.

One of the messages has illustrations and six are without. The illustrated document, containing forty-four pages and eleven pictures, was the annual message proper. The six other communications dealt with topics not reached under the thirty-four divisions and their subdivisions, in the annual message. They comprised a lengthy report upon conditions at the Panama canal, a bale of correspondence between this government and Colombia, a presidential expostulation about a franchise granted to a sugar company in Porto Rico; another about the "Hull City Placer Mining company;" a message submitting a bill for a new system of raising a volunteer army in the United States, and another transmitting the second annual report of the juvenile court of the District of Columbia.

After declaring the present law to be faulty and wholly inadequate to a speedy and proper organization of a volunteer force, the President says the bill proposed, which was drawn under supervision of the chief of staff of the army, has the hearty approval of the war department. The message says further:

"It is designed to afford the complete machinery by which, should we be confronted with a foreign war, the executive power could proceed at once to transform enthusiastic and patriotic citizens into efficient and organized soldiers. Happily there is at present no cloud upon our horizon, but that every fact affords us the best opportunity to proceed with deliberation and care in the preparation of laws adequate and indispensable for our possible war needs."

When the congressmen discovered that page 31 of the message proper bore a very unsavory reference to the members who had interfered with one of the President's programs, they lost their equanimity. Elderly senators got into little groups, looked angry and talked vigorously. Speaker Cannon's full vocabulary was insufficient to express the ideas of many of the house members.

The row was caused by the wording of that section of the measure wherein the President discussed the secret service, saying that an amendment placed in the measure authorizing the secret service last winter "has been of benefit only, and could be of benefit only, to the criminal classes." The amendment provided that there should be no transfer from or details permitted in the secret service.

The declaration is regarded as equivalent to this: "It would be better to let the congressional criminals go if the machinery is allowed with which to catch the others." Of course, this kind of a stinger at the close of the paragraph was not calculated to soothe congressional ire.

T. R. AND TAFT TALK

President and His Successor-to-Be Hold Important Conference at the White House.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 12.—President Roosevelt and President-elect William H. Taft had an extended conference last night at the White House. Many matters relative to the present and next administrations were discussed, not the least important of which was a general talk regarding the Taft cabinet. The conference began after 10 o'clock at the conclusion of a dinner at the home of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and Mrs. Winthrop, attended by Mr. and Mrs. Taft.

During an interview between Judge Taft and Senator Aldrich the result of the work of the monetary commission was thoroughly gone over.

Judge Taft himself has gone over these matters somewhat in detail with Representative Burton, of Ohio, who is a member of the commission, and from what is said by those interested in the subject, the prediction would seem a safe one that the next administration will be favorable to the enactment of at least some of the recommendations which will be made by this commission.

George A. Knight, of California, was recommended for a cabinet position by Representative Duncan B. McKinley, of that state. Ohio politics was discussed between Wade Ellis, assistant United States attorney general, and Mr. Taft. Cardinal Gibbons and Father Ketcham conferred as special representatives of Catholic Indians in connection with matters pending before the Indian bureau at Washington.

BURTON IS AFTER TOGA

Will Go to Ohio and Plunge Right Into Middle of the Fight.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Representative Buron, of Ohio, on leaving the executive offices today, where he had called to pay his respects to President Roosevelt, reiterated former statements as to his senatorial candidacy.

"I am leaving tonight for Ohio," he said, "and expect to get right into the middle of the fight for senator. I am not thinking about any other position, and purpose to give all my time to that question until the matter is settled."

Asked whether he intended to resign as chairman of the house committee on rivers and harbors, he repeated that he was not thinking about anything at this time but the senatorship.

Mr. Burton declined to express an opinion on the proposition that has been made in Ohio to have the election take place in the open legislature, without preliminary caucus by the Republicans.

GEN. KEIFER WOULD INCREASE PENSIONS.

Washington, Dec. 12.—If the bill introduced in the house yesterday by Representative Keifer, of Ohio, is passed, all officers and soldiers drawing pensions from the United States on account of the loss of an eye while in the military or naval services, will have their pensions increased to $24 per month.

DEFICIT 114 MILLIONS

Cortelyou Says Figures Tell Own Story as to Tariff Revision.

Washington, Dec. 9.—The annual report of Mr. Cortelyou, the secretary of the treasury, shows a reversal of conditions for the fiscal year 1908, as compared with the fiscal year for 1907. For the latter year the receipts were $84,236,586 in excess of the disbursements. For the fiscal year 1908 the disbursements were $58,070,201 in excess of the receipts, due to business depression and increased appropriations. Fortunately, the report says, the available cash balance at the beginning of the fiscal year was $272,061,445.

Assistance in Panic.

The treasury was called upon in the latter part of October, 1907, to render assistance in a financial panic which started in New York city and which gradually extended over the entire country.

The amount of interest bearing debt on June 30, 1907, is shown to have been $934,902,760 and on June 30th, 1908, $897,503,990.

The receipts from internal revenue taxes for the fiscal year 1908, were $251,711,126, a net decrease from 1907 of $17,955,646. The customs receipts for the same period amounted to $286,113,130, a decrease for the year of about $46,000,000.

Deficit of 1907-08.

Basing his figures on the estimates of appropriations already submitted by the executive departments, the secretary is of the opinion that the excess of expenditures over receipts for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, may reach $143,046,796. The secretary estimates the deficit for the present fiscal year as $114,000,000.

On the subject of the revision of the tariff, the secretary says the new administration is pledged to a fair and equitable revision. The necessities of the government should be a guide, in part, to the measure and character of the revision. Data recorded in this report tell their own story. If the deficiencies reach anything like the figures given, ample provision must be made through new subjects of taxation, to provide adequate revenue. The earnest consideration of congress is especially urged to this phase of the subject.

TORTURE IN PRISON

Methods of Dark Ages Are Found in Kansas.

Guthrie, Okla., Dec. 12.—Allegations that modes of punishment belonging to the Dark Ages, such as the "crib," the the "waterhole," the "dungeon" and other obsolete methods of enforcing discipline prevail in the Kansas state prison at Lansing, are made in the first annual report of Miss Kate Barnard, commissioner of Charities and Corrections.

Oklahoma prisoners are cared for in the Kansas penitentiary.

DEATH ENDS SLEEP

Indiana Farmer Comatose for a Week.

Logansport, Ind., Dec. 10.—After having been asleep exactly one week, Peter Snyder, a farmer living near here, died today. A week ago he worked all day, husking corn. Since he retired rather early that night all efforts of physicians to arouse him failed. The doctors are greatly puzzled over the case.

ACCIDENTS KILL 35,000 IN UNITED STATES EACH YEAR

Out of 100,000 Deaths of Men, More Than Nine Per Cent. Due to Disasters, According to the Bureau of Labor.

Washington, Dec. 14.—From 30,000 to 35,000 workmen loose their lives in accidents in the course of their employment in this country during a year, according to a bulletin issued by the Bureau of Labor, Department of Commerce and Labor. The bulletin says:

By means of statistics from official sources and from insurance experience, is shown the high accident liability to which American workmen are subject. Census reports coverng the years 1900 to 1906 show that out of over 1,000,000 deaths of males, more than 9 per cent were due to accident. A large proportion of these deaths are due to causes more or less related to the occupation of the injured persons.

The liability of the workman to accidental injury or death is brought under a broad classification in five general groups, factories and workships, electrical industries, mines and quarries, transportation by rail, and transportation by water.

Of those employed in factories and workshops probably the most exposed class are the workers in iron and steel. Reports of 8,456 accidents to this class of workmen during the years 1901 to 1905 show that 4.1 per cent of the accidents to men employed in rolling mills resulted fatally.

Among nut and bolt workers in Pennsylvania the returns of the chief factory inspector show the fatal accident rate during ten years to have been 5.4 per 1,000, and in miscellaneous steel and iron work 4.3 per 1,000.

According to the industrial insurance experience the fatal accident rate of electricians and of electric linemen is excessive. Of 645 deaths of electricians 14.7 per cent and of 240 death of linemen 46.7 per cent were due to accidents.

In the anthracite mines of Pennsylvania the state inspectors have found that during ten years there have averaged annually 3.18 fatal accidents for every 1,000 men employed, and the rate is even higher than this for certain specific occupations in the mines. That this is excessive is shown by comparison with the death rate from accident of 1.29 per 1,000 in the British coal mines.

The reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission have shown that during ten years 16,363 railway trainmen lost their lives in accidents. This is equivalent to 7.46 deaths per 1,000 employes.

Of 505 deaths of sailors occurring in the experience of an industrial insurance company 17.6 per cent were due to accidents.

If the accident liability of employes in coal mines in the United States were reduced from 3.10 per 1,000, which was the average annual rate for the period 1897-1906, to 1.29 per 1,000, the average rate in the United Kingdom for the same period, the annual saving in human life would be 915. If the rate of casualties of railway employes in this country were reduced from 2.50 per 1,000, which was the average annual rate for 1897-1906, to 0.98 per 1,000, the average for the German Empire for the same period, the annual saving would be 1,735 valuable human lives.

Of the more than 30,000 wage-earners killed by accidents in the course of a year it should not be impossible to save at least one-third and perhaps one-half by intelligent and rational methods of factory inspection, legislation, and control.

SENATE GETS THRILLER

President Sends a Special Message in Brownsville Shooting—Delivers a Rap.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 14.—Washington and congress are being jarred in rapid-fire manner by President Roosevelt.

Last week, in his annual message, he started things by the secret service paragraph in the document. Today he gave the capital another thriller in a special message to the senate accompanying a letter from the secretary of war transmitting a report of the investigation of the Brownsville affair made by Herbert J. Browne.

Encouraged by Outsiders.

In speaking of the soldiers discharged for alleged participation in the "shooting up" of Brownsville, Texas, August 13, 1906, the president says:

"Moreover, there are circumstances tending to show that these misguided men were encouraged by outsiders to persist in their course of concealment and denial."

Although no names are mentioned, Washington believes that he refers to some of those who have been most active in defense of the negro soldiers. Senator Foraker, of Ohio, has probably been their strongest champion.

The message also recommends the passage of a bill authorizing the secretary of war to reinstate those men who prove themselves innocent.

The Message.

The president's message follows:

To the Senate:

I inclose herewith a letter from the secretary of war transmitting a report of the investigation made by Mr. Herbert J. Browne, employed by the department, in conjunction with Captain W. G. Baldwin, to investigate as far as possible what happened at Brownsville on the 13th and 14th of August, 1906. The report and documents contain some information of great value and some statements that are obviously worthless, but I submit them in their entirety.

This report enables us to fix with tolerable definiteness at least some of the criminals who took the lead in the murderous shooting of private citizens at Brownsville. It establishes clearly the fact that the colored soldiers did the shooting; but upon this point further record was unnecessary, as the fact that the colored soldiers did the shooting has already been established beyond all possibility of doubt. The investigation has not gone far enough to enable us to determine all the facts, and we will proceed with it; but it has gone far enough to determine with sufficient accuracy certain facts of enough importance to make it advisable that I place the report before you.

Almost All Concerned.

It appears that almost all the members of Company B must have been actively concerned in the shooting, either to the extent of being participants or to the extent of virtually encouraging those who were participants. As to Companies C and D, there can be no question that practically every man in them must have had knowledge that the shooting was done by some of the soldiers of B troop, and possibly by one or two others in one of the other troops. This concealment was itself a grave offense, which was greatly aggravated by their testifying before the senate committee that they were ignorant of what they must have known. Nevertheless, it is to be said in partial extenuation that they were probably cowed by threats, made by the more desperate of the men who had actually been engaged in the shooting, as to what would happen to any man who failed to protect the wrongdoers. Moreover, there are circumstances tending to show that these misguided men were encouraged by outsiders to persist in their course of concealment and denial. I feel, therefore, that the guilt of the men who, after the event, thus shielded the perpetrators of the wrong by refusing to tell the truth about them, though serious, was in part due to the unwise and improper attitude of others, and that some measure of allowance should be made for the misconduct.

Asks Reinstatement.

In other words, I believe we can afford to reinstate any of these men who now truthfully tell what has happened, give all the aid they can to fix the responsibility upon those who are really guilty, and show that they themselves had no guilty knowledge beforehand and were in no way implicated in the affair, save by having knowledge of it afterwards and failing and refusing to divulge it. Under the circumstances, and in view of the length of time they have been out of the service, and their loss of the benefits that would have accrued to them by continuous long-time service, we can afford to treat the men who meet the requirements given above as having been sufficiently punished by the consequences they brought upon themselves when they rendered necessary the exercise of the disciplinary power. I recommend that a law be passed allowing the secretary of war, within a fixed period of time, say a year, to reinstate any of these soldiers whom he, after careful examination, finds to have been innocent and whom he finds to have done all in his power to help bring to justice the guilty.

To Continue Probe.

Meanwhile the investigation will be continued. The results have made it obvious that only by carrying on the investigation as the war department has actually carried it on is there the slightest chance of bringing the offenders to justice or of separating not the innocent, for there were doubtless hardly any innocent, but the less guilty from those whose guilt was heinous.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The White House, December 14, 1908.

Account of Shooting.

Mr. Browne was employed by the war department to make a general investigation into the shooting at Brownsville. The report is a detailed account of the raid and the firing upon the houses in the little Texas town. It contains statements from various members of the company, and, according to the prober, shows conclusively that the negroes were guilty of the raid.

It says that it is shown that influences are still being exerted to get the negroes to adhere to their false testimony before the senate committee.

"Evidences of similar encouragement to stick to the lies told at Brownsville and before the senate committee were found in many places," says the report, "and subsequent to the date of the Foraker letter they became stronger and more obstructive than ever."

PRIMARY LAW GOOD

Chicago, Dec. 14.—That the new direct primary law of Illinois under which all state and county officers were nominated last August is constitutional was affirmed by Judge McSurley in the criminal court of Cook county today.

VANDERBILT LAWYER WOULD ESTABLISH TRAMP COLONIES

New York, Dec. 11.—Edmond Kelly, Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and former counsellor to the United States at Paris, legal adviser to the Vanderbilt family, and the lawyer who won for the Princess de Sagan a divorce from Count Boni de Castellane, has taken up Socialism.

At present Mr. Kelly's chief interest is in the tramp problem. He is wrapped up in it, and he proposes, with the assistance of the legislature this winter to attempt a solution which has been adopted in a number of European countries.

"Tramps form one of the biggest problems of the day," said Mr. Kelly. "Something has got to be done for them and with them. I have drawn a bill which will be submitted to the next legislature and which provides for a treatment similar to one which is being followed in France, Belgium and Switzerland. It is the colony system, and what I should like to see would be the establishment of at least three colonies in this state. The proposed law provides for an indeterminate sentence for those convicted of being tramps, with a maximum penalty of two years.

"I believe that under this system and with the proper men in control we shall be able to get at the professionally idle among the tramp element, and those who become tramps through their inability to obtain employment although willing to work.

"The greatest sufferers in this country from the tramp are the railroads. Mr. Panghorn, of the Baltimore & Ohio company, estimated only a short time ago that the damage sustained by American railroads in one year alone at the hands of tramps was $25,000,000."

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office, $60 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 12, London, Canada

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME. $1200 year and upwards can be made taking our Veterinary Course at home during spare time; taught in simplest English; Diploma granted, positions obtained for successful students; cost within reach of all; satisfaction guaranteed; particulars free. Ontario Veterinary Correspondence School, London, Can.

Men Wanted Quickly By Big Chicago Mail Order House to distribute catalogues, advertise, etc. $25.00 a week. $60.00 expense allowance first month. No experience required. MANAGER, Dept. 25 385 WABASH AVENUE, CHICAGO

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39 Marshall, Mich.

MARRY Wealth and Beauty. Marriage Directory Free. Pay when married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 44 Tekonsha, Mich.

MARRY RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (Sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

AGENTS PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, sheet pictures 1c, stereoscopes 25c, views 1c. 30 days credit. Samples & Catalog Free. Consolidated Portrait Co., 290—31 W. Adams St., Chicago

Would You Marry If Suited? Matrimonial paper with advertisements marriageable people, many rich, from all sections, mailed sealed free. D.G.Gunnels,Toledo,O.

ASTHMA AND CATARRH CURED TO STAY CURED No relapse. No return of symptoms. Whetzel system of treatment approved by medical authorities as the only system known to permanently cure the disease. FREE TEST TREATMENT including medicines, prepared for anyone giving a full description of the case and sending names of 2 asthmatic sufferers. Address FRANK WHETZEL, M.D., Dept. S, American Express Building, Chicago.

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SKUNK Highest price for Skunk and other furs. Send stamp to M. J. Jewett & Sons, Redwood, N. Y., Dept. 17.

MEN "New Life" for weak men sent in plain sealed wrapper, $1. Illustrated booklet FREE. Monarch Medicine Co., Dept. A. Box 458 Toledo, O

LEARN TELEGRAPHY! Great shortage of operators account new 8-hour law. We operate five schools under direct supervision of R. R. officials. Young men and ladies placed into positions in 4 to 5 months, under guarantee. Write for prospectus. NATIONAL TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, Dept. X, Cincinnati, O., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANCER CAN BE CURED! No Knife; No Plaster. Write BUFFALO CANCER SANATORIUM, 585 Elmwood Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

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SELL Tobacco and Cigars locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Full time or side line. Good pay; promotion; experience unnecessary. Address Morotock Tobacco Works, Box R-24, Danville, Va.

WOMAN Listen: A secret every married woman should know explained for 2c stamp. Box 98, R. R. 2, Fountaintown, Ind.

WANTED FARMS—Name and address of parties owning farms who will sell direct to purchaser. Address Lock Box 124, Calhoun, Ga.

FARM FOR SALE 93 acres good heavy land, 5 miles to Paw Paw, Mich.; 10 acres timber, nice location, buildings on bank of nice little lake with nice shade; only $2,500; time on part. J. M. Colburn, owner, Paw Paw, Mich. R. D. 5.

FOR SALE—A brick machine shop, well equipped with modern machinery; plenty of business; in good southern town, county seat; will acquaint and assist purchaser with business and starting. Also a soft drink bottling plant well equipped in same town; only plant in town. Also a fine business run by a good water power, modern equipments, with plenty buildings, with farm combined. Address Lock Box No. 3, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

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IT is a lifetime disease and transmitted from parent to child unless cured. TWENTY years experience has made us a master of this disease. The most desperate cases of BLOOD POISON positively cured. This you can do in the privacy of your own home. If you have tried all methods of treatment and still have Sores in Mouth or Throat, Pimples, Ulcers and Copper-Colored Spots on body, Falling Hair or Eyebrows, Aching, Shooting Pains in Head, Limbs, Bones or Muscles, or if you are Nervous or Threatened with Locomotor Ataxia—REMEMBER your old case of Blood Poison is responsible. There is only ONE SURE METHOD. WRITE for our FREE BOOK and Proofs of Cures. DR. LISTER CO., 113 Northwestern Bldg., Chicago

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MICE FEAST COST $11

Stamps Eaten and Uncle Sam Foots Bill.

Washington, Dec. 12.—After mature deliberation, the expert accountants of the United States treasury have decided to allow Postmaster Warren, of Detroit, $11.10 because of damage done to postal supplies in his office by mice.

Rodents doing business under his roof gave a little stag affair, at which the piece de resistance was postage stamps. From the size of the bill which Mr. Warren sent in the function appears to have been a complete success.

The postmaster general gravely tells all about the incident in a report sent to congress.

DEATH DISCLOSES "MAN" TO BE WOMAN.

Butte, Mont., Dec. 12.—The sudden death yesterday at Manhattan of "Sammy" Jones, aged 80, disclosed the fact that instead of being a man, as everyone in the vicinity of Manhattan for the past eighteen years had believed him to be, Jones was a woman. This discovery resulted when Undertaker Safley, of Bozeman, took charge of the body. She chewed tobacco and drank and associated freely with men.

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We will send you our great farm paper absolutely free for three months if you will do us a small favor. Just send us names and addresses of five good farmers and inclose 2-cent stamp. The Valley Farmer is a handsomely printed farm journal, established 15 years, edited by the ablest agricultural writers of the country, published on its own $20,000 rotary magazine press by the largest publishing house in the West, and read by over a quarter of a million people, its circulation reaching every state in the Union. Address, with stamp, Valley Farmer, 520 Jackson st., Topeka, Kas.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY

Let us feel today the duty of gladness we owe to our fellow-creatures. Let us give to them what we would receive.

MONDAY

Let us be content to work, to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it's little.

TUESDAY

The path of duty leads to the cradle of happiness.

WEDNESDAY

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies
And we mount to its summit round by round.

THURSDAY

The life that has spurned the lesson of sorrow, or failed to read it aright, is cold and hard; but the life that has been disciplined by sorrow is courageous and full of holy and gentle love.

FRIDAY

Beyond time's troubled stream,
Beyond the chilling waves of death's dark river,
Beyond life's lowering clouds and fitful gleams,
Its dark realities and fleeting dreams—
A beautiful forever.

SATURDAY

If you can't be a sun, resolve not to be a cloud.

FORGIVING AND FORGETTING

ELIZABETH AYRES

"I have forgiven, but I never shall forget."

It is common enough to hear these words from one who has been hurt, wronged or offended; in truth, they are too commonly spoken to have much weight. A qualified forgiveness is without value. When the memory of a wrong is cherished there is no real forgiveness, and the assertion, "I never shall forget," is proof that the forgiveness is not complete.

There is no merit in doing a thing half way. This applies to all endeavors of life, and it surely applies to forgiveness. To say, "I shall forgive," while in the heart still rankles the memory of the wrong that is outwardly pardoned is to speak falsely. There can be no forgiveness without the forgetting which effaces the memory of an injury.

The art of forgetting unpleasant things is a blessed art. To say, "I forgive you, and I shall forget what you have done," is a grand and brave thing to have said. To make the forgetting come true is a grand and brave thing to have done. It means a conquering of self, and it does not pass unrewarded, for with it comes a sense of peace that is akin to heaven.

Never to forgive and never to forget is an inexpressibly dreary and hopeless creed. Never is a long, dark day that has no ending. If there were no forgiveness, and forgetting life would be a weary journey, since there is none who is not, at some time, in need of both. There are few who have not been wronged, or misunderstood, and there are few who have not either wronged or misunderstood another. It is part of the give and take of life; part of its discipline which, if accepted in the right spirit, teaches a lesson that one is better for having learned.

If one by whom you have been wronged comes to you and says, "I am sorry, will you forgive me?" or if regret is shown by actions that often speak plainer than words, it is the greater generosity to be responsive to the spirit of the plea which has been made to you and to forgive and forget without mental reservations.

Life is too short to hold hatred and resentment. There are so many beautiful things with which to fill the mind, there should be no room for the things that darken it, especially when these dark thoughts arise from the smart of injured self. Self is always the hardest thing to conquer and forget. It is ever present and too frequently it is omnipotent. We grow hurt and angry because something has been said or done we do not like and, in our turn, we hurt or anger others in the same manner. The tie that binds us all together is an indestructible one, and it rests largely with ourselves whether it is a silken strand or a galling chain. The wrongs that human beings inflict upon one another are sometimes seemingly without pardon, but to hasten the righting of a wrong, there are no stronger factors than to forgive and forget.

Among the many wise and beautiful things written by Alexander Pope is this much used quotation: "To err is human; to forgive, divine."

There can be no question of the truth of this, so far as it goes, but to make the divinity complete, to the blessing conferred by forgiving, forgetting should be added as the benediction.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage, and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

WHERE DUTY LIES

Goethe, whose laborious patience after fifty-nine years brought Faust, that most brilliant conception, to a glorious consummation, has given us in one terse sentence a homily which all the sermons, tracts, and exhortations upon duty that have ever been written or delivered, cannot excel, nor do they cover the ground more fully than the words: "Do the duty that lieth nearest thee."

Here is no ambiguity, no flowery rhetoric to cover up the real meaning. Goethe's advice is straight from the shoulder. Obviously, one's nearest duty lies in the heart of the home circle. This is especially true as regards the wife and mother. To keep the cogs of the household machinery well oiled by industry, sympathy and an unlimited stock of patience, to know that not only the wee body of our child, but the immortal soul which it encases is, in a manner, entrusted to our temporary keeping, can there be in this world a nearer or a more sacred duty?

They say that man is mighty.
He governs land and sea.
He wields a mighty scepter
O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.
—Mrs. D. H. Zimmerman.

A MICHIGAN PIONEER

The call from Salome of Indiana caused me to pause in the midst of my labors to give an account of myself. Salome is only my pen name, though I admire it very much because of its significance.

I was born in a pioneer village on the shores of Lage Michigan on a cold, blustering day in March, 1867. When I was three months old my parents settled in the eastern part of Oceana county, Michigan, where they, with a few other families, composed the entire white population of the then new township. My father died when I was three years of age, leaving my mother with a family of children, located in a vast forest, our nearest neighbor being a mile distant, with heavy forest intervening.

The Pilgrim Fathers were not made of "sterner stuff" than were these, their posterity, who were born with a spirit to conquer all difficulties in the way of their advancement, and determination that right should triumph over wrong. Today, we may if we have any of the energy which is ours by right of inheritance, have and enjoy all of the most modern improvements. All honor to those who laid the foundation.

To me there is no place like Michigan, with her varied scenery, her hundreds of lakes and streams abounding with fish of many varieties, and the great diversity of trees, plants and eatables that can be grown here. A part of my life has been spent in teaching, both before and after marriage. I have been married twenty years, and have one child, a daughter nearly fifteen years of age.

We own a tract of 800 acres which we are holding for advanced prices when the new railroad from Grand Rapids to Ludington commences operations. We have just leased three acres of ground to a company for a lumber plant. It will be lighted with electricity and is to run night and day. It is about twenty rods from our house, and as we now have free mail and telephone connections, we shall think we are in some city. Forest fires have raged all around us, but no great damage to anything except timber has been done.

The editor asked some time ago what we were doing. We have been building fences, clearing land, harvesting fall crops, washing carpets, covering quilts, caring for fruit and doing fall sewing. When I have carpets to wash I hang them over the line and get as much dirt out as possible, then I rip them apart, wash with a scrubbing brush and rinse them in many waters, putting them through the wringer folded each time. Pull the carpet over a board that is at least two feet wide, and fastened up high enough to work on conveniently. Place a large wash basin of water on one side, a bar of soap on the other, and set the boiler underneath to put the carpet in as it comes over the board. I scrub it on both sides, pulling one end out of the boiler over the board again. After rinsing thoroughly hang double on the line. This is the easiest way for me to clean a very dirty carpet.

I will tell you the rest some other time.—Salome of Mich.

A MICHIGAN SISTER

I enjoy reading the Cozy Corner letters very much, especially those which are written by our Christian sisters. I think we should live as near right as possible. I believe as Rosa Bell does, that much good comes from attending church and prayer meeting. One learns so much about the Bible in attending prayer meeting.

My husband is very kind and good, and we are happy. God has given us three dear little boys and we are trying to bring them up to love and serve Him. We have always lived in Michigan, with the exception of about six months spent in Ohio. We think Michigan the "only place."—Michigan Mamma.

A MESSAGE.

Dear Sisters:—We are neighbors if we are hundreds of miles apart. My home is way back in the mountains of Vermont. Although it is beautiful here in the summer, the winters are very long and cold. Our children are grown and have left us.

I fall in line with the dear sister who thinks it her duty to care for her parents. The Lord will bless you. Love your parents. Stand by them, no matter what comes.—Yours of the Far Away.

You are very welcome to join us, and we shall be glad to have you come with a letter when you feel like it. Your first letter was printed. Probably you overlooked it.—Editor.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

If it seems a long time before your letters appear in print, do not be discouraged. You know we are a large family, and it takes quite awhile to get around, especially when we are constantly welcoming newcomers, but you may be very sure, we are always glad to hear from you.—Your Editor.

Clinton Girl—Thank you for your approval of The Blade. Write again and describe your "beautiful little city." Our readers are interested in descriptive letters.

It's faith in something and enthusiasm for everything that makes life worth living.

Letters recently received are from Susie of Ky., M. E. M., Joy, The Fisherman's Daughter, Blue Bell, Hoosier, Teddy Girl, Blue Bell, of Washington; Annettie C., Madge Bee and Two Old Folks.

All letters for this page should be addressed to The Weekly Blade, Toledo, O., with "Household Editor" written on the lower left-hand corner of the envelope.

Watch for our Christmas page. You will surely like it.

LETTERS FROM CHILDREN

THE SNOWFLAKES

Softly down from the cold, gray sky,
On the withering air they flit and fly;
Resting anywhere; there they lie,—
The feathery flowers!
Borne on the breath of the wintry day,
Leaves and flowers and gems are they,
Fresh and fair as the gay array
Of the sunlit hours.

I am a little boy eight years old and I was sick all summer, and just yesterday I made out this poem, and I hope you will publish it in the paper. This is the poem:

I am a small but plucky lad,
I like to go to school,
I am sometimes good, but most times bad,
But I have to mind the rule.
John W. Dittenhaver, Toledo.

I am a little girl nine years old. My name is Gertrude Fuller. My grandfather Fuller was a soldier in the civil war, 97th Illinois. Please some of the soldiers' grandchildren send letters to The Blade. My grandpa is 71 years old, and in very good health most of the time. He was in the siege of Vicksburg. Do any of the comrades remember when grandfather shot the cow, while on picket duty, thinking it an enemy?—Gertrude Fuller.

I am a little boy seven years old. I live in the country. I have two brothers. Their names are Virgie and Gail. I like to go to school. My studies are reading, writing, arithmetic, language and spelling. We take The Toledo Blade and I enjoy reading the children's letters. I have an owl for a pet.—Deward Hauenstein.

As I have been reading the letters from the children, I thought I would write one, too. My father has taken The Blade for a number of years and I delight in reading letters from the children. I am a girl 13 years old. I go a mile to school and am in the sixth grade. I live in Tennessee, near Greenville, one of the oldest towns in the state, being the burial place of Andrew Johnson, who was called the "great commoner," and whose tomb is visible for nearly a mile, as it is situated on a hill overlooking the town. The site of his burial place has been designated a national cemetery, and beautified and cared for by the national government.—Lillian.

We will ask to be admitted to your club for we have often thought of writing. We live on a farm of forty acres. The farm is a mile and a half from town. Father works sixty acres of land besides. We raise cows, horses, pigs, chickens and two calves. For pets we have two cats and a dog. There are three girls and two boys in the family. Our orphan cousin lives with us. We are sisters and come from Baraboo, Wis. We will sign our names Humming Bird and Honeysuckle.

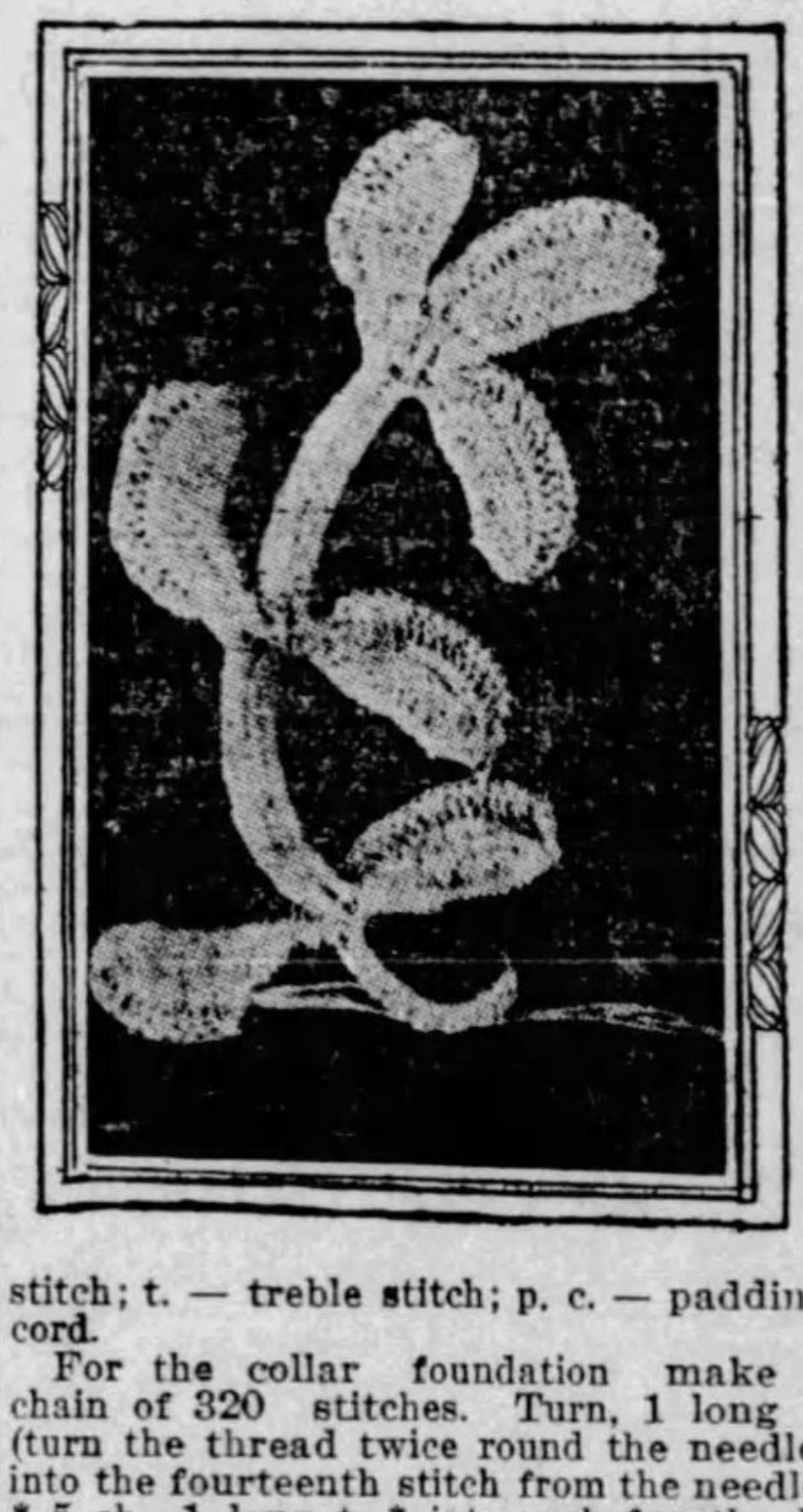
I am a girl of the west, that is of Nebraska. I go to school. We only had five months of school. I am in the seventh grade and am fourteen years old. We have eleven scholars in our school. I like my teacher. Her name is Miss Alvena Schmidtz. I live on a farm of about two thousand acres. We have a number of cattle and some horses. I have for pets a cat and a pony that my uncle got for me. I came here from Iowa. I like the west very much. I have one brother and two sisters. My brother is six years old and my sisters are nine and nineteen years old.

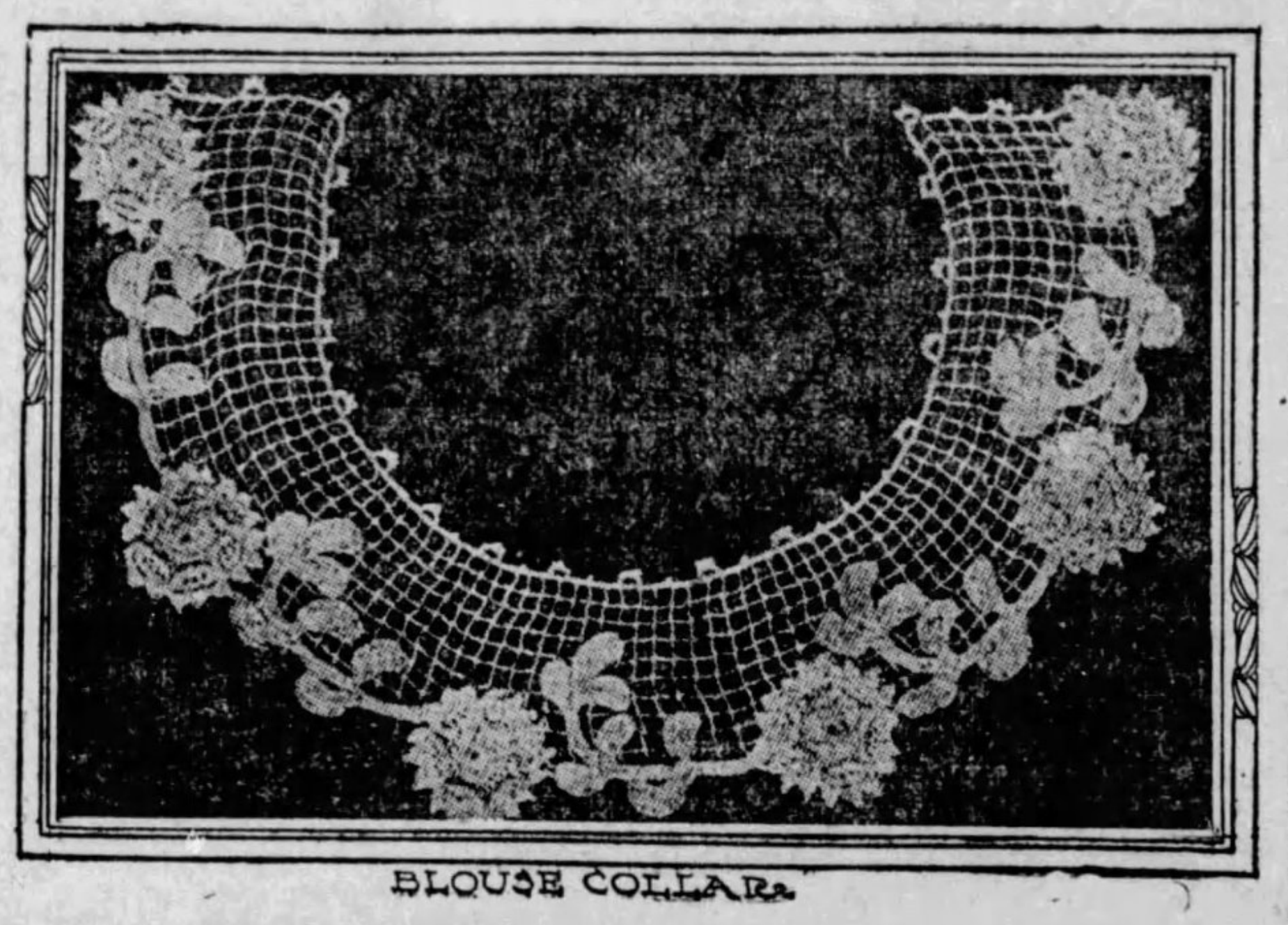
I like to read the letters in The Blade. Well, as this is my first letter I will close with a conundrum. Twelve pears hanging high, twelve men passing by, each took a pear and left eleven hanging high. The answer is that one man's name was Each, and he took a pear.—Elizabeth Fuller.

NEW CROCHET LACE DESIGNS

Very dainty and distinctive looking is the new Irish crochet, in which the motifs are appliqued on a foundation of a crochet imitation of filet net. By varying the length and number of the stitches in this new foundation the "mesh" can be made any size liked. It can be worked in every shade or combination of shades, and made much more quickly than the "hand made" net. The arrangement of the motifs on the foundation can be varied to suit individual taste and will make most acceptable Christmas gifts.

In the handsome blouse set for indoor wear illustrated No. 50 Irish lace thread was used, with No. 10 padding cotton, and a No. 6½ crochet hook. Abbreviations:—ch. — chain stitch; d. — double stitch; t. — treble stitch; p. c. — padding cord.





BLOUSE COLLAR.

For the collar foundation make a chain of 320 stitches. Turn, 1 long t. (turn the thread twice round the needle) into the fourteenth stitch from the needle. * 5 ch., 1 long t. * into each fourth ch. to end. * 9 ch. to turn, 1 l. t. into next l. t. of first row, 5 ch. 1 l. t. into each l. t. to end of row *. Repeat twice more, then work three rows with 6 ch. between the trebles, followed by another three rows with 7 ch. between the trebles.

Commencing at the right hand side, work the edging by making 10 d. over the outer stitches, * 8 ch., turn these backward to the right, and fasten to the fifth d. Into this loop work 3 d., 6 ch., 3 d. 6 ch., 3 d., 6 ch., 3 d. 10 d. over the edge, 6 ch. to form a picot. 10 d. over the edge * and repeat up this side, along the top and down to the opposite corner.

This foundation must now be damped, pulled into correct shape and well pressed with a hot iron on the reverse side, so that the meshes may be perfectly even before tacking on the motifs.

The foundations for the cuffs are begun on the chain of 174 stitches, and contain eight rows of meshes, same as first eight rows of the collar, with the edging worked in the same way.

Fig. 1.—For this motif, one dozen of which will be required, wind the p. c. 20 times round a small mesh, and into the ring so formed work 30 d. Join first and last stitches by hooking the thread through both together. 3 ch. into each d. on ring, fastened with 1 d. Make 4 more rows of 3 ch. loops, fastened to the center of each 3 ch. loop of preceding row.

Fasten a four-strand p. c. to the last stitch of fifth row of loops and worked closely over it into next 5 loops. 20 d. over p. c. alone, turn these downward to the right, and fasten with 1 d. over p. c. to the first d., bringing the p. c. along the top of the d. into the loops, and working over it alone * 1 d., 5 t., 6 ch. to form a picot over fifth t., 5 t., 1 d., * fasten this and repeat twice, placing the groups of t. so that they lie evenly over the first 5 loops. Repeat this group of trebles 5 times. Fasten off the p. c. securely on the back of the work, and cut away superfluous thread.

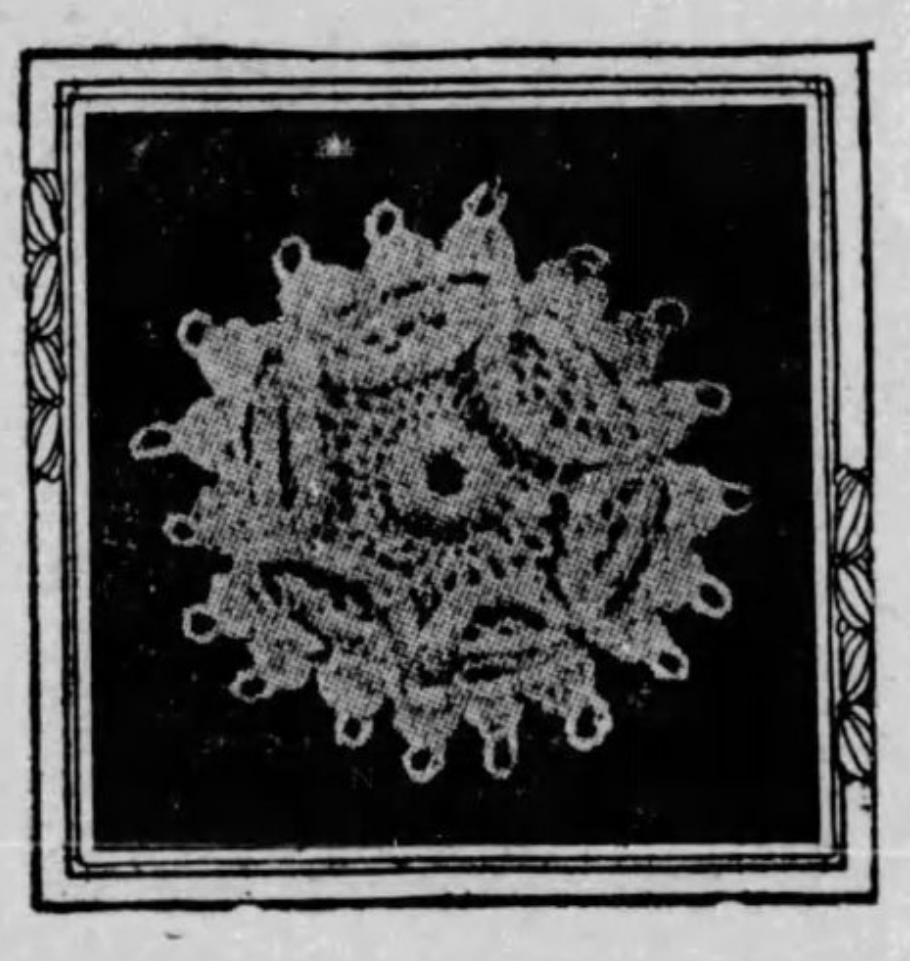
Fig. 2.—For this spray work over a four-strand p. c., * 30 d., 18 t., 2 d. Turn, miss 2, 1 d. into next t., 1 t. into each t. 2 d. into next 2 d., *. Repeat twice, 2 d. over p. c. alone, 3 d. into next 3d. on last leaflet, 20 t., 2 d. Turn, miss 2, 1 d. into next t. 1 t. into each t., 1 d. into each d.

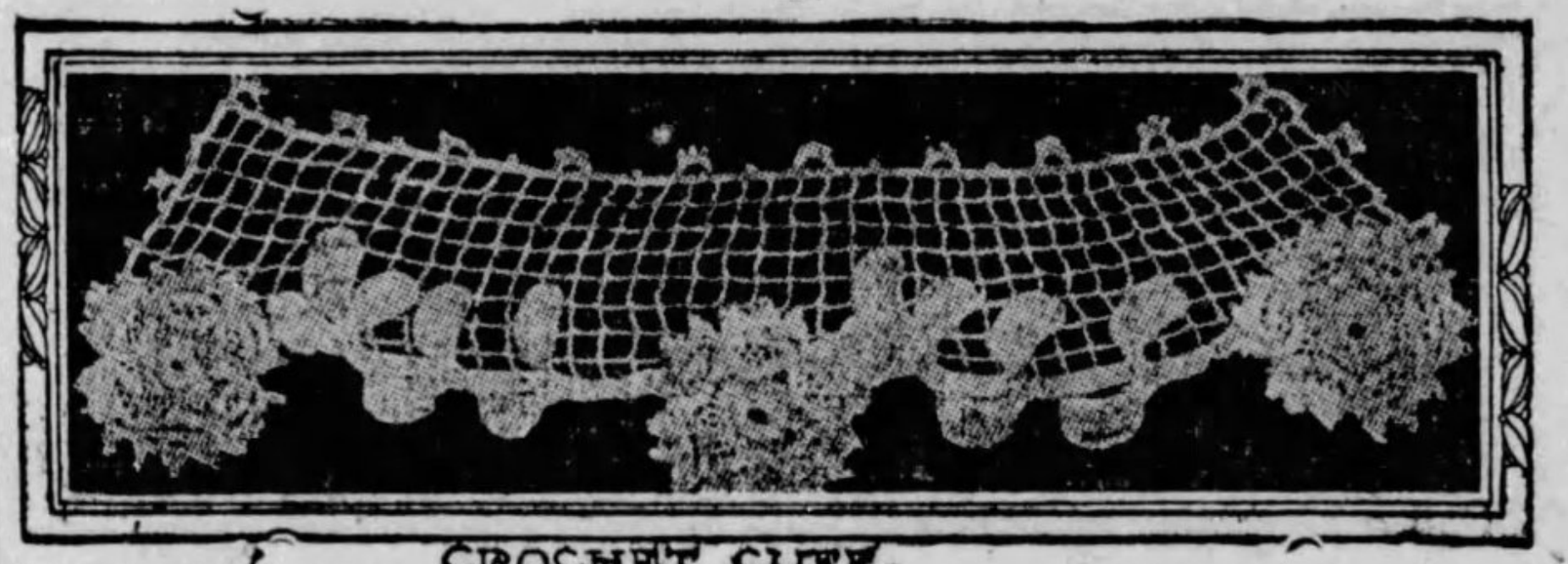
2 d. over p. c. alone. 4 d. over p. c. into last 4 d. of preceding leaflet, 15 t., 2 d. Turn, miss 2, 1 d. into next t., 1 t. into each t., 1 d. into each d. down the stem to next leaflet on opposite side. Form leaflets on this side corresponding with those opposite, and work d. into the stem to the end.

Nine of these sprays are required.

The motifs must be damped and pressed in the same manner as the foundation before tacking them in place, after the manner illustrated; then turn the back of the work toward you, and sew the foundation carefully to the motifs all around.

Remove the tacking threads, and press the entire work on the reverse side with a hot iron. This completes a charming blouse set in the very latest style.





CROCHET CUFF.

Insertion or lace to match can readily be made by commencing the foundation on a chain equal to the depth required, and putting an equal number of stitches in all the meshes.

For insertion, arrange the motifs along the center of the foundation, and an edging similar to that of the collar can be worked at each side if liked, says the Queen.

For lace, arrange the motifs as in the collar, and work the edging at the opposite side.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can
In all the ways you can
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Today we have a letter from one of our long-time members to head the column. Miss Prudence takes the liberty of speaking for the entire circle, and is glad to say to Omega, "Welcome to our city."

Many days have passed since last I greeted my M. G. R. friends. I come again to inform New England Girl that when she "spilled the tea" I awoke from my peaceful repose and made another resolution to write, which was soon broken. Tell Olive Branch, also, the reason that I have remained silent so long is I did not wish to try the patience of the editor.

"What do you consider is success?" is one of the most absorbingly interesting questions suggested for discussion in these columns for some time, and no doubt many opinions will be given as to what constitutes success. From my point of view the successful life is the one that makes itself happy and also does its duty towards its fellow-beings and God." "To cultivate and develop your own character until you master it," would indeed be a great success, but, alas, how very few accomplish this. The life that is actuated by the most unselfish motives is a very successful life. Those who seek entirely for self imply the deprivations of others which, sooner or later, will cause pangs that the pleasure of possession can never counteract, but he who lives a truly unselfish life, who always gives the welfare of everyone around him precedence to his own will find nothing wanting in the making up of a successful life. Whatever we aim at the surest way to succeed is by unceasing toil. We can overcome weakness and disappointment by patient effort. That you all have a merry Christmas and a successful future over which the sunlight may ever shed its beam of gold is the sincere wish of—Omega.

In answer to the question regarding success, to my idea it is to be a truly noble character. The person who meets the duties of life with a cheerful, willing heart and hand, no matter how lowly the duties; who has high ideals founded on right thinking; who is God fearing, but not man-fearing; who sees the best in others and cultivates the best in himself. The one who develops his talents—no matter how limited the talents—to the extent of his ability, and who is sincere. Deliver me from the insincere friend.

Those who have read the Choir Invisible will remember the author claims that insincerity spreads over the nature as one grows older. He says: "I knew young people over whose minds insincerity had begun to creep like a slip of a plant up a wall; old ones over whose minds it lay like a poisonous creeper hiding a rotting ruin."

Last, but not least, a quality which is necessary to make one a success, is stability. The noble character is one whose word is as good as his bond. Who has no schemes, for his life is an open book to the world.

I respect and admire the old lady that Moody tells of during war times. When the report came that the enemy was approaching she gathered up the poker and, being asked what she could do in battle with the poker, she said she could let them know on which side she was.

By no means are the same influences thrown around each of us, nor have we the same opportunity or ability to attain fame or wealth, but the road to a noble character is clear for all, and each should try and fill his little niche in life.

Mary V. you have my sympathy, but be of good cheer; the clouds will pass and the sky be brighter for their presence. Be thankful for your mother's care. I am among the many who know what life means without a mother.

Salome of Indiana: I will guess that your home is Evansville. My father, like yours, works for Uncle Sam, but I am not his deputy. In your visits this summer you probably passed through my home town, which is the first village on the E. & I. from the Vigo county seat.

Let us hear again from R. M. Prior, Carolyn, Buckeye Schoolmarm, Aunt Wah, Bookie, Florida Bach, Othello, Old Maid of N. Y., Illinois, Hoosier Lu, etc.

Olive Branch: I, for one, would be glad if you followed your inclination and sent a letter to the M. G. R. every week.—A Jolly Spinster.

As I have not seen any letters from the Magnolia state I thought I would write one. I enjoy reading the M. G. R. letters very much. I live in Hinds county, near the Hanging Moss creek. Every tree is covered with moss and it is just beautiful. My father owns a hundred acres of land one mile from Pearl river. We go down on the river for many of our picnics. I have found an Indian skull and some arrow heads around here. Father has a collection of Indian relics. There is a large stone two feet long and one wide which was used to grind corn on. He has a string of Indian beads, four feet long. They are cut out of stone. Some of them are red, but when held up to the light they are green. We have an Indian chief's coat made of buckskin. It is about four feet in length, with fringe on the lower edge and across the top and back of the sleeves. Father traded with the chief, giving him a black coat of our kind. We have a turtle shell two and a half feet long and three feet wide. Three men got on the turtle's back and he walked away with them. Then we have a piece of redwood bark from California, and several beautiful shells. I wish some of the M. G. R.'s could have been here at the Mississippi state fair. It was better than ever this year. I have many post cards of the fairground. I have qute a collection of post cards which are all of streets, buildings and towns. I do not think comic cards are very nice.—May Flower.

I am much interested in our new subject, success. Your opinions as to what it is are good, but do we consider the price of success?

There is but one method of attaining excellence, and that is hard labor. Work! work! work! is the motto of scores of men who have left their mark upon the world. We are the sum of our endeavors. Our reward is in the race we run, not in the prize. He who would succeed must pay the price. He must not look for a "soft job." Into work which he feels to be a part of his very existence he must pour his whole heart and soul. He must be fired by a determination which knows no defeat, which cares not for hunger and ridicule, which spurns hardships and laughs at want and disaster.

They were not men of luck and broadcloth, nor of legacy and laziness, but men inured to hardship and deprivation—not afraid of threadbare clothes and honest poverty—men who fought their way to their own goal, who have pushed the world up from chaos into the light of the highest civilization. They were men who, as they climbed, expanded, and lifted others to a higher plane and opened wider the doors of narrow lives. This is what I consider the price of success.

The slow penny is surer than the quick dollar. The slow trotter will outtravel the fleet racer. Genius darts, flutters and tires, but perseverance wears and wins. The all-day horse wins the race. The afternoon man wears off the laurels. The last blow drives home the nail."—McKinley W. Kriegh.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Erase "cannot" from your dictionary. You can never tell what you can do till you have tried.

Pet—Thank you for your Christmas message. Come again some other day.—Miss Prudence.

Brunette and May and Dulcie have written to the column recently. We have heard from Olive Branch also, but at present things are rather quiet in the M. G. R. I think you must all be very busy with Christmas, so you're excused for not writing. After the holidays we should have one of our old-time reunions. Several have suggested it.

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THE BIRD THAT WOULDN'T SING

Baby Isabel had been taught a little verse to say to the assembled friends and family on the evening of her father's birthday. Aunt Jinsey had left the baby asleep, and was dressing the three older children of the Broadlands plantation for that important function.

Pate and Patricia were already glorious in their stiffly starched white linen and lawn; and America, the younger nurse girl, was kneeling on the floor buttoning Isabel's white sandals.

Her work was interrupted by that young person stamping a minute foot, as she declared, "I won't say it—I knows it, but I dest won't say it! So there!"

This was so unexpected an outbreak from the gentle youngest that Aunt Jinsey failed to respond with her usual caution concerning a Raw-Head-and-Bloody-Bones who waited about on dark stair corners for children who stamped their feet and wouldn't mind.

America, the younger and more placatory in her methods, patted the small white-clad foot with her horny black hand. "You 'minds me ob dat bird dat wouldn't sing," she said, with a smile cunningly reminiscent.

tA this suggestion Pate spoke up eagerly. "If it's a tale, tell it to us while you brush Belle's hair," and Patricia added, "Tell her that you'll tell the tale if she'll speak her piece." America looked down into a very obstinate little face, with the lips shut in a tight line.

"Meriky gwine tell de tale to please her baby," the black girl said affectionately. "We ain't gwine talk 'bout ma's slippers, nor threaten nobody. Dest listen hyer, sugar baby: Once 'pon a time dey was a mockin' bird what lib in a bush right outside de winder ob the prin-cess. Ebery mornin' dat mockin' bird wake de prin-cess up wid he song. Ebery night he sing her to sleep. De prin-cess think as much ob dat bird as she do ob her whole kingdom.

"Now, de mockin' bird gittin' ol', an' he got a son dat he trainin' up fo' to sing for de prin-cess when his time done past.

"But when de daddy mockin' bird done die, young Mr. Mockin' Bird been goin' 'bout wid dese-hyer ol' bluejays, an' he got bad notions in he head.

"'What I wants to sing fo'?' he say, an' stamp he foot est like dat. 'What I wants to sing fo'? De prin-cess kin git her a jew'sharp to make her music!'"

Pate and Patricia had been eager to point the moral when America spoke of the young bird stamping his foot; but she shook her head at them, and went on: "So den dar wa'n't no mo' singin' to wake de sweet prin-cess up nor to put her to sleep. She pine an' pine, she did; an' she go to her daddy, de king, whar he set in his gold armcheer in de pahlor, wid a di'mon' crown on he head. 'Daddy, my mockin' bird done quit singin', an' I 'druther gib up de kingdom dan do widout he song,' she say.

"'Hit's dese-hyer jay birds done run him off, my honey chile, dat what hit is,' say de king.

"'Oh, daddy, please, suh, git de soldiers out an' left dem kill de jay birds,' say dat prin-cess.

"'Dat I will, my honey chile,' he say. 'Dat I will. 'Case I plumb 'spises a jay bird. Hit gib me a misery in my stomach when dey squall.'

"So de king tell his soldiers to take deir guns an' hunt all 'bout de plantation for dem jay birds. By an' by, d'rec'ly, one ob 'em come to de bush whar sot young Mr. Mockin' Bird what wouldn't sing. He up wid he gun, he did, an' pi'nt hit straight at Mr. Mockin' Bird. 'Hi! Dar's a jay,' he say.

"'Oh, no, dat must be my mockin' bird,' say de prin-cess, puttin' her head out de winder.

"'Ef you'll 'scuse me, Missy Princess, dat ain't no mockin' bird,' de soldier say. Hit right dark dar in de bushes, an' he cain't see de color. 'Dat sho'ly ain't no mockin' bird, Missy Prin-cess; 'case ef hit was, he'd be a-singing'.'

"Lan' sakes! How skeered dat bird was! You reckon he sing, baby? Sing? He sho'ly did. Look like he up an' turn loose all dem songs what he been holdin' back, an' bottlin' down, when he ort to been singin' 'em fo' de prin-cess; an' he in sich a monstrous hurry, he never stop to sort out de notes nor the chunes—dey dest bust out, all matted up togedder. He sing tell hit sound like a band playin'. He sing tell he most fall outen de bush.

"De prin-cess clap her hands, an' de soldier laugh; an' de king call from de pahlor winder to know what de joke.

"'Look like he hear you,' say de prin-cess to de soldier man.

"'He sho' sing fo' deah life,' say de soldier, whar he stan' a-laughin', watchin' po' little Mr. Mockin' Bird take a big breff, swell hisself up, an' turn out de chunes.

"An' dat dest what Mr. Mockin' Bird singin' fo'—deah life—'case he skeered de soldier man gwine kill him fo' a jay. He sing to show he quality. He sing to show he blood an' raisin'. He sing to show dat he de pick ob de country—dest like you gwine be, my sugar baby, when you go downstairs. Now Meriky done got yo' hair all fix purty."

"I'll say my piece," Isabel remarked amiably, giving a hand to brother and sister.

"I'm the soldier man," giggled Pate, "and I'm going to see that she does."

But gentle Patty shook her head reprovingly. "I'm the princess," she put in, smiling on the baby sister; "and I wouldn't let anybody hurt my mocking bird, even if it didn't sing."—Grace MacGowan Cooke, in The Woman's Home Companion.

THE POETS' CORNER

SANTA CLAUS ON THE TRAIN

By Henry C. Walsh.

On a Christmas eve an emigrant train
Sped on through the blackness of night,
And cleft the pitchy dark in twain
With the gleam of its fierce headlight.

In a crowded car, a noisome place,
Sat a mother and her child;
The woman's face bore want's wan trace,
But the little one only smiled,

And tugged and pulled at her mother's dress,
And her voice had a merry ring,
As she lisped, "Now, mamma, come and guess
What Santa Claus'll bring."

But sadly the mother shook her head,
As she thought of a happier past;
"He never can catch us here," she said,
"The train is going too fast."

"Oh, mamma! yes, he'll come, I say,
So swift are his little deer,
They runs all over the world today—
I'll hang my stocking up here."

She pinned her stocking to the seat,
And closed her tired eyes,
And soon she saw each longed-for sweet

On a seat behind the little maid
A rough man sat apart,
But a soft light o'er his features played
And stole into his heart.

As the cars drew up at a busy town
The rough man left the train,
But scarce had from the steps jumped down
Ere he was back again.

And a great big bundle of Christmas joys
Bulged out from his pocket wide;
He filled the stocking with sweets, and toys
He laid by the dreamer's side.

At dawn the little one woke with a shout,
'Twas sweet to hear her glee;
"I knowed that Santa would find me out;
He caught the train, you see."

Though some from smiling may scarce refrain,
The child was surely right,
The good Saint Nicholas caught the train,
And came aboard that night.

For the saint is fond of masquerade
And may fool the old and wise,
And so he came to the little maid
In an emigrant's disguise.

And he dresses in many ways because
He wishes no one to know him,
For he never says, "I am Santa Claus,"
But his good deeds always show him.

JUNGLE BELLS

Dashing thro' the snow
In a one-horse, open sleigh;
O'er the fields we go,
Laughing all the way;
Bells on bob-tail ring,
Making spirits bright;
What fun it is to ride and sing
A sleighing song tonight!

CHORUS.

Jingle, bells! jingle, bells,
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!
Jingle, bells! jingle, bells!
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
In a one-horse open sleigh!

A day or two ago
I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fannie Bright
Was seated at my side;
The horse was lean and lank;
Misfortune seemed his lot;
He got into a drifted bank
And we—we got upsot!

Now the ground is white;
Go it while you're young;
Take the girls tonight
And sing this sleighing song;
Just get a bob-tailed bay,
Two-forty for his speed;
Then hitch him to an open sleigh,
And crack! you'll take the lead.

THE RIDE OF JENNIE McNEAL.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Paul Revere was a rider bold,—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one,—
Often it has been dwelt upon;
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie M'Neal.

On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage, cozy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all the many who pass'd their door:
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years:
With vim her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing;
And, while her friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
Look'd solemnly quick to heed her call;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true.
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie M'Neal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain-clouds linger'd overhead,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,
Close after a knock at the outer door
There enter'd a dozen dragoons or more,
Their red coats, stain'd by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers show'd,
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, "Madam, please give us a bit to eat;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel a-bed.
He is visiting home, as doth appear;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close-watch'd the while by Jennie M'Neal.

For the gray-haired colonel they hover'd near
Had been her true friend, kind and dear;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perch'd her upon his knee,
And told her stories many a one
Concerning the French war lately done.
And oft together the two friends were,
And many the arts he had taught to her;
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride;
And once had said, "The time may be,
Your skill and courage may stand by me."
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

With never a thought or a moment more,
Bare-headed she slipp'd from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitch'd and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.
Around her slender and cloakless form
Patter'd and moan'd the ceaseless storm;
Secure and tight a gloveless hand
Grasp'd the reins with stern command;
And full and black her long hair stream'd
Whenever the ragged lightning gleam'd.
And on she rush'd for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted, Jennie M'Neal.

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
She heeded it not, and not in vain
She lash'd the horse with the bridle rein;
So into the night the gray horse strode;
His shoes hew'd fire from the rocky road;
And the high-born courage that never dies
Flash'd from [illegible] rider's coal-black eyes;
The pebbles flew from the fearful race;
The rain-drops grasp'd at her glowing face.
"On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie M'Neal.
"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They pass'd her in her rapid flight,
They scream'd to her left, they scream'd to her right:
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

So on she rush'd, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill;
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismay'd by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand;
Then sprung again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted, "One more trial now!"
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gather'd his strength once more for all,
And, galloping down a hill-side steep,
Gain'd on the troopers at every leap;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie M'Neal.

They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,—
Her poor arm helpless hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drench'd with rain,
But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are,
And her eyes as bright as a blazing star,—
And shouted, "Quick! be quick, I say!
They come! they come! Away! away!"
Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie M'Neal.

The startled colonel sprung, and press'd
The wife and children to his breast,
And turn'd away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night;
Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent, in the dim fire-light,
And kiss'd the forehead broad and white,
And bless'd the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison-cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laugh'd, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown;
'Tis I who have scared him from his nest;
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bow'd, and said,
"Never you hold a moment's dread;
Of womankind I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen;
Wear this gold ring as your valour's due;
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "'There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know.
I promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

POEMS WANTED

Who can send the words of this old song:

In Chatham street there lived a merchant,
A very wealthy man;
He had an only daughter,
As you shall understand.

The poem beginning with the following lines is asked for:

I dreamed a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
And as fast as I dreamed, it came into numbers.

Other poems wanted are The Stowaway, My Bible and I, and Red Wing or the Indian Maiden.

The words of an old song called California Joe are requested. The opening lines are:

Now, mates, I don't like stories,
Nor am I going to act
A part around the camp fire.

Watch for our Christmas page. You will surely like it.

CURED BABY'S ECZEMA HERSELF

Several Doctors Had Failed—Simple Home Treatment Was Best.

Ever since this paper published the discovery of that eminent London specialist, Dr. J. E. Currier, that the drug citrox is certain to cure skin diseases of all kinds, a great deal of interest has been shown by the public. Citrox not being a patent medicine, must be prepared for use at home, but that is easy, as it has only to be dissolved, a teaspoon of citrox (powdered) in two tablespoons hot water, and applied warm, twice a day. The importance of Dr. Currier's discovery may be judged from the letters appearing in newspapers all over the country from people who have used his recipe with success. For example, a grateful Bay City (Mich.) mother says:

"I take great pleasure in writing and letting you know what wonderful citrox did for my baby. He was afflicted with salt rheum for nearly 18 months and we tried everything we heard of and took him to three different doctors, but he only got worse and worse. I was so discouraged I had lost faith in everything. His neck was all raw from the scratching that we could not prevent him from doing, and he cried so much, too. Often I had to tie cloths on his hands, but he would rub just the same.

"Finally I saw in the Bay City Times about citrox, so I bought a box at the drug store, and after two weeks' use my baby's face became clear as wax and the sores have never returned, and it is now nearly nine months that he was cured. I will gladly answer any letters if stamps are enclosed. I have told many people about citrox and I want everybody to know how wonderful it is.

"MRS. CHARLES MILLER,
"308 Spruce Street."

We want to send you a trial order of HAYNER BOTTLED-IN-BOND WHISKEY at our risk—on our guarantee it will please you—or it will not cost you one cent—

We want to prove to you what a rich, pure and delicious whiskey this is.

We want to convince you of the extraordinary saving our DIRECT FROM DISTILLERY plan of selling means to you.

HERE'S OUR OFFER—WE WILL SEND YOU 4 Full Quart Bottles of Hayner Private Stock Bottled-in-Bond Whiskey—Express Prepaid—for $3.20

Goods shipped in plain sealed case—no marks to indicate contents.

When it arrives—try it—every bottle if you like. Then, if you don't find it all we claim—one of the most exquisite whiskies you ever tasted and equal to any you could buy in your city for $5—send it back at our expense and your $3.20 will be returned by first mail.

THINK OF IT—THIS IS AT THE RATE OF ONLY 80 CENTS A QUART FOR THIS HIGHEST GRADE BOTTLED IN BOND WHISKEY.

—a whiskey that is distilled, aged and bottled under U. S. Government supervision—every bottle sealed with the Government's BOTTLED-IN-BOND STAMP—positive assurance that it is a STRAIGHT whiskey—fully aged, full 100 per cent proof and full measure—absolutely PURE to the last drop.

TRY it—That's all we ask. The expense is all ours if it fails to please you. Send us your order TO-DAY and be sure to address our nearest Shipping Depot.

Orders for Ariz., Cal., Colo., Idaho, Mont., Nev., N. Mex., Ore., Utah, Wash. or Wyo. must be on the basis of 4 Quarts for $4.00 by Express Prepaid or 20 Quarts for $15.20 by Freight Prepaid.

THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY, Div. 1739

Dayton, Ohio. St. Louis, Mo. St. Paul, Minn. Chattanooga, Tenn.

Distillery at Troy, Ohio. Established 1866. Capital, $500,000 Fully Paid.

The Stamp of the U.S. Government
GUARANTEED UNDER THE FOOD AND DRUGS ACT JUNE 30, 1906 SERIAL NO. 1401
HAYNER
PRIVATE STOCK
WHISKEY
BOTTLED IN BOND
THE HAYNER DISTILLING COMPANY
DISTILLERY NO.2 10th DISTRICT, TROY, OHIO
OFFICES AND SHIPPING DEPOTS:
DAYTON O. ST. LOUIS MO. ST. PAUL MINN. CHATTANOOGA

$3600 REWARD

his sum will be paid for a certain dollar; $560 a certain half dollar; $5800 for certain gold ; $715 for certain five cent piece; $100 for in cent and other premiums ranging from five five thousand per cent. upon the face value of -cents, cents, two-cents, three-cents, five-cents, es, quarters, halves, dollars and other U.S. and col- coins of very many dates prior to 1900 and on e coins issued even since then—buying prices be- based upon the rarity and condition of the coin. e also buy foreign coins of all countries, Con- erate and other old or curious paper currency, etc. e buy used postage stamps of every kind, in- ng the commonest varieties now in use (these wanted by us for export) and in fact every stamp a distinct money value. he gatherings of old coins by a New Jersey man recently sold at $12,600.00; those of a Salem man for $37,859.00 and we could fill this jour- entirely with interesting details showing where (not dealers) have earned and are gaining to enormous premiums for old coins and which they gather. pamphlet giving a great amount of interesting ation, figures, etc., will be sent postpaid upon ication—a postal will do. May be worth many rs, perhaps a fortune to you. Address, ONEY & STAMP BROKERAGE CO., Nassau St., D121, New York, N. Y.

HILDREN FIRE VICTIMS

ittle Tots Were Unable to Escape Deadly Flames That Destroyed Two Homes.

ttawa, Ont., Dec. 14.—Near Haw- ne, eight miles from Ottawa, the young children of William J. arff, a farmer, were burned to death their beds while the parents looked unable to give aid. The parents left children sleeping in the second story the house and went to the barn. Soon ward Scharff saw flames bursting ugh the upper windows of the house. fire made such headway that the ents were unable to reach the chil- , who could be heard crying in . The oldest of the children was and a half years and the young- four months.

Mother and Child Burn.

runswick, Vt., Dec. 14.—Laura ith, housekeeper for James Gilkey, a althy farmer here, and her two-year- daughter, were burned to death early terday in a fire that destroyed Gil- 's farm buildings. Gilkey escaped in night clothes.

HOT BY ROCKEFELLER

ohn D.'s Brother Hits Companion While Hunting.

elvidere, Kan., Dec. 12.—Joseph T. , vice president and general mana- of the Emery, Bird & Thayer Dry ds company in Kansas City, accom- ied Frank Rockefeller, John D. kefeller's brother, on a quail hunt Mr. Rockefeller's ranch last week. vey of birds rose between the two both men fired at them. Several shot from Mr. Rockefeller's gun ered Mr. Bird's face. The wounds e not severe. Mr. Bird went home night.

BRUZZI'S FAREWELL

Will Remember You Forever," Says Message.

ome, Dec. 10.—It is reported that a ca- message which the Duke of the ruzzi sent to Miss Katherine Elkins cluded with these words:

will remember you forever."

e cable message is believed to be the which will be sent by the duke.

ow Fares to the Cheap Lands

. 5 and 19 Feb. 2 and 16

Plan to go on one of these days— trip will not cost much. These special fare tickets over the Rock Island- -C. & E. I. Lines will allow you to go way and return another, without ex- cost. You will see more of the South- than you could in any other way, and better decide where to locate. the ticket agent to sell you a ticket the Rock Island- Frisco-C. & E. I. either through Chicago, St. Louis, as City, St. Joseph, Memphis or ingham, according to your location. ou will tell me where you want to I will tell you the cost of a ticket and d you a map- schedule. will also send you some interesting ks about the Southwest. They will orm you of opportunities waiting for there, and will open your eyes to new sibilities. Write for free copies today.

N SEBASTIAN, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
LaSalle Sta. Chicago
Frisco Bldg. St. Louis

SOUTHWEST FRISCO

DUTCH SEIZE GUARDSHIP

Venture Under the Guns of Puerto Cabello and Capture Venezuelan War Vessel.

> **VENEZUELA'S NAVY SMALL.**
>
> The naval force of Venezuela consists of ten vessels. Of these, three, the Bolivar, Miranda and Margarita, are gunboats. The others, with the exception of the Restaurador, which was formerly the steam yacht Atalanta, are hardly worthy of mention. They are nothing more than armed tugs.
>
> There is one twelve-pound gun on the Restaurador, but outside of this there is not a gun in the fleet bigger than a six-pounder. The Venezuelan forts, however, mount some modern six-inch Krupp guns.

Willemstad, Dec. 14.—The Dutch cruiser Geiderland ventured under the guns of the forts at Puerto Cabello and captured the Venezuelan coast guard ship Alix.

The Geiderland towed the Alix into port here yesterday morning, the latter being manned by a prize crew of Dutch sailors. Not a gun was fired at the Geiderland from the forts and the crew of the Alix were sent ashore in their own boats upon orders from the commander of the Dutch warship.

Reports reached here from Venezuela by the steamship Maracaibo yesterday that revolutionists have taken advantage of the absence of President Castro and brought about an uprising in the interior of the country.

When the capture was made, Saturday, the Alix was lying close in shore. Notwithstanding the threat the Venezuelan government had made to fire upon any Dutch warship committing a hostile act, the Geiderland steamed at speed towards the guard ship and sent an officer and guard in a launch to seize her. This they did without resistance.

Castro in Germany.

Berlin, Dec. 14.—President Castro and the members of his party are expected to arrive in Berlin at 7 o'clock this evening. Thirty-two rooms have been engaged for the travelers at one of the prominent hotels. They will leave the train that is to bring them from Cologne at the Zoological Garden station, which is on the edge of the city. This step will be taken to avoid the crowd of curiosity seekers.

The report emanating from Paris that Castro is coming here to try to induce Germany to use her good offices with Holland is discredited.

Venezuela's Protest.

Caracas, Venezuela, via Port of Spain, Trinidad, Dec. 14.—Foreign Minister Paul today sent a note to the members of the diplomatic corps here protesting against the repeated violations of the territorial rights of Venezuela by the three Dutch warships that have been cruising in Venezuela waters since December 2. No blockade has been declared, he set forth, and the continual interference with the coastwise shipping is having a detrimental effect upon the commerce of neutral powers.

In conclusion the foreign minister says:

"Venezuela protests with energy against these aggressions upon the territorial sovereignty of the republic, and she holds Holland responsible for all the consequences."

HAD EXPENSIVE DREAM

Put Gems in Stove and Fire Ruined Them.

New York, Dec. 11.—Because a redhot fire was not a part of a dream that has haunted her for several nights, Mrs. August Jepsen, who lives with her husband in a flat over his restaurant at No. 1001 Washington street, Hoboken, is in a critical condition and under the care of a physician. Hysterics followed the shock of a very severe loss.

Night after night for the past week Mrs. Jepsen has dreamed that burglars had entered her husband's place of business and had rifled the safe of money and the family jewelry which was kept there.

"I really believe that my dream will come true," she said to her husband. She took the jewelry from the safe and they wore it during the day.

Before going to bed Mrs. Jepsen studied hard to find a place to hide the jewels. There was in the kitchen an old coal range which was not often used, a gas range being preferred.

"Good idea," said Mrs. Jepsen. "I'll hide them in the range."

And she did. She placed her husband's watch, her watch, a diamond charm, a pair of diamond earrings, some diamond rings and a number of small pieces away back in the corner of the grate.

Having passed a night without her dream of burglars, she arose in a happy frame of mind.

Instead of preparing breakfast on the gas range the maid ad a roaring fire going in the range.

The jewelry was ruined.

500-POUND SALOME FOUND IN NEW YORK BOWERY RAID

New York, Dec. 11.—Two large crowds were gathered in when Captain O'Connor and a dozen policemen from the Eldridge street station raided three so-called "palaces of illusion" at Nos. 259, 265 and 273 Bowery. One crowd consisted of sixteen men and eight women; the other was Mrs. Louise Lambrino. There was no illusion about her. She weighed even 500 pounds when the cops swooped down on the place, but she lost ten pounds before they landed her in the station.

When she deposited her quarter of a ton on one of the seats the wagon sagged in the back until the step scraped the pavement, while the driver's seat shot up in the air to the height of a hansom. Followed by the perspiring policemen and a motley mob, the Bingham barouche with its wholesale cargo reached the station house.

Mrs. Louise is certainly there with the size. She has a large but pretty face, black hair and snappy black eyes. She carries a pound of good nature for every pound of fat, and when she smiles her dimples look like speaking tubes. She is four feet four any way up and down or crosstown.

"What part did you take in the performances?" asked the reporter, who interviewed her through the openwork cell.

"I did the Salome dance, but I wore more than most of them. I had to cut that part where they clasp their hands above their heads. I tried it one day, and I came very near smothering in my own fat. I am twenty-one years old and still growing, thank you. Oh, yes, I'm married. My husband, Tony, played the organ in the show shop. Together we made good money.

RIDERS' CHIEFS TRIED

Eight Alleged Slayers of Capt. Rankin Placed on Trial for Lives.

Union City, Tenn., Dec. 14.—Eight men, aleged leaders of the night rider band of Reel Foot Lake, were placed on trial for their lives today, charged with the killing of Captain Quinten Rankin, a prominent attorney of Trenton, Tenn. This murder was the culminating act of a series of outlawry that called forth the mustering of soldiery to aid the civil authorities.

Selection of Venire.

When the court met today Judge Joseph E. Jones took under advisement the contention of the defense that the plan suggested by the state for selecting the jury venire personally by Judge Jones, is irregular.

The investigation of the night rider outrages began within two days of the killing of Captain Rankin on the night of October 19. Since that time, under the personal direction of Gov. Patterson, an unrelenting crusade has been waged and resulted in the arrest of several hundred men. More than 150 indictments have been found.

Bloodshed Possible.

Whether further bloodshed shall occur during the heat of the legal battle is uncertain. From Reel Foot Lake and other strongholds of the clan, men are pouring into Union City in large numbers, while the state has organized its forces to put down any possible outbreak.

BLOOD IS ONLY CLUE

Slayer of Young Woman in N. Y. Left No Trace.

New York, Dec. 12.—With only the bloody finger prints of the murderer to assist them, the police today are scouring the city for some trace of the man who committed what now appears to be one of the most baffling crimes in the city's criminal history.

His victim, the young woman whose body was found last night in a padlocked and barricaded apartment at 337 East Eleventh street, has not yet been identified, and a thorough search of the rooms has revealed nothing which will aid the police.

Letters Burned.

Every distinguishing mark had been removed from the woman's clothing, and pictures had been cut from their frames and burned, together with several pieces of paper which may have borne addresses.

The discovery of the crime came about through the anxiety of the janitress to collect rent. Last night she decided to enter the apartment to make sure the tenants had not removed their trunks, and the police were called to assist her in opening the padlocked door.

Dead Two Weeks.

The woman's body, with the head almost severed, was lying on the blood-soaked bed. The room was in confusion. Broken chairs were scattered about and wearing apparel which had been removed from an open trunk was strewn about the room.

Under the woman's body lay a razor, its edge hacked and broken. The condition of the body indicated that the woman had been dead not less than two weeks.

MADMAN'S AIM IS BAD

"John the Baptist" Terrifies Village.

Edgewater, N. J., Dec. 12.—An armed fanatic who called himself "John the Baptist, come to save the world," terrorized this village for an hour last evening.

He appeared suddenly on the main street, waving a big revolver, holding up the proprietors of several stores, exchanging many shots with a hastily formed posse, and at last was wounded by the police and a mob of citizens.

In all the fusillade no one was hit but the maniac himself, and his wounds are not regarded as dangerous. In the midst of the excitement the madman took a horse and wagon and struck a reckless gait out of town. It was from behind the improvised bulwark which he made of this vehicle when he alighted from it near the palisades that he was finally picked by the shots from the pursuing posse.

After he had been taken into custody the man said he was Arthur S. Pomeroy and that his home was in Nebraska. He was taken to the state asylum at Morris Plains.

NOTED FIREMAN DEAD

Chief Belt, of Washington, Passes Away.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Chief William T. Belt, of the Washington fire department, vice president of the National Association of Fire Chiefs, and one of the best known fire fighters in the country, died suddenly last night of heart disease, aged 63 years. Grief over the tragic drowning of his favorite son, a few weeks ago, is attributed by his family to have hastened the chief's death.

Chief Belt joined the Washington fire department 42 years ago, and his courage gained him steady promotion.

HAINS TO TELL REVELS

Recital of Fort Hamilton Incidents May Form Basis for Defense.

Flushing, N. Y., Dec. 14.—The trial of Thornton Jenkins Hains, author and seafarer, charged with being an accessory to the murder of William E. Annis, an editor, who was shot and killed at the Bayside Yacht club last summer by Captain Peter C. Hains, Jr., began today before Justice Crane in the supreme court.

The old town of Flushing has not had a murder trial of major interest for many years, and long before the hour of trial there was quite a gathering of people in front of the town hall. The small rooms were filled to overflowing with three hundred talesmen, from whom a jury will be selected. General Peter C. Hains, U. S. A., retired, father of the brothers now confined in Long Island jail for the Annis murder, and his son, Major Hains, came up from New York today to attend the trial. Sheriff Harvey brought Thornton Hains to Flushing this morning.

Want Speedy Trial.

All the wheels of legal machinery will be put in motion to bring the trial of Thornton J. Hains to a speedy conclusion. Justice Crane has indicated to counsel that a week should be sufficient time to try the case, and it is not unlikely that night sessions of court will be held to expedite the taking of testimony.

Early court room reports had it today that the defendant would take the witness stand and tell the story of those occurrences at Fort Hamilton which counsel for the defense alleged caused Captain Hains to send his wife away and take the life of Annis. In this way a foundation for Captain Hains' defense would be laid.

First Panel Protested.

Justice Crane convened court at 10, and the 100 talesmen on the first panel, which has been protested by the defense on the ground that it was improperly drawn, were sent to a room below the court chambers while the roll of 190 talesmen drawn on two subsequent panels was called.

District Attorney Darrin announced that the prosecution of Hains would be conducted by himself, assisted by Special Prosecutor Elmer S. White and J. A. Dayton, together with Assistant District Attorney Carey B. Fish and Thorndyke McKenzie.

The roll call of talesmen disclosed that Charles W. Roberts, of Rayside, who saw the shooting and is a witness for the defense, had been subpoenaed as a talesman. He was quickly excused.

After the roll call Justice Crane adjourned court until 1 o'clock.

Story of the Crime.

William E. Annis, an editor of an outing periodical, was shot and killed while stepping from his boat to the float of the Bayside Yacht club on August 15, by Captain Hains. The army captain had named his victim as corespondent in a suit for divorce brought against his wife, Claudia Hains, and counsel allege that brooding over his wrongs brought on temporary insanity.

Later Mrs. Hains asserts that General Hains and her husband and Thornton Jenkins Hains forced a false confession from her. The couple separated and Captain Hains brought a divorce suit. Hearing that Annis was still visiting his wife, Captain Hains is said to have become enraged and his counsel declare that from that time temporarily insane.

In company with his brother, Thornton, he went to the Bayside Yacht club last August and inquired for Annis. When Annis stepped from the boat Captain Hains shot him five times while Thornton waved the club members away with a drawn revolver.

> **MAN AT EIGHTY-TWO FATHER OF TRIPLETS.**
>
> Columbus, Ga., Dec. 12.—Triplets were born Wednesday to Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose E. Calhoun, of this city. This couple now have twenty-five children. The father is 82 years old.

KICKS SELF TO DEATH

Wild Ass Succumbs in Effort to Wreck Ship.

New York, Dec. 12.—A wild ass of Persia, presented to the New York Zoological society by Lord Bradford, has mingled with the elements through the funnel of the Atlantic Transport liner Mesaba, in from London. Before going up the flue the ass kicked dents in his stall and made kindling of the woodwork thereof.

He wore himself out trying to kick the ship to pieces. He was also seasick. He was an unusually large specimen and had a fierce temper. Burying an ass at sea seemed a bit ridiculous to Capt. Clare, and he had the carcass put in the furnace to help give speed to the ship. There had been much speed in the ass when he was alive. He was valued at about $700.

$15,000 THEFT

Woman Robbed of Valuable Diamond Necklace.

San Francisco, Cal., Dec. 14.—Mrs. A. M. McKillop, of Vancouver, B. C., wife of a wealthy business man of that city, has arrived here en route to Los Angeles for the winter, and reported to the police the loss of a diamond necklace valued at $15,000. The police, after a rigid investigation, are inclined to believe that the gems were stolen or lost during Mrs. McKillop's journey.

BODIES FROM ILL FATED CLEMSON NOT RECOVERED

Duluth, Dec. 10.—The officials of the Provident Steamship company have received no reports from the tugs that were sent out to search for the steamer Clemson. They have reports covering the shore from Duluth to Port Arthur and from Keweenaw point to Stannard rock.

A message from Grand Marais, Mich., states part of a cabin positively identified as belonging to the steamer Clemson was washed ashore there. The Provident Steamship company sent Captain Joseph Hays to that place to take charge of the work in recovering bodies of the crew and locating the sunken steamer.

The relatives and friends of the crew living in this city have given up all hope of ever seeing the men alive again. The wife of Captain S. R. Chamberlain is in a state of collapse. Captain Chamberlain had promised his wife he would quit the lakes after the present trip.

20 HURT BY BOMB

One Hundred Others Are Thrown Into Panic When Terrific Explosion Occurs.

New York, Dec. 9.—More than a score of persons were injured, five of them seriously, and a hundred more were thrown into a panic early today when a bomb was hurled into the air shaft of the tenement house at 330 East Sixty-third street.

The house was badly wrecked. The house was occupied exclusively by Italians, and it developed that threatening letters had been received by many of them during the past few months.

Terrific Explosion.

The explosion was terrific. The concussion shook buildings for blocks. The sides of the airshaft down which the bomb was thrown are lined with sleeping rooms on one side and both rooms on the other. Practically all of those injured were asleep in the bed rooms on the south side. The bath rooms were wrecked, the water pipes torn and broken and the whole building on that side was flooded before the water could be cut off in the partially wrecked cellar.

Plaster and bricks, mixed with jagged pieces of glass from the shattered windows were hurled into the sleeping rooms with frightful force and some of those injured were found half buried and unconscious under the debris piled upon their beds.

Brought Out Residents.

The roar of the explosion brought residents out into the street for blocks around and in a few minutes a crowd of hundreds of half-clad women and men were gathered in front of the house.

It was more than an hour before the excited men and women who thronged the surrounding streets could be quieted and induced to return to their homes.

BOMB TO PREVENT REVEL

Explosion Wrecks Buildings Adjoining the Coliseum in Chicago.

Chicago, Dec. 14.—Two buildings were wrecked and windows were shattered for a block by the terrific explosion of a bomb in an alley in Wabash avenue near Sixteenth street last night. No one was injured. The wrecked buildings adjoin the Coliseum, where the First Ward Democratic ball, an annual revel, against the holding of which this year much opposition has been made, is scheduled to be held tonight. The police are working on the theory that the bomb thrower designed to frighten people from going to the Coliseum, and thus prevent the ball.

Heard for a Mile.

The report of the explosion was heard for a mile. The congregations of Grace Episcopal church, adjoining the Coliseum, and of the Open church, a block away, and guests of several nearby hotels rushed to the streets excitedly. A two-story frame building at 1513 Wabash avenue, which adjoins the south wall of the Coliseum Annex, collapsed and took fire. The fire leaped across a vacant lot and spread to another frame building, also wrecked.

The Gamblers' War.

Another theory is that the bomb was thrown as another demonstration in the "gamblers' war," which has been marked by the firing of a series of bombs, or dynamite sticks, in the vicinity of alleged gambling places. It is suggested by the police that the granting of a permit for the First ward ball might have been classed by these bomb throwers as a concession to the supposedly favored faction of gamblers.

The First ward ball has long been a source of contention between reformers and the promoters of the annual festival.

The ball is supported by "First Warders," who are represented in the city council by Aldermen Michael Kenna and John Coughlan. The proceeds, variously estimated at from $15,000 to $25,000, are used toward electing the alderman.

BLAST KILLS FOURTEEN

Fifty Others Hurt When 21 Tons of Dynamite Explodes.

Washington, Dec. 14.—Fourteen are known to be dead, three of them Americans, and fifty injured as a result of the premature explosion of twenty-one tons of dynamite at Bas Obispo in the Panama canal zone Saturday.

This dispatch was received from Chief Engineer Goethals by the chief of the Washington office of the Isthmian commission:

"Culebra, Dec. 12, 1908.

"Captain C. F. Boggs, Washington, D. C.

"The premature explosion of twenty-one tons of dynamite at Bas Obispo at 11:10 this morning resulted in the death of fourteen men and the injury of fifty. Three or four of the injured will probably die.

"The following Americans were killed: James L. Hummer, craneman, steam shovel, Dunnellen, N. J.; John J. Korp, steam shovel engineer, Phillipsburg, N. J.; John J. Reidy, powder man, Indianapolis, Ind. Seriously wounded: Benjamin H. Cole, foreman, Rochester, N. Y. Slightly wounded: Arthur H. Bassett, foreman, Philadelphia, Pa.; W. G. Bell, foreman, New York City; C. W. Hayden, steam shovel engineer, Sandusky, O.

(Signed) "GOETHALS."

Steam Shovel Wrecked.

A ninety-ton steam shovel lies a complete wreck, crushed under the weight of falling rocks. Every one of the crew was killed. All the tracks in this section were torn to pieces and are now covered with tons of debris.

Hundreds of men are working to find the bodies of their dead comrades. Many evidences are come across of the terrible force of the blast, as here and there pieces of human flesh and bone are turned over with pick or shovel.

GARY A SLUM WORKER

New York Bowery Mission to Get Thousands.

New York, Dec. 14.—As the result of a visit paid to the Bowery mission by former Judge E. H. Gary, head of the steel trust, at an early hour yesterday, that mission is several thousand dollars richer. Also, a movement may be instituted to provide for the transportation of deserving indigent Americans to places in the west where positions may be offered them.

Several days ago Judge Gary made a[illegible] rangements with the Bowery mis[illegible]ering to visit that strange oasis in the [illegible]oom opposite New York's under world. [illegible]mebody moving

PLAYS OWN FUNERAL MARCH AND THEN DROPS DEAD

New York, Dec. 11.—Henry O. Kuehney, superintendent and organist of a crematory at North Bergen, N. J., dropped dead while playing "Nearer, My God, to Thee," on the chapel organ. His wife was seated by his side.

Mrs. Kuehney had asked her husband to close the chapel and go home, but he insisted that he would play his favorite hymn just once. Hardly had the first notes pealed forth when Mrs. Kuehney saw her husband waver on the organ bench, then throw up his hands and fall heavily backward.

A touch told Mrs. Kuehney that her husband was dead, and she ran screaming to the main part of the chapel. Her cries brought several visitors, who had been in a distant corner of the place. The woman, speechless, pointed to the chancel and fainted. Kuehney's body was discovered by the visitors and a doctor summoned. He said that heart disease undoubtedly had killed Kuehney.

Kuehney had been a strong advocate of cremation for years. Several years ago he invented the electrical method of incineration. He was formerly superintendent of the crematory at Fresh Pond, L. I. About nine months ago he went to New Jersey to assume charge of the institution where he died.

CAN'T TRACE ORIGIN

Foot and Mouth Disease Puzzles Inspectors.

Detroit, Mich., Dec. 14.—Efforts of the federal inspectors of the bureau of animal industry have so far failed to trace to a definite origin the outbreak of hoof and mouth disease in Michigan, which the department of agriculture blames for disseminating the contagion through New York state, Pennsylvania and Maryland. Although dispatches from Washington seem to indicate the department officials there are working on the theory that the disease may have originated among cattle used for biological and experimental purposes by Parke, Davis & Co., so far as can be learned no one has yet come through with any actual proof that such was the case.

Inspectors of the department now in Michigan, when questioned along this line, seem to become suddenly affected by some form of mouth disease themselves, the most characteristic symptom of which is a conspicuous reluctance to talk.

Veterinarians not associated with the government service say, however, that the quest of the federal inspectors for the starting place of the contagion is likely to prove even more elusive and baffling than has the germ of the disease to the pathological experts who have sought to capture and classify it.

INDICT NIGHT RIDERS

Thirty-three Bills Reported by Tennessee Jury.

Union City, Tenn., Dec. 12.—Thirty-three indictments were returned yesterday by a special grand jury empaneled to investigate the recent night rider raids in the Reelfoot lake region. Twenty-one charge murder, the lynching of Captain Quentin Rankin at Walnut Log; six, participation in the burning of fish wharfs. The other six charge a violation of the Ku Klux act, a felonious assault while in disguise.

PARIS IGNORES CASTRO

France Pays No Attention at All to "Dictator" of Venezuela.

Paris, Dec. 12.—President Castro, who arrived last evening from Bordeaux, has made no official advances to the French government. He is furiously angry at the bad manners of the government. He is shut up in his apartments and has seen nobody.

"We ignore his presence," an official said today. "The conditions upon which the government is willing to open negotiations have been communicated to him."

What these conditions are, beyond prohibiting President Castro from making a political declaration, is not known, but it is believed that they involve a formal apology.

A reporter called to see him today. A black maid in the service of Mme. Castro was sitting in a hall outside her mistress' door trying to get her foot into a French shoe.

The French newspapers poke fun at the "dictator" of Venezuela, but insist the government should explain.

CAN'T FIND AN ADONIS

"American Venus" Looking for Perfect Man.

New York, eDc. 11.—"Model—Wanted a perfect man to pose as a model for the Adonis of Mythology; professional experience not required. Apply between 10 and 12 a. m. Monday to Beveridge, 21 West Forty-fourth st."

This advertisement brought a motley mob of would-be Adonises to the lobby of the Berkeley theatre yesterday morning, but Ray Beveridge, who, as the "American Venus," boldly challenges Maud Odell, the English champion, for her laurels, was unable to choose a man that filled the bill according to her ideas.

With one it would be a mustache, another had gold filling in his tooth. "And who," asked Miss Beveridge, "ever heard of a dental parlor on Mount Olympus?"

One would be too slim, another too fat, one too tall, and one poor chap who filled the bill in other respects had a scar on his neck, and, of course, he would not do.

HEGEMAN IS FREED

Decision May Quash All Other Indictments.

New York, Dec. 12.—John R. Hegeman, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company was freed by the court yesterday in a decision that, if it stands, will serve to quash all indictments now standing against insurance officials. This, according to District Attorney Jerome who, however, expects to take the present case to the court of appeals.

Mr. Hegeman was charged with perjury in the verification of a report made by the Mertopolitan Life Insurance company to the superintendent of insurance of the state of New York in January, 1905.

LONG TRIP TO DENTIST

Aching Tooth Brings Rockefeller From Gotham.

Cleveland, Dec. 14.—An aching tooth drew John D. Rockefeller from his winter home in New York to a dentist's chair in Cleveland. This was the mystery surrounding Mr. Rockefeller's unexpected visit to his old home here Saturday.

Stories ranging all the way from the selection of a minister to succeed the Rev. Dr. C. A. Eaton at the Euclid Avenue Baptist church, which Mr. Rockefeller attends when here, to the erection of a sixteen-story building and the gift of $50,000,000 for Oriental universities, were built up around the news of his visit, but Mr. Rockefeller pricked the bubbles yesterday and said he merely came here to see his old dentist and have a troublesome tooth attended to.

There were so many unusual and democratic circumstances surrounding the present visit that the event came near passing unnoticed. He came to Cleveland unannounced in an ordinary Pullman instead of a private car and accompanied only by a valet. He left the train at the union depot instead of at a suburban station. On a street car he went to his old downtown house, which he has not before occupied in many years. He made a trip to his Forest Hill home and return on a street car. He inspected two new bunkers in the Forest Hill golf links. After this he took a walk over to his original oil refinery near the downtown home and then visited the dentist.

Mr. Rockefeller attended services at the Euclid Avenue Baptist church, Sunday, where he held an informal and impromptu reception after the service. He remained secluded at his downtown home the remainder of the day.

Mr. Rockefeller visited the dentist again this morning, and expects to leave for New York tonight.

ATE SAUSAGE; 2 DEAD

Three Others Ill From Ptomaine Poisoning.

Westchester, Pa., Dec. 12.—Two members of the family of George Van Horn, of Medenhall, Chester county, are dead, and three others are ill as the result of ptomaine poisoning caused by sausage procured from a local grocery store.

ILLS CAUSE BADNESS

Physician Says Sickness Brings Evil.

Philadelphia, Dec. 11.—"In every child good and normal health is responsible for the good he does; disease and physical defects are responsible for bad. Truancy, juvenile criminals and the mental and moral defection in greater part have their origin in the unrecognized and unattended physically defective pupil."

In an address before the Child Helping association at the Children's Bureau on "The Value of Physical Examination of Poor and Delinquent Children," Dr. William O. Cadbury thus explained the causes and effects of disease on a child's development. He said that malnutrition, eyestrain, defective teeth and hearing and adenoids are responsible for dullness and so-called feeble-mindedness.

In Philadelphia 60 per cent of the school children were found to have defective eyesight—many a child has been stamped as feeble-minded when only slightly deaf and unable to hear the teacher's questions. Only by rigid examination of the delinquent child, he said, can the really defective be separated from the really bad boy or girl.

The cigaret-smoking boy is generally from two to three years below the average in intellect and physique.

SMUGGLING IS FATAL

Six Chinese Drown and Guides Are Nabbed.

Welland, Ont., Dec. 12.—A charge of manslaughter has been placed against Edward Baltz and William Riley, former inspectors, and George Haney, suspected of having been implicated in an attempt to smuggle ten Chinamen into the United States at Buffalo last month. Six of the Chinese were drowned when an effort was made to enter the harbor in a big storm.

Baltz and Riley were arraigned and upon the request of the immigration officials the case was adjourned for a week, and the two prisoners remanded to jail without bail. Haney so far has eluded capture.

50 POLICEMEN KILL CHILD IN BATTLE WITH FANATICS

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 9.—"I am not going to die. I am going to get well and live to kill a few more policemen."

That is the assertion of Louis Pratt, self-styled "Adam God," the religious fanatic, who is lying in the hospital here, having been seriously wounded in a battle between his followers and the police last evening. As a result of the fight Pratt's 13-year-old daughter Lola and Policeman Albert O. Dalbow are dead.

James Sharp, known as "Elijah II," and who was the real head of the little band of religious enthusiasts, is still at large.

In one combat, fought in the shadow of the city hall, more than 100 shots were fired and most of the casualties were among the guardians of the law.

Battle With Woman.

In the second encounter, however, the victory was more easily won by the police. They were out in force pursuing their former combantants then [illegible]vn only a woman and her [illegible] rection ranging in age from 3 The Vern[illegible] work. Those battled valiantly for the lives of her babies and herself, but the fifty armed policemen proved too great odds. After she made a stand on a houseboat in the river her ammunition gave out, and, dropping her shotgun, she leaped into a rowboat with two of her children and attempted to make the other shore. One volley from the guns of the fifty police officers were enough, however. The bullets swept the boat and when the 13-year-old girl fell dying in the bottom of the boat the battle was over, and the half-hundred police carried off their conquered, helpless foes.

Two Are Killed.

Lola Pratt, 13, and Patrolman Charles Dalbow were killed. Those probably fatally injured are Louis Pratt, a street preacher; Michael Mullane, a patrolman, and Patrick Clark, a police sergeant. Harry E. Siege, a policeman, and George M. Kolt, probation officer, were also hurt.

The trouble started when Probation Officer Holt found Sharp exhorting a crowd. "Adam God" is said to have struck Holt when the latter demanded the names of the children. Police were then dispatched from the central station.

BAD ITCHING HUMOR

Limbs Below the Knees Were Raw—Feet Swollen—Sleep Broken.

CURED IN 2 DAYS BY CUTICURA

"Some two months ago I had a humor break out on my limbs below my knees. They came to look like raw beefsteak, all red, and no one knows how they itched and burned. They were so swollen that I could not get my shoes on for a week or more. I used five or six different remedies and got no help, only when applying them the burning was worse and the itching less. For two or three weeks the suffering was intense and during that time I did not sleep an hour at a time. Then one morning I tried a bit of Cuticura. From the moment it touched me the itching was gone and I have not felt a bit of it since. The swelling went down and in two days I had my shoes on and was about as usual. George B. Farley, 50 South State St., Concord N. H., May 14, 1907."

SLUGGERS STEAL $2,500

Three Men Commit Bold Robbery at Postoffice in Sault Ste. Marie.

Saulte Ste. Marie, Mich., Dec. 14.—Three unknown men entered the postoffice here last night, while Deputy Postmaster Frank Higgins was making out a pay roll, knocked him senseless with a sandbag and then escaped with $2,500. They are supposed to have gone to Canada. Higgins recovered consciousness early today and crawled out of the building and gave the alarm.

The robbers are supposed to have escaped to Canada. Higgins had the safe open with the drawers on the counter in front of him, making out the pay roll. Three men entered the postoffice by a side door, came to the iron grating and said they desired mail as they had to catch an early train. Higgins got some mail and opened the grating door. The men looked at the mail and said it was not theirs. Higgins turned and was about to re-enter the office when the men pounced upon him, knocking him senseless. The robbers then gathered all cash in sight and escaped.

Patrolman Charles Roberts saw the men come out the side door but thought they came down stairs from the Sault Ste. Marie club rooms.

The first knowledge of the robbery came about 1 o'clock when Higgins dragged himself to the door and rolled down the steps to the sidewalk.

Patrolman Roberts saw him fall and found him on the sidewalk. All he could say was, "Hit me on head."

Higgins was taken to the hospital where it is thought he will recover.

NEAR-BEER STANDARD

About Fifty Brands of Varying Strengths Made in Ohio.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Columbus, Dec. 14.—The question of just what is deemed intoxicating liquor, within the meaning of the law, is giving the officials in the offices of the auditor of state and dairy and food commissioner considerable concern and with them it is really a case of not knowing just "where they are at."

It all comes about as a result of counties voting dry under the Rose county local option law. Manufacturers and dealers in near-beer sold in dry territory are daily making inquiry as to what per cent. of alcohol the substitute for the real article may contain and be exempt from the Aiken $1,000 tax, and in each case the reply has been that all beverages containing one-half of one per cent. or more of alcohol are subject to the tax.

This is the United States government regulation and while it has been temporarily adopted by the state as its standard, a close examination of the state law indicates that all liquors, if they only contain one-seventeenth per cent. of alcohol, or even the smallest fraction thereof, for that matter, are subject to the tax, and this interpretation of the statute is borne out by the decision of the Ohio supreme court in the 68th Ohio state, in which the state auditor and auditor of Montgomery county engaged in a friendly suit as to whether a woman who sold liquor surreptitiously could be held for tax, and the court held she could.

Accept Federal Rule.

State Auditor Guilbert and Dairy and Food Commissioner Dunlap held a conference as to what should be the policy of the state respecting the effect of the Aiken tax on the so-called temperance beers and it was decided to follow the government regulation and to go before the legislature when it meets and ask for passage of a law definitely fixing the percentage under which these beverages can be sold without being taxed.

Should the attorney general be asked to render an opinion it would not be surprising if he should construe the law and court decision to mean that all drinks containing even the smallest fraction of a per cent of alcohol are liable to the tax.

The law enumerates malt drinks as being among those subject to the tax, and the chemist of the dairy and food commissioner declares that malt is not an intoxicant and his ruling further complicates the situation. The word "malt" may be stricken out of the law if the legislature makes changes in it. The letters sent out by the two departments say that the state has been and is now following the government regulation, but nothing is said about what the policy of the state in the future regarding the sale of these beverages.

There are in the neighborhood of fifty brands of so-called temperance beer sold in the dry counties of the state, the names of some of them being new-bru, near-beer, cream hops, laeger, tonica, velveteen, beerine, temperance foam and malt extract. One of these beverages was found to contain 47 per cent of alcohol. Some contain less than one-half of one per cent of alcohol and some more. One brand may contain a low per cent in one locality and a high one in another and because of this the dairy and food commissioner is kept busy making analyses. If any are found to contain more than the per cent fixed by the federal regulation the commissioner certifies the name of the seller to the auditor of state and it is the duty of that official to enter the name on the duplicate for the $1,000 tax.

REPORT MRS. EDDY ILL

Attendants Deny Leader Is in Poor Health.

Boston, Dec. 14.—Reports that Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy was ill were denied by Mrs. Eddy's attendants today, who said that the leader was in her usual health.

Mrs. Eddy was said to be attending to her writing and other engagements today as usual. She took her daily drive Saturday, in spite of stormy weather, and was planning to do the same this afternoon.

U. S. TO SUE FOR LIBEL

Canal Stories in "World" May Lead to Pulitzer's Prosecution.

Washington, Dec. 15.—President Roosevelt today sent to the senate a statement concerning the purchase of the Panama canal property by the United States, denouncing in strong language charges that there was anything wrong in the acquisition by the United States of the canal property.

"These stories," he continues, "were first brought to my attention as published in a paper in Indianapolis, called the News, edited by Mr. Delavan Smith. The stories were scurrilous and libelous in character and false in every essential particular. Mr. Smith shelters himself behind the excuse that he merely accepted the statements which had appeared in a paper published in New York, the World, owned by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer.

Hits at Pulitzer.

"It is idle to say that the known character of Mr. Pulitzer and his newspaper are such that the statements in that paper will be believed by nobody; unfortunately, thousands of persons are ill-informed in this respect and believe the statements they see in print, even though they appear in a newspaper published by Mr. Pulitzer."

Summarizing charges made in this connection, the President says:

"These statements sometimes appeared in the editorials, sometimes in the news columns, sometimes in the shape of contributions from individuals either unknown or known to be of bad character. They are false in every particular from beginning to end.

"The wickedness of the slanders is only surpassed by their fatuity. So utterly baseless are the stories that apparently they represent in part merely material collected for campaign purposes and in part stories originally concocted with a view of possible blackmail.

"The inventor of the story about Mr. Charles P. Taft, for instance, evidently supposed that at some period of the Panama purchase Mr. W. H. Taft was secretary of war, whereas in reality Mr. W. H. Taft never became secretary of war until long after the whole transaction in question had been closed.

Had No Connection.

"The inventor of the story about Mr. Douglas Robinson had not taken the trouble to find out the fact that Mr. Robinson had not had the slightest connection, directly or indirectly, of any kind or sort with any phase of the Panama transaction from beginning to end.

"The men who attacked Mr. Root in the matter had not taken the trouble to read the public documents which would have informed them that Mr. Root had nothing to do with the purchase, which was entirely arranged through the department of justice under the then attorney general, Mr. Knox.

"Now, these stories as a matter of fact need no investigation whatever. No shadow of proof has been, or can be, produced in behalf of any of them. They consist simply of a string of infamous libels. In form, they are in part libels upon individuals, upon Mr. Taft and Mr. Robinson for instance. But they are in fact wholly, and in form partly, a libel upon the United States government.

"I do not believe we should concern ourselves with the particular individuals who wrote the lying and libelous editorials, articles from correspondents, or articles in the news columns.

The Real Offender.

"The real offender is Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, editor and proprietor of the World.

"While the criminal offense of which Mr. Pulitzer has been guilty is in form a libel upon individuals, the great injury done is in blackening the good name of the American people.

"It should not be left to a private citizen to sue Mr. Pulitzer for libel. He should be prosecuted for libel by the governmental authorities. In point of encouragement of iniquity, in point of infamy, of wrong-doing, there is nothing to choose between a public servant who betrays his trust, a public servant who is guilty of blackmail, or theft, or financial dishonesty of any kind, and a man guilty as Mr. Joseph Pulitzer has been guilty in this instance.

"It is therefore a high national duty to bring to justice this vilifier of the American people, this man who wantonly and wickedly and without one shadow of justification seeks to blacken the character of reputable private citizens and to convict the government of his own country in the eyes of the civilized world of wrong-doing of the basest and foulest kind, when he has not one shadow of justification of any sort or description for the charge he has made. The attorney general has under consideration the form in which the proceedings against Mr. Pulitzer shall be brought."

No Concern of President.

The President refers to various papers which he transmits with his message and calls attention to numerous utterances and acts relating to the canal and its purchase. He cites the act of congress by which he was authorized to pay $40,000,000 for the canal property, and says it was no concern of the President what the new Panama Canal company did with the money.

Explaining the method of concluding the purchase, the president says: "The Panama canal transaction was actually carried through, not by either the then secretary of state, Mr. John Hay, or the then secretary of war, Mr. Elihu Root, both of whom, however, were cognizant of all the essential features; but by the then attorney general, Mr. P. C. Knox, at present senator from Pennsylvania. I directed or approved every action, and am responsible for all that was done in carrying out the will of the congress; and the provisions of the law, enacted by congress after exhaustive examination and discussion, were scrupulously complied with by the executive.

While the transaction was pending I saw Mr. Cromwell but two or three times, and my communications with him were limited to the exchange of purely formal courtesies. Secretary Hay occasionally saw him, in the same manner; I doubt whether Mr. Root held any conversation with him. The attorney general saw him frequently, as he was counsel for the Panama company; their communications were official, as representing the two sides."

Action Not Influenced.

The action of the government, he says, was wholly uninfluenced by any question of who were or were not stockholders either in the new or the old company.

"If, as a matter of fact," he explains, "the canal company, either or both, had been owned by American citizens or by citizens of any other nationality, it would not have altered in the slightest degree the action taken by this government. Our concern was to get the canal property, which was owned by the French company, and to see that the title was clear. Our transactions were carried on openly, and were published in detail, and we dealt solely (so far as the interests of the old Panama company were concerned) with the liquidator appointed by the proper French governmental body, the Civil Tribunal of the Seine, and in accordance with the decree of this same tribunal, with the new Panama Canal company, which also went into liquidation upon the sale to the United States. All our transactions were carried on openly, and were published in detail."

The President states that the money was paid through the New York banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co., acting as fiscal agents of this government, into the Bank of France, in Paris.

Fillowed French Decree.

"In these payments," he says, "we followed to the letter the decree of the governmental tribunal of France, which had the authority to make such a decree, the civil tribunal of the Seine. We had neither desire nor authority to go behind this decree of this proper governmental body, as all the conflicting rights of the security-holders of both companies had been settled by the decree of said court by ratification of the arbitration which resulted in that division.

"I wish to make as clear as possible, and as emphatic as posible, the statement that we did not have anything to do with the distribution of a dollar of the $40,000,000 we paid as regards any stockholders or bondholders of the French companies, save that we followed out the award of the arbitrators appointed in accordance with the decree of the French court, which had dealt with the subject in awarding a certain proportion to the old company and a certain proportion to the new company. Any question concerning the stockholders, bondholders or other beneficiaries of the proceeds of sale were purely a question for the civil tribunal of the Seine, the French governmental body, with which this nation had nothing whatever to do.

Cromwell's Own Affair.

"Under these circumstances, there was not the slightest need for Mr. Cromwell to give any information on the subject of the companies for which he had been counsel. The government has no concern with Mr. Cromwell's relation to these companies, or either of them, or with the amount of his professional compensation; it was not the affair of this government to inquire who were the security holders of the companies. Nevertheless, Mr. Cromwell, of his own accord, has submitted to me, together with a copy of his statement published on the 11th instant, and which I transmit herewith, a full list of the stockholders of the new Panama Canal company of France on January 15, 1900 (numbering over 6,000) and a list of all stockholders who were present at a special meeting of the company held February 28, 1902, immediately after the cable offer of the company was made to the United States (January 9-11, 1902) to accept the appraisement of $40,000,000 made by the isthmian canal commission, and to sell for said sum the Panama canal, concessions and other property, and the shares of the Panama Railroad company."

Referring to accompanying documents, the President says no payment will be made upon the stock of the old Panama Canal company, and he is informed the payment on the bonded indebtedness will be but 10 per cent. About 6,000 shareholders of the new Panama Canal company will receive payments, and they will recover their original investments with annual interest of about 3 per cent.

Records on File.

"The account and records of his liquidation, which was concluded in June last," he says, "are on deposit with the Credit Lyonnaise of Paris as a proper custodian of the same, appointed upon such liquidation. Recently a request was made by a private individual to inspect the records of these payments, but answer was made by the custodians that they saw no proper reason for granting such request by a stranger, and, inasmuch as there is not the slightest ground for suspicion of any bad faith in the transaction, it hardly seems worth while to make the request; but if the congress desires, I have no doubt that on the request of our ambassador in Paris, the lists of individuals will be shown him.

"As a matter of fact, there is nothing whatever in which this government is interested, to investigate about this transaction. So far as this government is concerned, every step of the slightest importance has been made public by its executive, and every step taken in France has there been made public by the proper officials."

KANSAS PROSPERING

Kansas December official crop report as given by C. A. King & Co. makes a very favorable showing. Secretary Coburn has been gathering the report longer than usual. His early figures made wheat condition there 88. Since then it has improved with beneficial rains and snows. He thinks the average now may be as high as 95. His early figures indicated half a million decrease in the acreage sown, but this may be revised later. He calls the 1908 wheat crop 76,800,000 bushels. This agrees with his former estimates. He calls the corn crop 150,000,000 bushels, against 155,000,000 a year ago. Kansas does not issue any winter crop report. Agriculturally, Kansas had the greatest year ever known, their crops being worth $24,000,000 more than last year, although the acreage was smaller. Hay was an abundant yield and pastures excellent.

Missouri December crop report, as given by C. A. King & Co., makes the corn crop there 182,000,000 bushels. This is 20,000,000 less than the recent government estimates. Year ago they had 241,000,000 bushels. Acreage was 10 per cent short and the average yield per acre 28 bushels, against 32 a year ago. Quality there is 81, against 86 last year. Wheat acreage seeded is only 1,650,000, against 1,928,000 a year ago. Government December figures made it half a million more than the state report. State report makes condition of the wheat crop only 79. Government called it 90.

Free Receipt For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe, is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and, so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Mr. A. E. Robinson, 3938 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, free of charge.

SEIZE ANOTHER SHIP

Move to Overthrow Castro Follows Militant Act of Holland's Fleet of Cruisers.

The Hague, Dec. 15.—Dutch warships operating on the coast of Venezuela have captured another Venezuelan coastguard vessel, known as "23 de Mayo." The Mayo's crew were landed on the Venezuelan coast. The capture was effected by the Dutch steamer Jacob Van Heemskerk.

In State of Siege.

Caracas, Dec. 15.—Venezuela is declared in a state of siege, and the entire populace is in a furore of excitement over the actions of Holland.

Vice President Gomez is acting with great energy and decisiveness.

There is a strong movement to throw down Castro and put Gomez in power.

At many public gatherings yesterday and last night demands were made that reforms be granted.

Crowd Demonstrates.

The news of the capture of the Venezuelan coast guard ship Alexis by the Dutch cruiser Gelderland became known in Caracas yesterday. A big crowd at once assembled in the Plaza Bolivar and demonstrated in support of the government.

The captain of the Alexis who came ashore at Puerto Cabello, has sent to Caracas the communication handed him by the Dutch officer who came on board from the Gelderland. This note is as follows:

"On board the cruiser Gelderland, December 12.

"Her Majesty the Queen of Holland has given orders for her warships temporarily to sequestrate and embargo all Venezuelan government vessels. This is a retaliatory measure. We demand that you lower your flag and surrender your ship and your persons to the commander of the Gelderland. All resistance will be useless. If you resist the result will be the loss of your vessel and death to many of you.

"Second Lieutenant Boinar."

Gomez Issues Decree.

Acting President Gomez issued a decree yesterday which declares:

"I consider these acts a true invasion of Venezuelan territory and an aggression against the Venezuelan government. They constitute a grave offense. The national sovereignty is threatened, and the territorial integrity, honor and dignity of the fatherland is in danger.

"I decree the nation in a state of defense, and consequently the executive assumes and will exercise the extraordinary faculties conferred upon him by the constitution."

Castro Has Good Time.

Berlin, Dec. 15.—President Castro, of Venezuela, who arrived in this city last night from Paris, called this morning on Chancellor von Buelow and Foreign Secretary von Schoen. The foreign secretary later in the day sent Councillor Goetsch, who acted on the German indemnity commission at Caracas in 1903, to return the call and inquire concerning President Castro's health.

The local newspapers today publish various accounts of the luxurious living of President Castro and the members of his party at their hotel in this city.

TAFT-BURTON CONTEST

Organization Leaders Will Get Busy in Behalf of the Cincinnati Editor.

Columbus, Dec. 14.—Saturday's conference at Washington between President-elect Taft and Theodore E. Burton has settled beyond doubt in the political mind that the fight for the toga in Ohio must be between the Cleveland Congressman and Charles P. Taft.

Disappointed at but not unprepared for the outcome of the conference, leaders in the Republican state organization will inaugurate a vigorous, aggressive campaign in behalf of the Cincinnati editor. Mr. Burton's friends have been active in his behalf for a fortnight, and he has got a flying start. Mr. Burton, however, was compelled to form a personal organization for the contest, while Charles P. Taft, with the support of the state organization had no preliminary work of this sort.

Mr. Burton will return Tuesday or Wednesday to take personal charge of his campaign, which to this time has been ably managed by James H. Cassidy. Headquarters are to be opened in Columbus at an early day, and the congressman is expected to be here in person a greater portion of the time until the Republican legislative caucus is held.

Strenuous Campaign.

The campaign for United States senator will be strenuous, if brief. With Messrs. Burton and Taft admittedly the leaders in the fight, the other candidates will use their efforts to deadlock the caucus, each in the hope that out of the failure of either leader to win, the lightning will strike him. Beginning today, the state organization will invite assemblymen-elect to visit the state headquarters to discuss the situation and to give pledges of Taft support.

The leaders of the organization give no more than twenty-five votes to Burton and twelve to Joseph Benson Foraker, thirty-seven in all. On the first caucus ballot J. Warren Keifer is likely to have six, Harry M. Daugherty five, and a number will be cast for Governor Harris. It, therefore, appears at this time that there will be no nomination on the first ballot, forty-six votes being necessary.

Pick Taft to Win.

Charles P. Taft's friends really believe he will be nominated on the third ballot of the caucus. They think he will get the solid Daugherty vote and most of the support credited to Keifer. Mr Burton's friends, on the other hand, say he is sure of five of the six original Keifer votes. Most of the politicians of both parties expect to see Mr. Taft win, but they admit the possibility of a deadlock, which may lead to the selection of a dark horse for the senatorship. Friends of Governor Harris say he will win if a deadlock has to be broken, but the prevailing sentiment now is that the governor will not have a look in at the finish.

Mr. Burton's supporters appear to be as sanguine that he will be the winner as do the organization leaders that Mr. Taft will land the prize. The Burton claims are based on direct information regarding the sentiment in the various counties. The fact remains that the great majority of the Republican members of the next assembly are committed to no candidate, and thus far have refused to make pledges.

Straw Vote Is Taken.

Letters sent last week to Republican workers in seventy-two counties by a party leader not directly identified with the state organization have brought twenty-five replies to questions asked concerning the position of the assemblymen-elect on the senatorial question. The twenty-five replies are from Republican counties containing no large cities. In the majority of instances it was stated that the assemblyman-elect from the county was non-committal as to whom he would vote for.

Of those who expressed preferences 50 per cent were for Taft and 30 [illegible] for Burton, while 20 per celve other candidates. It [illegible] ar and letters that the nam he answer information would was Each, lizabeth Fuller.

BELL PAYS BIG PRICE

Spends $18,000,000 in Ohio Fighting United States Telephone Co.

Cleveland, Dec. 15.—Claim was made in the United States circuit court by Attorney Clarence Brown, of Toledo, that the Bell Telephone company had spent $18,000,000 fighting the United States Telephone company in Ohio, since the latter's organization 12 years ago. All it had gained, declared Mr. Brown, was the 14 companies that had broken their contracts with the United States company.

The statement was made in connection with the hearing of the Bell company's demurrer to the suit for a permanent injunction prayed for by the United States Telephone company in support of the temporary injunction granted them two weeks ago by Judge Tayler.

The United States Telephone company alleges that the Bell Telephone company has caused fourteen independent companies under exclusive contracts with the United States company for ninety-nine years to supply them with long distance service with influencing these companies to break their contracts in favor of the Bell Telephone company.

The Bell company accuses the United States company with forming a monopoly. They charge that the agreement is in violation of the anti-trust laws. The United States company retaliated by saying that they were not organizing a trust but merely fighting for life and death with the Bell company, hence their long distance contracts with the independents. The hearing of the case is being continued today.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

To Prosecute Those Guilty of "Infamous Falsehood" Concerning Panama Canal.

Washington, Dec. 11.—"If they can be reached for criminal libel, I shall try to have them reached," said President Roosevelt, in speaking about "those Americans who have been guilty of infamous falsehood concerning the acquisition of the property and construction of the Panama canal itself."

It was to the committee of 100 of the Lake to the Gulf Deep Waterway association, headed by Governor Deneen, of Illinois, who were received by the President in the east room of the White house, that he made this declaration.

"One thing I am proud of in connection with the building of that canal," said the President. "There has not been legitimate cause for the breath of scandal connected with any feature of the proceeding. We have cause to be ashamed of only one set of Americans in connection with the building of the canal, and that of those Americans who have been guilty of infamous falsehoods concerning the acquisition of the property and the construction of the canal itself. If they can be reached for criminal libel I shall try to have them reached. If not, at any rate all the facts we know or ever have known are at the disposal of each and every one of you here, and of any one in congress or of all congress, if they wish to see them."

Cromwell's Denial.

New York, Dec. 11.—William Nelson Cromwell, named in the Panama canal deal stories as a member and promoter of the supposed syndicate, has issued a general denial that there was any American syndicate.

His statement first takes up the editorial in the Indianapolis News, which drew the President's fire, then tells that he already had denied it in the New York World, which first printed the charge.

The statement, in part, follows:

"I wish to call attention to the fact that upon the first day of the hearings before the committee on interoceanic canals of the senate of the United States in February, 1906, I voluntarily made an explicit and detailed statement showing how the $40,000,000 was paid by the United States through Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., as their agents, to the Bank of France at Paris for account of the new Panama Canal Co. and also explaining the subsequent payment of the full amount to the liquidators of the new Panama Canal Co. and to the liquidator of the old Panama Canal Co., who in turn distributed the same to their respective stock and bondholders, numbering hundreds of thousands of persons.

Owned No Stock.

"Neither I nor my law firm nor any one connected with me ever owned, directly or indirectly, any share of stock in the new Panama Canal Co. nor any of the obligations or securities of the old Panama Canal Co., nor ever bought or sold any of the shares or securities of either one of said companies, nor were directly or indirectly interested in them.

"I am also positive that not a man in public life in America, in or out of congress, ever had the least pecuniary interest in the Panama canal. I do not know and never have known of any American citizen who has ever dealt in any of the shares of the new Panama Canal Co. or the shares or bonds of the old company.

No Part in Deal.

"A further instance of the unwarranted attitude of the Indianapolis News and of other journals repeating the statements is furnished with respect to Mr. C. P. Taft and Mr. Douglas Robinson. The introduction of these gentlemen in the Panama affair is like the creation of a character in a work of fiction. They did not exist in the sense of having any relation to the canal matter."

FORAKER HAS NEW PLAN

Washington, Dec. 14.—Senator Foraker today introduced an amendment to the bill providing for the re-enlistment of negro troops discharged without honor because of alleged participation in the affray at Brownsville, Texas, and addressed the senate concerning the amendment.

He proposes in his new measure to establish a tribunal, consisting of retired army officers, naming these officers in the bill, before whom evidence may be submitted as to the guilt of the defendants and before whom the defendants themselves might appear to answer charges.

The measure is so drawn as practically to take out of the hands of the executive and give to a tribunal appointed by congress, full authority to consider the Brownsville question, and by its findings provide for the re-enlistment of the discharged negroes.

In addressing the senate, Mr. Foraker said it was an elementary proposition in order that the accused may have an opportunity to confront the accuser, and to appear in person and answer evidence with evidence.

He said that he has expected that it would not be necessary to enter upon a new investigation of the Brownsville question, but that during the summer letters had been coming to him from these discharged negro soldiers, declaring that detectives were constantly engaging them in conversation. "These men," said Senator Foraker, "are not secret service ves, of course, for they would right under the law to engage rvice."

on the seat. Let us hear Carolyn, Bucke Wah, Bookie, Fl

HITCH IN RULE REVISION

House Minority Not So Anxious to Help 'Insurgents' Make a Change.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 15.—With "Uncle" William Peters Hepburn, of Iowa, leading the charge of the insurgents who want the rules of the house revised, there comes a hitch.

Insurgents on the Republican side know they can win only with the assistance of the minority. When they go about, holding a caucus here and a caucus there, they are in peril of their official lives, for they run the danger of calling down a wrath that will separate them from their source of political existence—patronage, recognition, friends—everything.

Minority members are not in so much danger, for, under the able tutelage of John Sharp Williams, they have come to be "agin" anything that is Republican—so long as they are on the floor of the house.

Here's the Hitch.

But the hitch that has come in the much discussed revision of the rules is the fact that the minority doesn't seem to be as crazy about changing the rules now as they did before they thought there was any chance that the Republicans would lead the fight and lend the aid. One of the principal Republican objections to the present rules is the matter in which recognition is obtained from the speaker.

When the Reed rules were adopted, they were put through to permit the majority to do business—something almost impossible at that time, because of the multitude of facilities for the minority to digress and retard measures under consideration. Up to the 56th congress, the power of recognition was practically in the hands of the house. The rule before that time provided that a person desiring the floor should "rise and respectively adress the chair." Then an interpolation was worked into this rule which made it read, "rise and respectively address the chair and wait for recognition." Thus, no one was permitted to speak until the speaker chose to recognize him. The formula now is for the chair to say, "For what purpose does the gentleman rise." Another change that is wanted by the rule revisionists is an order permitting committees to name their own chairman, instead of the speaker, and they also want a committee of seven members on rules, to be elected by the house instead of appointed by the speaker.

The radicals would take all power from the speaker and make him a mere presiding officer, but the majority of the insurgents do not believe they would have anything to gain by this, unless the rules committee should exercise a function similar to that of the steering committee in the senate.

During the last session there were introduced into the house something like 23,000 bills. With no rules to head him off, each member would have been insisting upon the measures that meant most to his political life and little, if any business of real interest to the nation would have been transacted. The rules make for speed as well as quantity of legislation. While the speaker of the house is given a great deal of power, far too much, according to the opinion of the membership of the house in general, it is a question whether the situation would be improved by taking all his prerogatives from him. That the house would be more a representative body, if the present rules were modified, cannot be questioned. Speaker Cannon, it is conceded by every congressman who is sure he will not be quoted and by a few who don't care, has the house completely throttled under the present system.

The broader minded members of the insurgent party are seeking to find a remedy which will throw the real power of the house to the members of the body, while leaving to the speaker sufficient authority to facilitate business.

TO CURB RAILROADS

Such Is Plan of President Roosevelt in Bill Introduced by Senator Dolliver.

Washington, Dec. 10.—Strict control of corporations.

Prevention of stock watering.

Suppression of gambling in stocks and bonds.

Ending of abuses which have marked management of great corporations.

These are features of President Roosevelt's plan for government regulation. It was introduced in the senate yesterday by Senator Dolliver in the form of a bill.

No Let-Up in War.

The introduction of the measure marks the beginning of one of President Roosevelt's most important efforts, and one which doubtless will meet great opposition. Passage of the measure would round out his program of curbing lawless corporations. Its presentation to the senate showed conclusively that there would be no let up in the President's war.

The bill is a far reaching one for the regulation of the future issues of securities by transportation companies and telegraph and telephone companies engaged in interstate commerce. It is said that the measure represents the administration view of the subject on which it is proposed to legislate.

The provisions of the bill were explained by its author as follows:

"The measure is designed to subject the future issues of stocks and bonds by transportation companies, telephone and telegraph companies engaged in interstate commerce, to the scrutiny of the government of the United States. It is drawn on the theory that these corporations should be so organized and there should be some just and reasonable relation between their assets and their liabilities.

Effect of Effort.

"It is intended to prevent for the future over-capitalization, stock watering, bond manipulation and all similar abuses, which in times past have brought more or less disrepute upon the management of railway properties. The effect of it will be to give stability to the existing volume of railway securities and at the same time to so guard future issues as to give normal values to stocks and bonds."

TAKES GLOOMY VIEW OF PANAMA CANAL.

Paris, Dec. 12. — Philippe Bunau-Varilla, former Panama minister to the United States, and once an engineer engaged in the construction of the Panama canal, takes the gloomiest of views concerning the prospects of the canal. He says the cost will be $280,000,000, double the estimate made by the United States.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Washington, Dec. 7.—The senate—Vice President Fairbanks called the senate to order, and Rev. Edward Everett Hale opened the session with prayer. Senators Aldrich, Gallinger and Teller were appointed in pursuance of a resolution offered by Senator Hale, to wait upon the President and inform him that congress was ready to receive his annual message. Senator Dillingham presented the credentials of his colleague, Senator-elect Carroll S. Page, of Vermont, and the oath of office was administered to him by the vice president. Senator Dolliver announced the death of the late Senator Allison, of Iowa, and resolutions expressing the profound sorrow of the senate over this bereavement were adopted. As a further mark of respect to his memory the senate, after a session lasting but fifteen minutes, adjourned for the day.

House—After being in session an hour, one-half of which time was consumed by a roll call, the house of representatives, which met at noon for the second session of the Sixtieth congress, adjourned out of respect to the memory of several of its own members and of Senator Allison, all of whom died during the recess. The most important action of the house was the passage by unanimous consent of a resolution authorizing the committee on ways and means, in its tariff hearings, to subpoena and to call for books and papers. A number of bills of public interest were introduced.

Washington, Dec. 8.—Senate—After listening to the reading of the President's message the miscellaneous work today consisted in the main of the reference in executive session of about 1,500 recess nominations, which were sent in by the President, and the adoption of resolutions of regret on account of the death of members of the house who have passed away since the adjournment last May.

House—The reading of the President's annual message was the chief business of the session, but a number of bills were sent to conference, among them being one providing for a new immigration station in Boston. In addition, the speaker announced the appointment of Mr. Higgins, of Connecticut to a place on the committee on the judiciary in place of Mr. Littlefield, and of Mr. Martin to a place on the committee on Indian affairs in place of Mr. Parker, deceased. For the first time during the present congress there was a call of the committees of the house, but no measure was reported by any of them.

Washington, Dec. 9.—Senate.—The session today was devoted chiefly to the formal presentation of departmental reports and the introduction of bills. The reports have been made public from time to time and the bills, numbering 352, were chiefly for the granting of pensions. Senator Johnston, of Alabama, introduced a bill to reinstate former cadets Russell and Weaver, dismissed from the military academy for hazing. He declared that their punishment was excessive and said that every new senator was hazed by being given unimportant assignments and being restricted in his privileges. After a brief executive session the senate adjourned.

House—For nearly five hours the house today considered the bill providing for the taking of the thirteenth and subsequent decennial censuses, and passed it without material change. Prolonged, animated and at times heated discussion was precipitated over an amendment by Mr. Gillett, of Massachusetts, who sought to have the temporary census force authorized by the bill, with the exception of a few minor positions, appointed upon the basis of competitive examinations.

Washington, Dec. 10.—Senate.—The senate held a short session today, during which an agreement was reached for taking up the omnibus claims bill Monday with the understanding that it shall not interfere with the consideration of the postal savings bill or any other measure in which senators are especially interested. Senator Lodge gave notice that he would on Wednesday speak on the Brownsville affair. After a short executive session the senate adjourned until Monday in respect to the memory of the late Representative Charles T. Dunwell, of New York.

House.—At no time today was there a quorum in the house. The legislative appropriation bill was presented and several bills passed, among them being one authorizing the removal of the imposition of loss of citizenship upon deserters in the military and naval services. The rest of the day was taken up in discussing the bill to provide for the arbitrary investigation of difficulties between employers and employes. Its consideration had not been concluded when the house adjourned.

Washington, Dec. 11.—House.—The legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill, which usually excites considerable discussion, lasting for several days, was passed with little debate and practically in the shape in which it came from committee. An unusual feature was that no member asked for time to indulge in general talk. The bill carries an appropriation of $31,665,320. The house, immediately after convening, unanimously and without debate adopted a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee of five to consider the reference to the secret service in the President's message, and to suggest what action, if any, should be taken in the matter.

The senate was not in session today.

Washington, Dec. 12.—House.—No particular program had been mapped out for today, but under a call of committees several measures in which the members were especially interested were considered. With few exceptions they engendered the liveliest sort of debate. Parliamentary tactics were freely resorted to, with the result that five times the roll was called. The first wrangle occurred on a resolution fixing the boundary line between the states of Colorado, Oklahoma and New Mexico, which was adopted by a good majority, but not without two roll calls. The house then by a decisive vote refused further to consider the bill providing for arbitrary settlement of disputes between employers and employes. Next the bill providing for the protection of aliens in the United States was thrashed out at length. The members had rough sailing, and it was passed by a slim majority after the roll had been called twice. The house adjourned until Monday.

The senate was not in session today.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Dec. 12.—Bradstreet's says: Retail and holiday trade are more in evidence this week, and as these have expanded business in regular wholesale and jobbing lines has quited down. Colder weather and the approach of the close of the year have helped to stimulate final distribution, but it is noted that both regular retail trade and the usual Christmas shopping demand have not yet fully met expectations at many points, and particularly at the south, where low priced cotton is a retarding feature. Best reports as to trade come from the southwest, and the spring wheat districts and Pacific northwest. In wholesale and jobbing, except where the latter trades are engaged in quick shipments to meet current needs, there is a disposition to go slower, pending a clearer view of year-end distribution and the taking of inventories. There is also in evidence some conservatism as to placing spring business, because of more or less marked advances in prices of raw and manufactured products and careful buying by retailers. In industrial lines, while there is still some idle machinery, the volume of orders booked is sufficient to induce manufacturers to go ahead freely, though this branch notes the influence of higher prices on some raw materials. An example of current activity in manufactures is afforded by a report of pig iron production for November larger than for any previous month this year and fifty per cent in advance of January. Final building reports for November also testify to activity in this line for a close-to-end-of-year period.

Business failures in the United States for the week ended December 10 number 298 against 234 last week, 284 in the like week of 1907, 220 in 1906, 226 in 1905, and 239 in 1904. Business failures in Canada number 60, as against 38 last week, and 50 in the like week of 1907.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, Dec. 15.—Prominent among the factors tending to reduce wheat at the opening today were lower cables, free offerings in the northwest, a rather easy domestic situation and an indifferent cash demand. In Chicago, commission houses sold early in the session. Liverpool was weakened largely by favorable advices from Argentina, the market opening ⅝d lower and dropping to a range of ¾d to ⅞d off at 1:30 p. m. Portland, Ore., reported 15,000,000 bushels of wheat for export. After opening ¼c lower at $1.03, cash and December in the Toledo market swung back to the level of yesterday's close at about 10 a. m. May started ¼c off at $1.06¾, and July ½c lower at $1.00.

Indicating a total wheat yield of 664,000,000 bu. for the crop of 1908 against 630,000,000 the year before, the government report was bearish to a marked degree. The figures on coarse grains also favored the selling side. Stop loss orders caused a mild rally near the close. Cash and Dec. closed ½c higher at $1,03¾, May ¼c up at $1.07¼ and July ⅛c lower at $1.00⅜. Liverpool closed ¾d to ⅞d lower.

Heavy receipts had a tendency to weaken corn, though this was offset to some extent by reports that farmers expect to hold their grain more tightly. Liverpool was unchanged at the opening and ⅛d lower at midday. December opened unchanged at 61c, May ¼c lower at 63¼c, and July ⅜c off at 63¼c. At 10 a. m. the market was stronger, especially in the futures. Local cash demand has improved.

Cash and December closed at 60¾c, May at 63c and July at 63⅜c. At the close Liverpool was ⅜d lower to ¼d up.

Oats was weaker, with the exception of July, which opened unchanged at 48¼c and advanced ⅛c early in the morning. December, at 53c, was unchanged on the call, and May showed a loss of ½c in opening at 54¼c.

The closes: Cash and December 53c, May 54c, July 48¼c.

Clover seed receded, December opening 2½c lower at $5.55, and March 5c off at $5.62½. The market was quiet during most of the morning.

Receipts were 724 bags against 196 a year ago. Shipments were 800 compared with none last year on the corresponding day. December closed 2½c off at $5.55, March 5c off at $5.62½ and October unchanged at $6.15.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Dec.15.	Close Dec.14.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.03	1.03¾	....	1.03¾	1.03¼
Dec..	1.03	1.03¾	....	1.03¾	1.03¼
May	1.06¾	1.07¼	1.06½	1.07¼	1.07
July	....	1.00	1.00¼	1.00⅜	1.00½
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	60¾	61
Dec..	61	....	....	60¾	61
May	63¼	....	....	63	63½
July	63¼	63½	....	63⅜	63⅝
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	53	53
Dec.	53	....	....	53	53
May	54¼	....	....	54	53¾
July	48¼	48⅝	....	48¼	48¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash	....	....	....	5.55	....
Dec	5.55	....	....	5.55	5.57½
March	5.62½	....	....	5.62½	5.67½
Oct	....	6.12½	....	6.15	6.15
No. 2	....	....	....	5.40	5.40
No. 3	....	....	....	5.25	5.25
Rejected	....	....	....	5.12½	5.12½
Neg.	....	....	....	4.85	4.85
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	....	78½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	....	1.70

CHICAGO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Dec.15.	Close Dec.14.
Wheat—					
Dec..	99½	....	99¼	1.00¼	1.00
May	1.04⅝	1.05⅝	1.04⅜	1.05⅛	1.04⅞
July	97⅛	98	97	97⅜	97½
Corn—					
Dec..	57½	58	....	57¾	57¾
May	61⅜	62	....	61½	61½
July	61½	62	....	61⅜	61⅝
Sept..	61⅜	....	....	61¾	61¾
Oats—					
Dec..	50¼	50⅜	....	49⅞	50½
May	52¼	52¾	52	52¼	52⅜
July	47⅜	47½	....	47⅛	47⅞
Sept..	40⅜	....	39¾	39¾	....

NEW YORK.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Dec.15.	Close Dec.14.
Wheat—					
May	1.09½	....	....	1.10⅛	1.10⅛
Corn—					
Dec.	....	....	....	68	68
May	68⅜	68⅞	....	68¾	68⅜

ST. LOUIS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Dec.15.	Close Dec.14.
Wheat—					
July	95½	....	....	95½	95⅝
May	1.04⅞	1.04⅜	....	1.05⅛	1.05⅛

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Dec.15.	Close Dec.14.
Pork—					
Jan	15.70	15.75	....	15.72	15.72
May	16.05	16.12	....	16.07	16.07
Dec	14.50	....	....	14.50	14.45
Lard—					
Jan	9.15	....	....	9.12	9.10
May	9.40	....	9.35	9.37	9.15
Ribs—					
Jan	8.15	8.20	....	8.17	8.17
May	8.45	8.50	....	8.47	8.47

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Dec. 15.—Hog receipts were light and prices advanced 15c to 25c. Best heavies sold at $5.85, while good Yorkers advanced 20c to 25c, the bulk of these weights selling at $5.70 and $5.75. The market ruled active and closed firm at the advance.

Two cars of cattle were received, and the market held steady. Sheep ruled dull and lower. Lambs were steady and calves firm.

Toledo closing quotations:

Hogs—Selected heavies, average 200 to 250 lbs., $5.85; mediums, $5.80@5.85; Yorkers, $5.70@5.75; light Yorkers, 120 to 140 lbs., $5.25@5.50; good pigs, $5.00@5.25; stags and roughs, $3.50@5.40; mixed, $5.70@5.80; bulk of sales, $5.75@5.85.

Cattle—Steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $5.00@5.75; fat steers, 1,050 to 1,150 lbs., $4.50@5.00; fair to medium, $4.00@4.50; plain light steers, $3.50@4.00; extra heifers, $3.50@4.00; fair to medium, $3.00@3.50; light, $2.50@3.00; cows, $3.00@3.50; good butcher cows, $2.50@3.00; common cows, $1.50@2.50; milkers and stringers, $25.00@50.00; choice butchers bulls, $3.75@4.00; common to good bulls, $3.00@3.50; stockers and feeders, $3.00@4.25.

Shep and lambs—Wethers, $3.50@4.75; mixed sheep, $3.00@4.00; culls and common, $2.00@2.75; best lambs, $4.00@7.00; ewes, $2.50@3.00.

Calves—Prime veals, $7.00@7.50; fair to good, $7.00@9.00; common, $4.50@6.50; heavy and pail fed, $2.50@6.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 15.—(By Swope, Hughes, Waltz & Benstead.)—Cattle, 15 cars; slow. Hogs, 20 cars; strong. Heavy, $6.00; Yorkers, $5.60@5.90; pigs, $5.35. Sheep, 10 cars; steady. Best lambs, $7.60; yearlings, $5.50@5.75; others, $4.50@4.75; ewes, $4.00@4.25. Calves, $5.00@10.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Dec. 15.—Cattle—Receipts (estimated), 6,000 head; market steady; beeves, $3.40@4.25; westerners, $3.25@5.50; stockers and feeders, $2.60@4.80; cows and heifers, $1.50@5.00; calves, $6.00@8.25. Hogs—Receipts (estimated), 32,000 head; market steady; light, $4.90@5.60; mixed, $5.15@5.80; heavy, $5.20@5.80; rough, $5.20@5.40; good to choice heavy, $5.40@5.80; pigs, $3.50@4.80; bulk of sales, $5.35@5.70. Sheep—Receipts (estimated), 20,000 head; market weak; native, $2.50@4.75; western, $2.50@4.70; yearlings, $4.25@5.00; lambs, native, $4.50@7.40; western, $4.50@7.40.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Dec. 15.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hogs—Receipts, 60 cars; market higher; mediums, $5.90; one load, $6.00; Yorkers, $5.70; pigs and lights, $5.00@5.25. Best lambs, $7.30. Best calves, $9.50.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 15.—(By Daily Live Stock Journal.)—Hogs—Receipts, 12 double-decks; market steady; heavies, $5.95@6.00; heavy mixed, $5.85@5.90; mediums, $5.75@5.80; Yorkers, $5.65@5.75; lights, $5.25@5.50; pigs, $5.00@5.25. Sheep—Receipts, 5 cars; lambs lower; good sheep steady, others lower; lambs, $4.50@7.00; good to choice sheep, $4.50@4.75. Calves steady to lower; top, $9.00.

Pittsburg, Pa., Dec. 15.—(By Brinkman, Wood & Beck.)—Hogs—Receipts, 12 cars; heavies, $5.90@6.00; heavy mixed, $5.85@5.90; mediums, $5.75@5.80; heavy Yorkers, $5.65@5.75; light Yorkers, $5.30@5.50; pigs, $5.10@5.25. Sheep, $3.50@4.75; lambs, $5.00@7.10. Calves, $6.00@9.00.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Dec. 15.—(Wall street.)—American Smelting was under pressure again when the stock market opened and declined 1⅛. American Sugar was down a point, and St. Louis & San Francisco second preferred and Consolidated Gas ¾. American Car advanced 1 and New York Central and Interborough-Metropolitan preferred large fractions. Otherwise the changes were small and divided between gains and losses.

Active bidding for stocks caused an upward rush of prices which wiped out the decline in American Smelting, and carried some other stocks substantially above yesterday's closing before the rise ceased. Kansas & Texas and Amalgamated Copper gained 1; Wabash preferred 1¼, and New York, Chicago & St. Louis, 1¾. Efforts to realize and a renewal of the pressure against the metal stocks drove prices down again to about where they began. Cleveland, C., C. & St. Louis lost 1½, and Colorado & Southern and the second preferred, Toledo, St. Louis & Western preferred, Colorado Fuel and American Smelting preferred, 1. The decline was checked again before 11 o'clock.

Stocks were sold freely in all portions of the list and the most acti issues fell a point or more below ye teday. National Lead lost 1¾; Mi souri Pacific and American Hide a Leather preferred, 1½, and Rock Isla preferred, 1⅜. The selling abated a some recovery ensued, but the dema was languid. The appointment Governor Hughes of a commission investigate the stock market and advertising campaign for lower pri were given some responsibility for t weakness.

Bonds were irregular.

A rise in call money to 4 per cent w without unfavorable effect on pric which rose slowly despite a drop of point in United States Steel preferred, Paul and Union Pacific ruled on a pari with yesterday's final figures, Americ Smelting slightly over and New Yo Central a point.

New York Stocks.

New York, Dec. 15, 190

Stocks—	Open.	High.	Low.
Am. Cotton Oil	42¼	42¼	42
Am. Loco. com	55⅝	56	55
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	131	131	130¼
Atchison	98⅛	98¼	97⅛
Am. Car & F. Co.	47⅝	47⅝	46¼
Anaconda	49	49⅜	48¼
Amal. Copper	82¼	83	80¾
Am. Smelters	84½	84¾	83
Am. Woolen Co.	31⅛	31⅛	31¼
Alton com	52	53	50½
Am. Tobacco pfd.	92½	92½	92
Am. Ice Sec.	25	25	25
Biscuit com	91¾	91¾	91¾
Balt. & Ohio	110⅞	111⅛	109¾
Brooklyn R. T.	56⅞	57¼	56⅛
Chicago & G. W.	12	12	11½
Canadian Pacific	176½	176¾	176
Clover Leaf	41	41	41
Clover Leaf pfd.	66¾	67⅛	66
Colorado Fuel	39	39	37¾
Ches. & Ohio	57⅝	57¾	56¼
Central Leather	30⅝	30½	29¾
Consolidated Gas	163½	164¼	163
Can pfd.	76	76	75¾
Del. & Hudson	178¼	178¼	177½
Distillers' Sec.	36½	36½	35½
Erie com.	34⅞	35	34¾
Erie 1st pfd.	49½	49⅜	49
Erie 2nd pfd.	40	40	40
Gt. Northern pfd.	144⅛	144¾	143⅜
Ill. Central	147	147	146½
Interborough com.	17	17	16½
Interborough pfd.	40½	40⅞	38⅞
K. C. Sou. com.	37⅛	37⅛	36
K. C. Sou. pfd.	66	66	66
Louis. & Nash.	123	123	122
Mex. Central	21¼	21¼	20¾
Missouri Pacific	66⅛	66¼	63⅝
M., K. & T. com	38⅞	39⅜	38⅜
M., K. & T. pfd	72	72	72
Nor. Pacific	142¼	142¼	141⅝
Nat'l Lead	80	80	79⅜
N. Y. Air Brake	91¾	91¾	91
Northwestern	178	178½	177
N. Y. Central	121¼	121½	120¼
Nickel Plate com	56½	56¾	55⅞
N. & W. com	84¼	84¼	84
Ont. & Western	46¼	46½	45¼
Penn. Ry	130	130¾	129¼
Pacific Mail	34½	35	34
People's Gas Co	100¼	100¼	100¼
Reading com	141	141⅞	139½
Rock Island	23¾	23¾	23⅛
Rock Island	60	60⅝	59¾
Rep. I. & S. Co.	26½	26½	26¼
Rep. pfd.	86	86	86
Ry. Steel Springs	44¾	44¾	43¾
South. Ry.	25	25	24⅝
South. Ry. pfd.	59	59	59
St. Paul	150	150¼	148½
South. Pacific	120¼	120⅞	119¾
Texas Pacific	33⅞	33⅞	33½
Tenn. Copper	44	44½	43½
Union Pacific	182¼	183	181¼
U. S. Steel	54	54¼	53⅛
U. S. Steel pfd.	112½	112½	111¾
Virginia Chem.	43½	43½	43
Wabash com.	19⅛	19¼	18¾
Wabash pfd.	46¼	47½	45½
Western Union	68⅛	68	68
W. & L. E. com.	11½	11½	11¼
Wis. Central com.	31	31	30¾
Wis. Central pfd.	*66	66¾	66

* Ex-div., 1%.

Toledo Produce Market.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1- prints, 31½c; solid pack, 31c; seco 30½c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 26½ 27c; dairy butter, 27c.

Butterine—Standard grades, uncol ed, 80-lb. tub basis, 12½c; 2-lb. roll b sis, 13c; 1-lb. roll basis, 13½c; fan grade butterine, uncolored, 60-lb. t basis, 17½c; 2-lb. roll basis, 18c; 1- roll basis, 18½c; low grades, 10½c.

Eggs—Country run, 24c; candled, 2 fresh country, 30c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 14½c; N York state, 15c; Longhorn, 16c; bri 15c; Swiss, 16c.

Onions—Spanish, double case, $1. home-grown, yellow, 60c; white, 8 garlic, 7c.

Celery—25@40c.

Lettuce—10c; head lettuce, Bost $1.00 a dozen.

Endive Lettuce—Doz., 25@35c.

Spinach, 75c bu.

Potatoes—Bushel, 80c.

New Bermudas—$2.00.

Sweet Potatoes—Jersey, bbl., $3. Delaware, $2.75.

Beans—Hand picked navy beans, b $2.75; red kidney, bu., $2.00.

New Cabbage—Home grown, lb., 1 ton, $35; cauliflower, 2 doz., $4.00.

Squash—Hubbard, lb., 1c.

Turnips—Bu., 35@40c.

Pie Plant—Doz. bunches, 10c.

Cranberries—Late Howe, bbl., $15. home grown, bu., $3.25.

Cucumbers—Boston hothouse, d $1.50.

Pumpkins—Doz., 75c.

Beets—New, bu., 60c.

Round radishes, 25@30c doz.; parsl 15c doz. bunches; vegetable oyste doz., 30c; carrots, bu., 40c; rutabag bu., 35c; parsnips, bu., 60c.

Water Cress—Doz. bunches, 40@5

California tomatoes, 4-basket cra $2.00. Florida, 6 basket case, $3.75.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.25@2.00.

Apples—$3.50@5.00.

Malaga Grapes—$4.00@6.00.

Lemons—$4.00.

Pinea ples—Florida, $3.00 case.

Oranges—Florida, $2.25@2.50; Ca fornia navels, $3.00@3.25; grape fru case, $4.00@4.50; tangerines, half b $2.50; kumquats, qt., 25c.

Dates—Persian, 30 lbs., $2; Hallo dates, lb., 6c; Farrd, 8c.

Figs—Pulled, 10-lb. box, $1.20; st figs, lb., 14c; Turkish, 14c.

Maple Syrup—Gallon, $1.20.

Honey—Strained, 2 doz. case, $1. fancy new comb, lb., 15@18c.

Maple Sugar—1-lb. bricks, 9c.

Popcorn—Bu., old, $1.00@1.25.

Chestnuts—Bushel, $5.00@6.00.

Hickory Nuts—Bu., $2.50@3.50; al onds, 15c; cocoanuts, doz., 60c; filber 12c; English walnuts, 15@18c; Bra nuts, 13c; black walnuts, $1.00; butt nuts, $2.00.

Tonawanda cider—Gal. in cask, 15c.

Holly—Case, $2.75@3.00.

Ground Pine—Case, $6.00, or 20-yd. c 65@75c. Christmas trees, Maine spru dozen, $3.50@5.00. Mistletoe, lb., 25c.

Poultry—Alive—Hens, 9@10c; gee 10c; ducks, 9@10c; turkeys, 14@1 young chickens, 10@10½c.

Dressed Hogs — Light, 7c; hea and rough, 6@6½c; calves, prime, 10c; fair, 8@9c; spring lambs, 1 yearling sheep, 8@9c.

Sheep—6@7c.

Cow Beef—3@6c.

Steers—6½@8c.

Heifers—6@7½c.

Rabbits—Doz., $2.00.

New York Produce.

New York, Dec. 15.—Butter, firm; ceipts, 11,010; creamery specials, 3 32½c (official price, 32c). Cheese, fi unchanged; receipts, 5,895. Eggs, firm receipts, 5,942; state, Penna. and nea by, brown and mixed, fair to choice, @34c; western, first, 32½@33c; se onds, 30@32c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Dec. 15.—Cheese, fir dairies, 14½@15c; twins, 14@14 young Americas, 14½c. Butter, stead creameries, 22@30c; dairies, 19@2 Eggs, weak; firsts, 30c.

Cotton.

New York, Dec. 15.—The cotton ma ket opened steady at an advance of to 7 points in response to the cab and the rumors of a big falling off ginning since December 1st. Aggre sive bull support was lacking, ho ever, and after the first few minut prices eased off. The market w within a point or two of the lowe during the middle of the morning, b fairly steady, while December mai tained its premium, although addition notices were in circulation.

The market was rather nervous a unsettled late in the forenoon wi prices at midday about 1 to 4 poin net lawer.

Spot, quiet; middling uplands, 9.10 middling gulf, 9.35c.

Estimated receipts at the ports t day, 88,000 bales, against 95,462 la week and 97,758 last year. For t week, 380,000 bales, against 410,6 last week and 400,715 last year. T day's receipts at New Orleans, 22,5 bales, against 30,553 last year and Houston, 27,251 bales, against 24,9 last year.

Wool.

Boston, Dec. 15.—Some new contrac have been closed during the past few da in the local wool market, but the volu of business has slackened off until it below the normal. Prices, however, main very firm, and favor the selle There is great activity among the deale in shipping the product of the sales wh during the recent boom totaled near se enty-five million pounds.

Dealings are confined to territory wo both combing and clothing, Montana fi staple being held at 22 to 23c, and Wyo ing half-bloods at 19 to 20c. Ohio on quarter blood unwashed commands 27 Other lines are also firm but quiet.